

February 25^e

The Sign

National Catholic Magazine

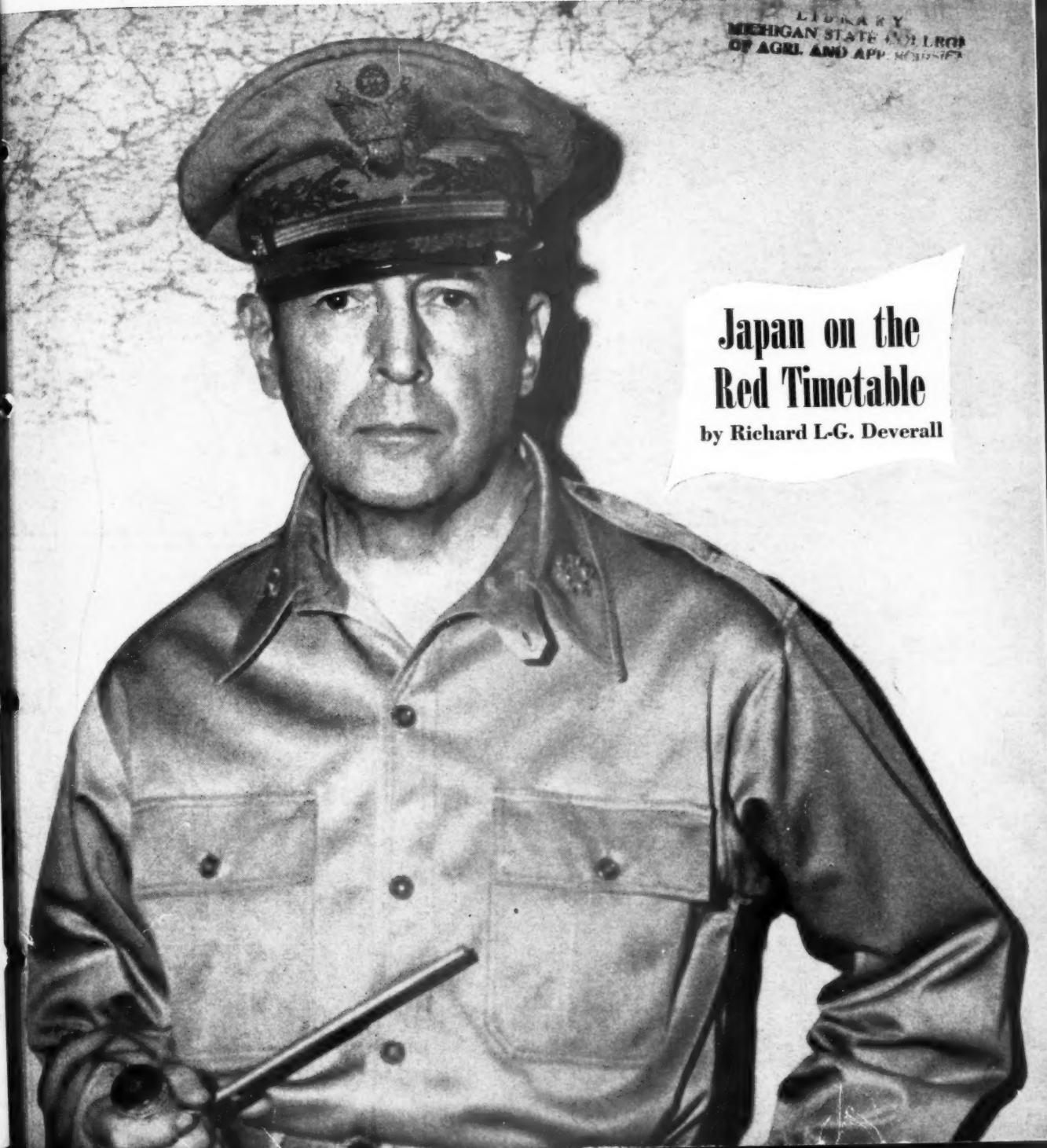
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LETTERS



Denver Guild Nurses

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I found THE SIGN for December very interesting from cover to cover. Congratulations to you and all your writers.

Samuel La Vallee's account of Father Regan and the Denver Guild Nurses is indeed an inspiration. Such active Christian ideals compensate for the alarming symptoms of moral decay that recently emanated from the U.S. Supreme Court.

A. P. MACDONALD

Suffield, Alberta, Canada

"The Christmas Present"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Just a line to let you know that I thoroughly enjoyed the December issue of THE SIGN. Especially did I like your stories this month. I noticed that you carried a story by Dorothy M. Nielson, "The Christmas Present." I have seen some of her stories before and liked her style, but I think this story is the best she has written or at least that I have read. I liked the moral which is subtly preached of getting away from so much materialism that seems to be overshadowing more and more the true spirit of Christmas.

As a sports fan I devour Don Dunphy's article each month. I think he does a fine job both on the radio and in THE SIGN.

REV. WILLIAM F. WILKINS

Chaplain

Medium Security Prison
Woodbourne, N.Y.

A Suggestion

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Instead of featuring Senator O'Mahoney's recent nonfactual and socialistically inclined opinions and proposals, I would recommend that Senator Albert W. Hawkes' addresses and broadcasts be printed in THE SIGN magazine. He speaks with the authority of experience and success behind him as both a labor leader and business man in his own right. Furthermore, he is an able and popular Senator from our own State.

EDWIN F. WIEGAND

Woodbury, N.J.

"Yugoslav-Soviet Divorce"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Bogdan Raditsa's article "Yugoslav-Soviet Divorce" in your December issue would have his readers believe that there is such a race as "Bosnia-Herzegovinian." Being a Herzegovinian myself, I am totally surprised to discover that I am not a Croatian by race. Mr. Raditsa has made an amazing discovery—a new Balkan race hitherto unknown.

Furthermore, who are those "most enlightened patriots" who see the only one sensible solution is a resurrection of a federated Yugoslavia, as I presume Mr. Raditsa has in mind?

Certainly Mr. Raditsa remembers that Croatia's most illustrious son, Archbishop Stepinac, opposes any thought of Croatians being tied federally to any form of Yugoslavia, as does the Croatian Hierarchy, Ivan Mestrovic, the eminent Croatian sculptor, and all Croatians, refugees and enslaved.

The Croatian opposition to a Yugoslavia in any form or shape conceivable is best expressed in these memorable words of Archbishop Stepinac at his trial:

"The Croatian Nation unanimously declared themselves for the Croatian State, and I would have been a blackguard did I not recognize and acknowledge this desire which in the former Yugoslavia had been enslaved."

Perhaps Mr. Raditsa's liberal thinking is the cause of all of his confusions.

FR. SILVIJE GRUBIC

Editor, *Croatian Catholic Messenger*
Chicago, Ill.

"Grandpa Casey"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Just a note to let you know how happy I am that Brasil Fitzgerald finally wrote another "Grandpa Casey" story. Over a year ago, I told a friend of mine how enjoyable this series was, and after she subscribed we both looked month after month for "Grandpa's" return, only to be disappointed. Please have him write them more frequently.

AGNES COLERY

Newark, N.J.

"Baa, Baa, Black Sheep"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

"Baa, Baa, Black Sheep." Boy, what a story! And it's real—true—now. I am guessing it's around the Monterey section, because I live in California. I may be wrong, but, if the story can be enlarged, what a movie it would make. I've sold that to more guys than you can count on two hands. That is a story.

FRANK PARRETT

Oakland, Calif.

Our Lady of Fatima

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In his letter to THE SIGN, James F. Loughlin says that the way Catholics are responding to Our Lady of Fatima's request is scandalous. He also asks whether something can't be done to awaken them. My suggestion would be to start a perpetual novena to Our Lady of Fatima in as many churches as possible in every diocese.

MARGARET ZUCH

Richmond Hill, L.I., N.Y.

"People"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I was delighted when I saw Joe Scott featured in your December "People." I've been an ardent admirer of his ever since he moved me to both tears and cheers when he spoke at the Irish Race Convention in New York in November of 1947.

But you omitted one of his achievements of which I am sure he is most proud. Mr. Scott is National President of the American League

[Continued on page 4]

THE SIGN

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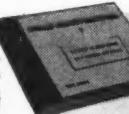
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LETTERS

[Continued from Page 2]

for an Undivided Ireland, an organization which aims to awaken the American public to the fact that the land which so many of us love as the soil where our ancestral roots were nurtured is not yet a free and independent country. Six of its counties are still in bondage to the Sassenachs.

Under Mr. Scott's leadership, we hope to see our task soon accomplished and Ireland "A Nation Once Again."

BERNARDINE TRUDEN

Brookline, Mass.

"The Heart of the Matter"—Pro

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have not seen the review of *The Heart of the Matter* which you published, but I read Jane Welch's objection to it in the December issue of THE SIGN.

I wondered if she may have confused the opinions of Scobie with the opinions of Graham Greene. The author may have been slightly oversympathetic to his literary creation. Nevertheless, he depicts Scobie as a man sinning because of his sensitivity to suffering.

I also wondered why Miss Welch judged that Scobie, as the sinner, is incompatible with THE SIGN reviewer's judgment that Scobie "is thoroughly imbued with his faith." St. Paul told the Corinthians "... if I should have all faith so that I could move mountains and have not charity, I am nothing." We know with our intellects; we love and sin with our wills. Scobie expresses feelings of tiredness of his religion: feelings prove neither lack nor possession of faith. However, I think Scobie lacks understanding of the value of suffering as a means to spiritual growth and joy.

MARGARET MARY OCHS

Springfield, Minn.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have just finished reading for the second time the letter of Miss Jane Welch of Portland, Maine concerning the book written by Graham Greene, *The Heart of the Matter*. Evidently Miss Welch did not like Father Kennedy's review of the book, but I like Father Kennedy's reviews very much. If Miss Welch would take a little time to think over what the reviewer said, she would see something that may surprise her. I agree with much that she says, but it took Graham Greene to write such a controversial piece of work and, by so doing, he has taken the Catholic novel out of its former rags and has placed it where it should stand. There is much sin in the book, but it is always sin and is never called by any other name nor is sin portrayed as anything but a very unlovely thing. All of us, with the exception of God's Mother, are sinners.

(Miss) MARIE G. FINN

Brighton, Mass.

"The Heart of the Matter"—Con

I should like to congratulate Jane Welch of Portland, Maine for her splendid letter of protest concerning the review of Graham Greene's *The Heart of the Matter*. (December, 1948 issue, page 78). I think she has hit the nail squarely on the head, both as to the intrinsic value (?) of the book and as to the peculiar

mental processes which have led so many Catholic reviewers to praise extravagantly as an outstanding Catholic novel (God help us!) a compound of shoddy workmanship and confused ideas. Since reading Greene's book, I have asked myself repeatedly: "Who on earth can possibly be helped by a book such as this? What good can it possibly do?" Maybe I, like Miss Welch, am lacking in "acuteness" but the fact is I'm still wondering. Or is it perhaps too much to expect that an "outstanding Catholic novel" should, in some way, further the interests of God?

CHARLES M. SMITH

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I'm wholeheartedly in agreement with your correspondent, Jane Welch, in what she has to say about Graham Greene's *The Heart of the Matter*. I found it a revolting book and couldn't work up the least feeling of pity for Scobie. It beats me how our Catholic literary critics can rave over this book. Must we handle English converts with kid gloves? If A. J. Cronin had written this book it would have been torn to shreds, and I'm not partial to Cronin.

FRANK COLLINS

New York, N.Y.

Editor's Note: We refer the readers to Father Kennedy's article on Graham Greene in this issue.

Race Discrimination

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May I thank you for your excellent articles exposing the evil of race discrimination that exists right here in our own country. "Color Scheme" and "Jim Crow's Homeland" did hurt the feelings of some race-conscious Catholics, but it is gratifying to know that you have the zeal and the courage to defend Christian principles at any cost.

G. A. R.

Neshkoro, Wisc.

Appraisal

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Thumbing through the last twelve issues of your truly wonderful magazine, I could not help noticing the tremendous improvements in format, choice of articles, feature stories, timeliness—editorially and pictorially—which have made THE SIGN "the modern magazine Catholics can be truly proud of." How tragically true and prophetic have been Walter H. Judd's words in "America's Forgotten Ally" in the February issue: "... The first thing we must make secure is... the independence of China. That cannot be maintained if it (China) comes under the Communists. It cannot be preserved without America's help."

J. R. MENDOZA

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Thanks from England

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In the November edition of THE SIGN, my cousin, Sister M. Vincent DePaul, O.S.B., had published a request for copies of THE SIGN to be forwarded to me by readers. The response has been quite overwhelming, and I would be grateful if you would record my sincere thanks to the many donors.

PATRICK E. BRADSHAW

Gravesend, Kent, England

THE SIGN

The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MAGAZINE

Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

FEBRUARY 1949

VOL. 28



NO. 7

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1949

EDITOR'S PAGE

Is War Always Futile?

We have consistently advocated a powerful American military establishment. Some of our readers seem to conclude from this that if we don't exactly favor war, at least we look on it with a rather benign eye.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Living in a world of international banditry, we need sufficient military power to protect ourselves and to help protect our neighbors. A cursory reading of history should make it evident that while war is not the greatest evil, it is still an evil of mammoth proportions. At best it may ward off threatened evils; it seldom accomplishes positive good.

Take a look at some of the wars we have fought. The Revolutionary War won us independence. That is a glorious thing. But few will deny today that we would have won our independence anyway, and without war, within a few decades. In fact, England would have had to push us out of the Empire or be content with second place.

We fought the Civil War to free the Negro. We defeated the South and the Negro was freed—legally! Just about the only freedom he has gained actually is the freedom to move from place to place in an effort to improve his miserable lot. In view of world opinion of slavery, the South would long since have been forced to grant emancipation—and might have given the Negro a lot more but for hard feelings generated by war.

We fought World War I to make the world safe for democracy. Well, let's not talk about that. We know what happened—Stalin, Hitler, and Mussolini, all among the vanquished but all successful in making the world unsafe for democracy.

Then we got into World War II to save Europe from Hitler and Mussolini and Asia from Tojo. We won the war at a terrific cost in men and money. And then we proceeded to hand over to Stalin, bloodiest of all the dictators, nearly everything that his fellow dictators had wanted in Europe—and more besides. And now we are sitting back twiddling our thumbs while his stooges take over China and prepare to take over all Asia. And the bitter

irony of the present situation is that we may be forced to rebuild at our own cost the economic and military power of Germany, Italy, and Japan as a defense against our quondam ally!

In advocating a powerful military force, we hope and pray that it will attain its purpose by its mere presence as a restraining force on would-be aggressors. But let us keep our thinking clear on the subject. There can be circumstances in which it is not only permissible to resort to arms, but in which we have an obligation in conscience to do so. The Holy Father was quite explicit on this subject when he declared in his Christmas message:

"A people threatened with an unjust aggression, or already its victim, may not remain passively indifferent, if it would think and act as befits Christians. . . . Some (gifts of the Creator) are of such importance for society that it is perfectly lawful to defend them against unjust aggression. Their defense is even an obligation for the nations as a whole who have a duty not to abandon a nation that is attacked."

"The certainty that this duty will not go unfulfilled will serve to discourage the aggressor, and thus war will be avoided, or, if the worst should come, its sufferings will at least be lessened."

As to the futility of war, it is still quite true that while war accomplishes little positive good it is often the sole means of warding off evils greater than war itself. And there is no intrinsic reason why we must lose the peace after winning a war. If a small fraction of the intelligence and energy devoted to winning on the battlefield were devoted to realizing the purposes for which a war is fought, we would not be treated to the ignominious spectacle of seeing our leaders throw away wantonly the hard-earned fruits of victory.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.

Current



Fact and Comment

EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



War continues to afflict the innocent. This Arab mother comforts her child as they await food from the UN Emergency Fund. 700,000 Arabs face starvation.



Smiling for the moment, Chiang Kai-shek speaks with Paul Hoffman, ECA Administrator. We wish he smiled because of promised help. He needs it to save China.

As the military and political crisis goes on developing in China, we have been watching with interest the official jockeying of our State Department to break out a policy that

at least will not look too bad

China Policy

They seem to be rather timid

Confidence Game

about it, like someone sippin;

a plate of over-hot soup or testing a cold tub with his toe.

Apparently, what they want to do is nudge Chiang into accepting the Communists as partners in his Government. But, while they seem not to mind what Chiang and his colleagues think, they seem to be rather dubious and anxious about what Americans might think.

Paul G. Hoffman, ECA chief, asserted in Shanghai that economic aid would continue to flow into China even if the Communists had an accepted place in the government. In fact, Mr. Hoffman spoke as if American supplies would continue to be unloaded in even a Communist-dominated China. All he would require would be a guarantee of basic natural and civil rights. Through a press representative, the frightened State Department immediately hastened to disown such a notion by tossing it away like an activated hand grenade. The State Department wanted it distinctly understood that Mr. Hoffman was sounding off about something which could be decided only on a White House level. People with long memories, however, recalled that President Truman's China policy of two years ago had pressed for some such coalition. They remembered, too, that former Secretary Marshall had become soured on China because he found the Chinese cold to the idea.

Whatever the State Department says through semiofficial or unofficial channels, our program of China aid, unless substantially and rapidly revised, is going to leave China with a Soviet saddle on its back.

Anyone who suggests that the Nationalists enter a coalition with the Communists, or intentionally forces such a coalition by withholding effective aid, must be suspected of bad faith. He could hardly, in this year of 1949, be naive enough to think he had a workable idea. Not after the recent demonstrations in Czechoslovakia and Hungary as to what happens to such partnerships.

Let us hope that Mr. Hoffman's stipulation that Communism would be tolerated in China and backed by ECA support, if basic rights were guaranteed, was not a trial balloon to test whether the public had taken enough sleeping pills to let the Government sneak that one over.

Because that policy masks an impudent lie and a bit of sickening treachery. There are no natural rights where Communism has taken over, and there will eventually be none where Communism is in process of taking over. We all know that; and any suggestion to the contrary is an insult to our intelligence. Looking at it from the angle of its effect on the Chinese people, it means precisely this: It means that, through its representatives, America would be



Acme

America has extended a wonderful welcome to the few DP's who have arrived. Above, Antone Bar and Audycha Kristyna of Poland take a look at their new home.



Acme

A Stolpe family prepares to move, as the French ceded this sector of Berlin to the Russians. They voted anti-Red and would have to move anyway — to Siberia.

tuning up to plant on 400,000,000 Chinese the Judas kiss that it slobbered on the Baltic peoples at Yalta.

Such a contemptible suggestion would make anyone who is more humanitarian than nationalist feel that there is no great urgency about the survival of a nation that has played such shoddy tricks once and is ready to spring them again.

Our State Department should remember or be reminded that it has no mandate from the American people to take absurd risks. It is authorized only to use methods that have a reasonable chance of success. The China affair can mean a staggering expenditure of dollars and blood; and the men who represent us are not privileged to take a "flier" at it, any more than a bank official is privileged to bet bank funds on the horses.

ON December 19, the Netherlands inaugurated what it called "police action" in Indonesia. Within a matter of hours, Indonesian leaders had been jailed. Within a matter of days

all major resistance centers of the Indonesian Republic had been captured. It will take some time before the blame for this flare-up can be properly

Double Standard

Indignation

allocated. But a most remarkable development occurred on December 22 in Paris at a meeting of the United Nations Security Council. The United States, through its representative, Dr. Philip C. Jessup, introduced the resolution that both parties immediately cease hostilities and withdraw to the positions previously occupied. The United States also established sanctions by cutting off ECA aid to Indonesia.

That, in itself, is quite reasonable and calls for no remark. But it practically pleads for comment in consideration of certain events of last October.

When Israel started military operations in the Negeb in October, the same kind of order was delivered by the United Nations through its mediator, Ralph J. Bunche. But Israel stood pat. The United Nations considered the application of sanctions against Israel to force her withdrawal from the Negeb. But the United States, after getting its signals mixed and executing one of its copyrighted diplomatic fumbles, turned down the sanctions scheme, and has since been stalling to let the Israelis stay in the Negeb.

What the real facts of the Negeb business—in fact, the whole Palestine business—are, is a profound mystery. The American mind has been insulated from them by a sort of Iron Curtain under which unilateral reporting has been pumped through propaganda pipes. But, whatever the facts about Palestine are, this much is certain: The United States of America, by its policy of condoning defiance of United Nations' directives in the Israel case, fired another shot into the poor battered carcass of the UN. The Soviet is simply shooting from a slightly different angle, with its vetoes and its shrieking through delegate Vishinsky.

Who is going to be frightened off like a kid caught with a fistful of jam just because the UN snaps its fingers? Who should? America has told the whole world that it is not at all necessary to take the UN seriously.

And who is going to withdraw from a position gained by a wildcat military venture just because an American delegate opens his portfolio and sticks a resolution under the nose of the United Nations? Neither the United States nor the Soviet nor any other hefty UN member should be paid the slightest heed if its policy of taking sides is arbitrary.

This is not to suggest that the Dutch have been right in their Indonesian campaign nor that Israel is wrong in its operations in Palestine. It is merely to state that the inconsistency of American policy in these cases is wrong—and not only wrong, but also silly and cheapening of Americans.

We, who are spoon-fed American propaganda, are spared the sight of the naked ugliness of our global policy. But, outside, people must get some pretty candid shots of us. And

that is probably why, when the United States comes up with a proposition in the UN, they are inclined to bounce it on the counter and bite it suspiciously before they deal with us.

In the brave, young days of the New Deal, the idea of social security in one's declining years was a tremendous boon to men and women of fifty or so who had come to the stage of

Social Security

Gives No Security

life when the thought of old age was taking on a personal aspect. It was comforting to know that a man could retire at sixty-five and still have a

check coming in the first of every month. That was 1936. Thirteen years later that check turns out to be no comfort and no security. The average monthly retirement benefit of \$25.17 is absurd at 1949 prices. Is it any wonder that of those sixty-five and over who are eligible to retire under the social security system more have chosen to stay at work than have retired? Is it any wonder that all over the country relief rolls are at a staggering high?

One of the main purposes behind social security was to do away with relief, to substitute an insurance upon which a citizen could draw by right instead of being forced to humiliating dependence on the uncertain doles of organized charity. Yet in 1948, twelve years after the Federal Government inaugurated the old-age insurance program as a replacement for public charity, taxpayers were spending seven times as much to provide relief for the aged needy as they did in the last year before the insurance program went into effect. As a matter of fact, one tenth of those who have retired under the Social Security Act have had to apply for public relief to supplement their insurance.

It is too bad that those in the vigor of their lives have given so little attention to the plight of the aged. And yet what is so dismally true for the old of today under the present social security terms may well be even more dismally true for the old of tomorrow unless the act is liberalized. Right now in order to keep body and soul together for those getting old-age assistance, it costs the State of New York on an average twice as much as the average social security beneficiary receives. In Colorado the old person on relief costs the state an average three times as much.

Oscar R. Ewing, Federal Security Administrator, told the *New York Times*, "Hundreds of thousands of aged men and women are suffering slow starvation because of the meagerness of the present benefits. It is an outrageous situation and one that demands prompt correction." Last May Mr. Truman recommended a rise in benefits of at least 50 per cent. That would mean an average disbursement of \$37.76 a month. Mr. Ewing urges a rise of 100 per cent. That would mean an average \$50.34 a month. Yet old-age relief payments in Massachusetts average \$54.77 a month. In California they average \$57.21. In Colorado they average \$78.43. And no one on relief can be said to be living in luxury exactly.

The Social Security Act envisioned the safeguarding of the dignity and independence of aged people. With even a 100 per cent increase in insurance benefits, can the act be said to achieve its purpose? Can any person in February 1949 live in dignity and with independence on \$50.34 a month?

A new labor law, the situation in China, Marshall Plan funds, the fracas over compulsory health insurance, and dozens of other issues may occupy the headlines. In the meantime, thousands of American men and women grown old, who once dreamed that social security was going to be a reality, are in desperate need. And no other word than desperate will do. Why, in 1936 when the Social Security Act was passed, it was prompted by the fact that old-age relief was costing \$155,241,000 a year. And what did it cost, despite social security, in 1948? The unbelievable total of \$1,100,000,000.



Harris & Ewing
President Truman decorates Myron C. Taylor for his missions to the Vatican. We have benefited by having him at this best-informed source on world affairs.



Wide World
Pope Pius XII inspects a spectrograph in the Astrophysics Laboratory near Rome. Despite what many think, the Church has always encouraged true science.



Acme
Herbert Hoover, left, speaks with a group in Washington. The new commission that bears his name is designed to simplify government bureaus. We hope it succeeds.



Acme
Robert Stripling, Senator Mundt, and Rep. Nixon discuss proposed rules for future investigating committees. They insist, and we agree, new legislation is needed.



International
Soviet stooge, Istavan Dobi, takes oath as Prime Minister of Hungary. One of his first nefarious acts was to arrest and imprison Josef Cardinal Mindszenty.



International
Foreign Ministers Schuman of France and Count Sforza of Italy talk over mutual problems. Both men deserve praise for their fight against Communism.

The philosophy underlying the whole concept of social security is a healthy one. Inflation has knocked the achievements of the Social Security Act into a cocked hat. Since the philosophy is a correct one, since actuaries have scheduled the ways and means of boosting the insurance benefits, an urgent burden rests on the collective conscience of Congress to liberalize the present law. To liberalize it soon. For hunger and clothing bills and lodging rent waste no time in idle debate. Ask any person who was told thirteen years ago that in his old age he would be secure. He knows.

It should be self-evident, but unfortunately it seems not to be, that no country can go on endlessly selling its goods to another country and at the same time refuse to buy goods

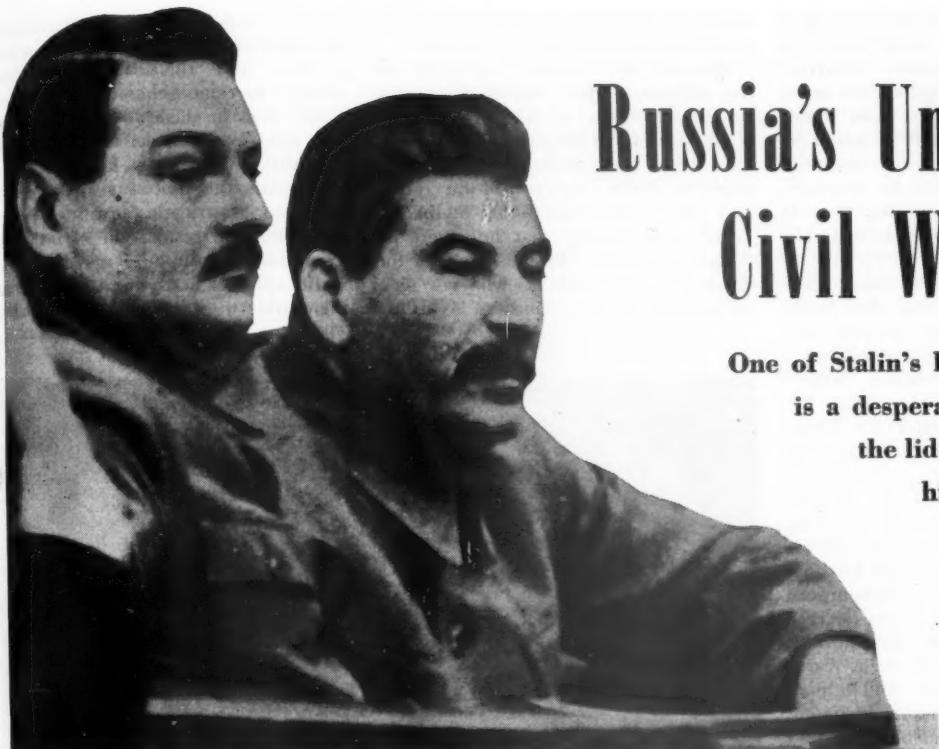
from that country. It should be glaringly obvious that no lasting recovery can be accomplished by simply giving away dollars in order that others may

buy our wares. In the last analysis, commerce always means that goods are exchanged for goods. Money is only the medium of that exchange. If the Marshall Plan, with all its billions of given-away dollars, does not break down the multiple artificial barriers to trade, then it will have been a pretty expensive failure. Yet of itself it cannot open the arteries of free trade. There is an indispensable other half to the Marshall Plan, and that is the fifteen-year-old Hull Program of reciprocal trade agreements. These agreements, which foster two-way trade, are the only tariff policy that makes any sense at all. For the United States is a creditor nation, and if a creditor nation is ever to receive payment it cannot logically erect prohibitive tariff walls against the goods others offer in payment.

Yet that is precisely the trend of the Gearhart Act passed last year by the Eightieth Congress. Even then, with all its new and crippling modifications, the Reciprocal Trade Agreement Act was extended for one year, until June 30, 1949. One of the first things the Eighty-first Congress should do is to reinvigorate our foreign trade policy. Representative John B. Dingell of Michigan has stated that he intends to protect the Hull Program from periodic partisan attack by introducing a bill to make it a permanent act. As it is now, the law has a time limit, a factor that has caused it, because of expiration deadlines, to become a center of Congressional controversy nearly a half dozen times in the last fourteen years. By giving the act permanent status it will remain undisturbed on the statute books, unless at a future date it is amended or repealed. It is our hope that Mr. Dingell succeeds in this objective.

For it is only by a free flow of goods among the nations of the earth that the goods of earth can become available to all. It is only when that national selfishness disappears which builds unconscionable tariff walls and does its thinking in terms of quotas and boycotts, that there can be hope of peace among nations. For peace is the work of justice, and nothing is more unjust in the economic order than to keep from some of God's children the goods of earth He meant for all His children.

Exaggerated economic nationalism is as deadly a poison as exaggerated political nationalism and is quite as effective a recipe for war. The words of the Father of Christendom, Pope Pius XII, are wise words indeed, and we would do well to ponder them. If there is to be peace, he says, "there is no place for that cold and calculating egoism which tends to hoard the economic resources and materials destined for the use of all, to such an extent that the nations less favored by nature are not permitted access to them." Because the Hull Program is a step in the right direction, because it is the necessary complement of the Recovery Program, we urge the present Congress to rectify the misguided action of the last Congress.



Russia's Unknown Civil War

One of Stalin's lesser-known jobs
is a desperate effort to keep
the lid from blowing off
his domestic kettle

by

EUGENE LYONS

Stalin with Zhdanov, ringmaster of Red thinking

Wide World

In his major foreign policy speech, in Cleveland on October 27, Governor Thomas E. Dewey made a significant statement. That our press failed to single it out for attention is a measure of its innocence on one vital aspect of the Russian problem. Moscow's observers here, we may be sure, underlined the words with a colored pencil. Even if there were no other reasons, that statement would explain the frank satisfaction over the election result expressed by Comrade Molotov, the Moscow *Pravda*, and its little Union Square brother, the *Daily Worker*. "The people of the United States have no quarrel with the people of the Soviet Union," Mr. Dewey said. "Our firm faith in the fundamental dignity of man and his aspirations for freedom gives us only the deepest sympathy for the oppressed Russian people. We know they are not the authors of the Kremlin's aggressive ambitions. They're its victims."

"We do not retract a single word of the admiration we expressed for the people of Russia during the war. We shall make every effort to tell all the people behind the Iron Curtain, and tell them day after day and month after month by every means at the command of your government, that we know that

they want peace just as much as we do and that they can get it by their actions in helping us."

That was a long remove from the standard indiscriminate attacks on "Russia" which fail to differentiate between the dictatorship and its terrorized subjects. It amounted to a direct appeal to the Soviet peoples *over the heads of their rulers*, prodding them to "actions" in defiance of their rulers.

The circumstance that the speaker at the time seemed likely to be the next President gave his words a dimension of immediate challenge for listeners in the Kremlin. But I doubt that his defeat has erased the impression. Almost for the first time, the Moscow oligarchs heard a top-echelon American leader declare himself on the side of the Soviet population in a common struggle against the Kremlin clique.

The democratic world, including the most ardent foes of Communism, has been inclined to write off the Russians as hopelessly drugged by Soviet propaganda. Which has suited the Bolshevik high command perfectly. Every indication that Western opinion is becoming aware of the central Soviet fact—the dissonance between the government and the masses—sends a chill down the Kremlin spine.

Recently there have been a great many such chilling symptoms. The *Saturday Evening Post* gave top billing to an article by Alexander Barmine titled "In Defense of the Russian People." In the *American Magazine*, Alexander Kerensky contended that the people of his native land harbor a dream of freedom despite the Soviet thought police; his article, "Holes in the Iron Curtain," was given wider distribution by a *Reader's Digest* reprint.

It is not the fact that such articles are being written that is important. The important fact is that American editors, sensitive to the tides of public opinion, no longer shy away from the idea of encouraging popular Soviet revolt against the Kremlin masters.

It is no secret that few of them were hospitable to this idea a year or two ago. They were too deeply committed to the mischievous myth that the Soviet rulers were at one with the ruled.

The false assumption of essential unity between the Soviet overlords and their serfs has been of inestimable political value to the Kremlin. It has enabled the Soviet spokesmen—abroad and especially at home—to misrepresent all principled foreign opposition to their despotism as an assault on "Russia" and "the Russians." Their most enthusiastic

enemies in the democratic world have played fatuously into their hands by confounding the regime with its victims.

The time is ripe to explode the myth. Whether in the cold war now under way or in a hot conflict if it cannot be headed off, we can raise our potential for victory a hundredfold by accepting and exploiting the truth that a great gulf separates the Kremlin oligarchs and the Russian people.

Russians who fought the czarist autocracy before 1917 felt that they could count on sympathy, moral support, and even material backing beyond the frontiers of their dark country. Now a worse autocracy is in the saddle. But those who rebel against it feel themselves abandoned and even betrayed by the democratic world.

The moral isolation of the Russian people has been even more terrifying than their physical isolation. It is as if the democratic passion for freedom stopped abruptly at the Soviet frontiers. Ways and means must be found to crack that isolation, to make Russia's millions aware that we understand their yearnings for elementary liberty and human dignity. As an indispensable first step, the truth of the long and bloody popular resistance to the Soviet regime must be recognized and appraised by the outside world.

For thirty-one years, ever since the Bolsheviks usurped power in their chaotic nation, there has been in effect a sanguinary *civil war* in Russia. In the initial years it was open and military; since then it has been concealed and political, yet perfectly obvious to those who watch the spectacle with open eyes.

THE many millions who died in the struggle against the dictatorship, whether executed in police cellars or starved in punitive man-made famines, are the casualties in that war. The vast armies of political prisoners in concentration camps, penal labor colonies, and isolators are its prisoners of war.

The West has looked upon the great Soviet purges without comprehending that they are bloody battles in the continuing struggle. But even the most ruthless police state does not murder its citizens wholesale for the fun of it. Every purge has been a desperate reaction against actual or expected popular resistance.

Entire "Soviet republics" and "autonomous regions" have been liquidated—and liquidation in the Soviet lexicon means death for thousands, forced labor and exile for millions. More than seventy million Soviet citizens, who lived for some time under the German occupation, have been screened and tested for flaws in their loyalty, and

hundreds of thousands have been exiled to remote regions such as Siberia.

Distrust has centered especially on the millions, soldiers and civilians, who caught a glimpse of life in the non-Soviet world. Though they had their view from the uncomfortable vantage point of Hitler's prisoner-of-war camps and slave labor battalions, Stalin believed, and rightly, that he could no longer trust them. Probably half of the demobilized Red soldiers who saw service beyond the Soviet borders, according

contacts with free allies and wartime promises; to suppress the yearnings for freedom and the illusion of great changes to come generated by the war years. It is in effect an ideological crusade to strip the Soviet mind and heart of new doubts and new hopes.

Formally the process goes under the name of a struggle against Western ideas, for the restoration of orthodox Leninism-Stalinism. Many of its dramatic episodes have been reported in the outside world. There was the drive,



Soldiers indulging in the popular pastime of deserting the green pastures behind the Iron Curtain

Wide World

to some estimates, have not been permitted to return to their own towns and villages.

The ruling Communist Party itself has been the battleground of a pitiless purge. In the Ukraine, where the German occupation was the longest, fully 50 per cent of all Party and government officials have been removed from their posts or liquidated, according to the Soviet press. The whole technical and administrative bureaucracy of the nation—in industry, in the collective farms, in the armed forces—has been "cleansed" by the familiar police methods. And after nearly four years, there are few signs that this new terror is abating.

Beyond the mass purges, moreover, there has been a post war process which, inside the Soviet Union, is known as *Zhdanovshina-Zhdanovism*. The name derives from Andrei Zhdanov, the Politburo strong man who, until his recent and sudden death, was the pacesetter in that process. It is not easy to define Zhdanovism for readers not intimately familiar with the Soviet facts of life. It amounts to an attempt to turn back the clock of thought and feeling to 1939—to blot out the memories of wartime

launched by Zhdanov soon after the war, against Western influences in Soviet literature, music, art, theater, cinema. There was the assault on "undesirable" tendencies in Soviet biology, genetics, history, even astronomy and statistics. There is the renewal of godless propaganda.

But the magnitude and the meaning of this campaign have been realized by only a few observers this side of the Iron Curtain. No one, as far as I know, has bothered to draw a line under the postwar Soviet reaction, under the stepped-up intellectual terror, and add up its significance.

ZHDANOVISM is the latest and most intensive phase of the civil war that has been going on since 1917. The Soviet regime, it should be recalled, was set up through a daring *putsch* by a small group of leaders of a tiny political minority. Even the Nazi dictatorship could claim the legitimacy of the democratic election which first put Hitler in power. In Russia, elections for a Constituent Assembly went *against* the Bolsheviks; that was why Lenin and Trotsky promptly dissolved the Assembly by

force. As against the myth of Soviet unity since the *putsch*, consider a few of the obvious realities:

1. *A secret police system—the Cheka, the OGPU, the NKVD, the present MVD—of unprecedented size*, with its own armed force of a million picked men and a total personnel of at least three million. Obviously a government which needs an instrument of surveillance and terror of such colossal dimensions betrays its deep fears of its subjects. The telltale fact is that the police setup has grown, both in size and in arbitrary power, year by year. Being a party member means almost being a policeman.

2. *The continuing purges to which I have already alluded*. When I lived in the Soviet Union in the early 1930's, the "cleansing" was directed against peasant resistance to forced collectivization. That was the so-called "liquidation of the kulaks as a class." I also witnessed the devastating purge of the engineers, technicians, and old educated classes, dramatized in a series of "demonstration trials." In 1936-38 came the great purge of the Communist Party and the leadership of the armed forces. The sinister "Moscow trials" in which almost all the remaining founders of the Bolshevik state were destroyed was only an infinitesimal fraction of the total ordeal by blood.

3. *The nature of the official propaganda during the crisis of the German invasion*. For a quarter of a century the Kremlin had tried to mold the population in its own image. But when the crucial test came, it was obliged to jettison Communist slogans in favor of the age-old appeals to national patriotism, pride of soil and history. It was even obliged to restore a semblance of religious freedom after twenty-five years of Godless indoctrination. A more humiliating admission of failure to win its people has never been made by the rulers of any great country. Both Hitler and Mussolini rallied their populations under the banners of their respective ideologies. Stalin, by contrast, shoved his ideology out of sight for the duration. He deliberately spread the illusion that a freer and ampler life would come with victory.

4. *The initial failure of the Soviet armies and people to resist the German invaders*. This fact has not received the attention and analysis it merits. Hitler took nearly five million prisoners in the first five months, not because of the superiority of his military force but because of the apathy of the opposition. Millions of troops surrendered without real fighting. Entire divisions deserted. Villages and towns met the invaders as "liberators," with the traditional wel-

come offering of bread and salt. Had the Germans treated the occupied populations decently, it might well have spelled the end of the Soviet era. But quickly enough, as the Nazis proceeded to terrorize and humiliate the local populations, the welcome turned into a deep hate. It is not overstating the case to say that Hitler saved the Soviet dictatorship.

5. *The hundreds of thousands of Soviet citizens who volunteered to fight with the Germans against their own government*. The so-called Vlassov Movement, the Russian Liberation force under General Andrei Vlassov, was only a part of the large Russian contingents in German uniforms. The hope of "using" the Germans to overthrow the hated Soviet system may have been a delusion of desperation. But, as an expression of Russian hatred for the Kremlin dictatorship, it should not be underestimated. Fearful that the Russian patriotism implicit in the movement might boomerang, the Nazi leaders deliberately prevented its growth. Vlassov could easily have enrolled two million, had he not been restricted to a couple of hundred thousand. Small wonder that the Soviet historians of the war do not mention Vlassov. The implications of that episode are too grim.

at Yalta. French police collaborated with Soviet agents in a macabre man hunt of Soviet fugitives. But there are still about a half million of these "non-returners," as they call themselves, in Western Europe. Had the choice been a free one, their number would have reached millions. This phenomenon of a large-scale renunciation of their native land, their families, friends, and careers by the citizens of a victorious nation is without parallel in all history. The fugitives represent every element in the Soviet population, from humble peasants to high-ranking Communist and military officers. They constitute a true cross-section of the Russian people. Their eagerness to "choose freedom," we have every right to assume, is shared by the overwhelming majority of their countrymen.

7. *The extraordinary measures of the Soviet regime to prevent their subjects from leaving the country*. Nothing comparable can be found in modern times, not even in the experience of other totalitarian countries. The punishment for an attempt to leave the country without permission is death; despite this, tens of thousands have taken the risk. I have on my desk a letter from a highly intelligent "non-returner" in which he claims that, if the gates of his country were opened, half the population would rush to escape. His estimate naturally is not subject to checking. But the basic fact is indisputable. It is conceded indirectly by the Kremlin itself in the vigor with which it guards every exit and punishes every attempt to flee. In effect it has transformed the whole country into one great prison.

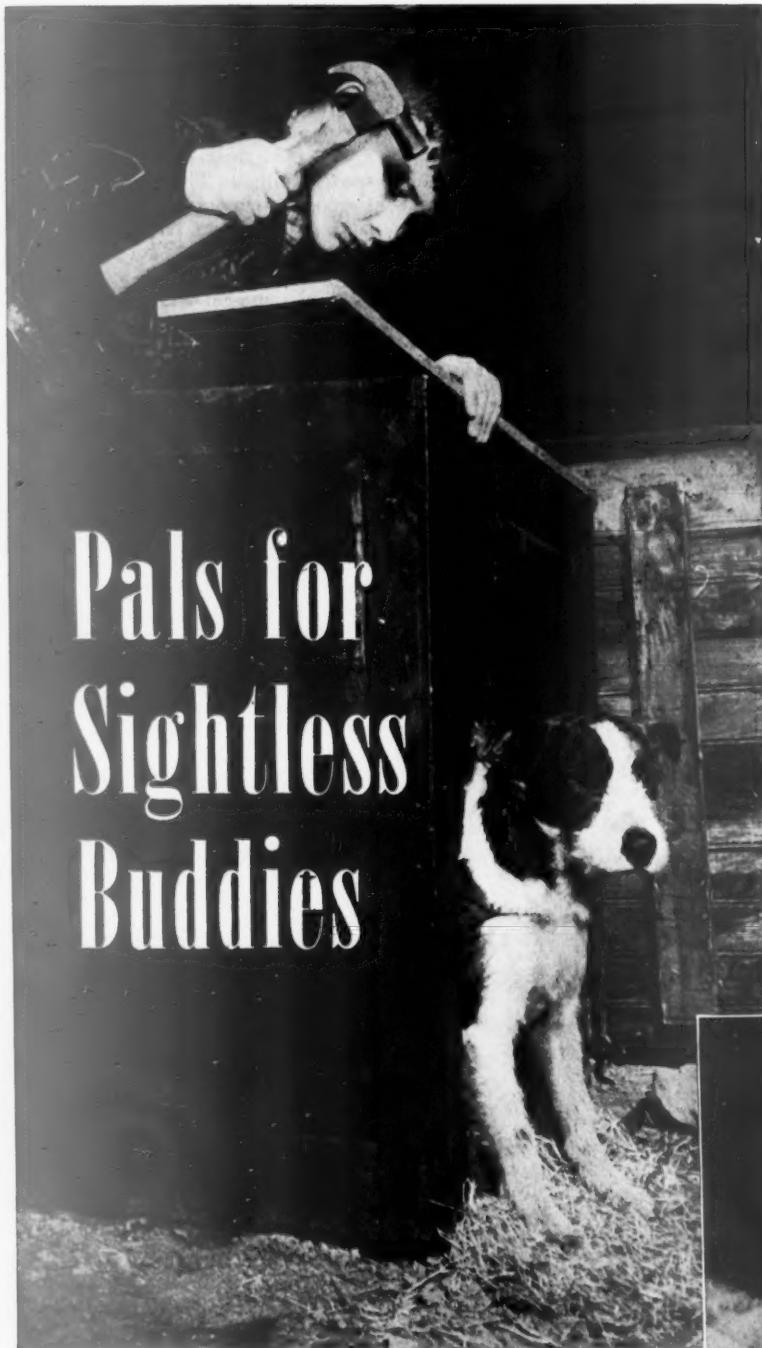
THESE are only a few expressions of the desperate civil war. A more detailed analysis would have to deal with the epidemic desertions of Red troops of the occupation forces; with the "special military tribunals" that meted out death to thousands of civilians during the war in a frantic struggle against disloyalty on the home front; with the passive resistance of the peasantry, in which literally millions paid with their lives; with the secret resistance in the form of industrial slowdown and sabotage; with a hundred other aspects of the popular refusal to knuckle under to their hated taskmasters.

The notion that the Russians have accepted the Soviet yoke meekly, that they like their chains, is a grievous libel. This is a fact of incalculable importance in shaping our policies in relation to the Communist threat. For every Communist fifth columnist in the democratic world, we have thousands of potential democratic fifth columnists behind the Iron Curtain.



Black Star
Russians are not our enemies

6. *The refusal of hordes of Soviet citizens, washed into Central and Western Europe by the tides of war, to return home*. American and British bayonets were used, to our shame, to drive them back into the Stalinist slave compound, in accordance with a cynical agreement



Pals for Sightless Buddies

This blind boy is busy at work building a kennel for the dog assigned to him. The eager terrier could not wait for the roof to be finished and moved in.

To
• If you ever had a dog of your own you know the qualities of affection and companionship it shows, and you know that no dog owner can ever be truly lonely, especially if the owner is a child.

Strong friendship ties are particularly desirable for children, especially children whose self-confidence may be shaken by a physical handicap. To provide four-legged pals for blind children, the New York Institute for the Education of the Blind sponsors "Buddies Incorporated," which aims to provide a dog for every blind child. These dogs are not intended as guides but as playmates and buddies.

To cement the ties between the children and the pets and to give the children a sense of responsibility toward their dogs, the youngsters are taught to build kennels and to feed and care for their animals. Each child adopts a particular dog as his special charge, and while all dogs are communal pets of the Institution, they come to recognize their individual masters. When the child graduates, the dog graduates with him.

The children and the dogs are paired off by a process of natural selection, the children being allowed to choose their pets as they wish. Although they cannot see, the youngsters seem to sense the animals most suited to them, and the dogs, on their part, apparently understand their masters' handicap and conduct themselves accordingly.



Perfect harmony here. The little master confides in his companion, Chuck, the collie.

To a blind child, a dog means more than toys and gifts. He is a companion, a friend who dispels loneliness from their young lives



Now we're friends. Handclasp and pawclasp mark the beginning of a real and abiding friendship.



A "shareholders' meeting" of Buddies. The children seem to enjoy it, but the pets seem indifferent.



The children are taught to care for their dogs. Ducky anticipates a brushing by closing his eyes.



Going for a walk or rather a trot. The pup looks winded, but his blind master seems fresh and eager.

Japan on the Red Timetable

With the press, radio, and motion pictures heavily slanted in favor of the Communists, democracy is making slow progress in Japan. More democratic propaganda is needed now

by RICHARD L.G. DEVERALL



Acme photo.

The Reds in Japan use mass demonstrations and strikes instead of parliamentary procedure. It has proven successful

ON the thirtieth of May, in the historic city of Nara, the chief of MacArthur's Labor Division, Mr. James S. Killen, appeared at the convention of the Japanese Government Railroad Workers. Hundreds of delegates filled the temple in which the problems of some 600,000 Japanese railroad workers were being discussed. The chairman of the convention, a Communist, told Killen: "We are very busy now with our affairs. But we will vote as to whether or not you may speak to the convention."

While Killen cooled his heels, the convention voted by a slim margin to hear MacArthur's representative, who was also an American Federation of Labor official. When Killen launched into his talk, the hall was filled with cries of "No, no . . ." and "Absolute opposition . . ." Communist leaders sitting in the audience jeered and laughed at the American as he labored through his speech. Killen was so perturbed by the manner in which the

convention had gone that the writer was forbidden to appear the next day at the convention, although he had been an invited guest and was prepared to expose the Communist operation within this union.

The affair was not without significance, for it was the first time since the occupation of Japan (which officially began on September 2, 1945, out in Tokyo Bay) that a major Japanese group had insulted the Occupation and sneered in the face of a high representative of General Douglas MacArthur, Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers.

The Communists at the convention apparently gauged GHQ strength by the manner in which the GHQ representative reacted to their insulting treatment. The Communists captured the convention and, in concert with the other government workers' unions, began a drive for a general strike throughout Japan. During July, representatives of the Communist Party spoke fervently

of: "Sabotage in August, strike in September, and then the October revolution . . . Banzai!"

By strong and decisive action, General MacArthur stopped the drive for a Communist revolution in Japan when, on July 22, he directed that all government workers were to lose their right to strike. Thus he removed from the Communist Party's hands their most dangerous weapon — manipulation of government unions to undermine the Government, capture its services, and then overthrow it altogether.

The prewar Japanese Communist Party had never made any headway inside Japan, for not only was police repression severe, but Japanese Communists often proved themselves more Japanese than Communist. In other words, although the Comintern insisted on overthrow of the Emperor, factions within the prewar party insisted on "revolution and the Emperor too . . ." For the truth is that the Japanese is wedded to the emperor system to such

an extent that even a devout Comintern follower often drew the line at that point.

Although, during the long days of the Pacific War, many of the top Communist leaders languished in the prisons of Japan, others were able to escape the Japanese police and proceed to Yenan, inside Communist China, where they were under Comintern direction. A Japanese Peoples' Emancipation League was formed, Communist schools were operated, and hundreds of Japanese

succeded speedily to the task of purging "militarists" from government, education, and economic-social life. In addition, the Allies announced an ambitious plan for the smashing of the huge Zaibatsu (family) corporations which, under government financing, had complete control of the natural resources and basic industries and services of Japan.

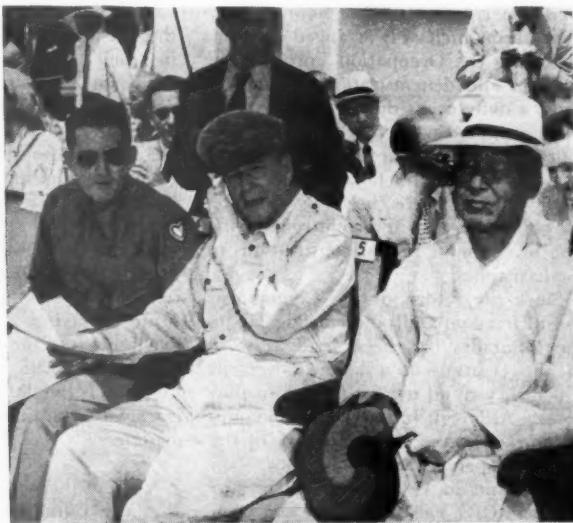
Unfortunately, in the field, the Military Government Teams that had come from America to observe enforcement

other Communist publications appeared, including magazines for youth, magazines for young women, and Communist funny books for the children. It is a sad commentary on the American officer then in charge of information that the Communist Party was given, and still retains, the largest allocation of newsprint and paper in terms of party membership of any political organization within Japan!

The propaganda of the Communists in the beginning centered on "demo-



Sanzo Nozaka, Communist hero, returned in 1946 and was received with open arms



General MacArthur has stopped several attempted revolutions, but peace is far away

workers and intellectuals were trained for their job at the end of the Pacific War. Indeed, in May, 1945, with the end of the war in sight, the Communist Party of Japan, still in Red China, outlined a program including purging of "war criminals" and seizure of their property in the name of the "people," complete political liberty, and a revolutionary agrarian program.

Thus, when the Allied Powers steamed into Tokyo Bay on September 2, 1945, and Japanese officials signed the instruments of surrender, the first act in the drama was ready.

The Allied Powers entered Tokyo and occupied Japan. The first tasks, demilitarization of Japan and demobilization of its armed forces, were accomplished in a few months. Working through the Japanese Government, MacArthur abolished the police repressive agencies, granted liberty to all political prisoners, including the Communist leaders, directed the encouragement of a trade union movement, and pro-

of Allied policies were shifted from one prefecture to another. Often the Japanese had better information on MacArthur's policies than did Military Government in the field. And, in addition, the continued drain of personnel during 1945-1946 due to the overrapid demobilization of our Army resulted in a lack of trained permanent observers throughout all Japan.

On the other hand, at the end of the war, the Yenan-trained Japanese Communists were ready. They had plans, they knew what they wanted, and it was not many weeks before they were back, reportedly bringing with them not only plans but huge sums of money. The imprisoned Communists released on October 10, 1945 by General MacArthur, joined forces with the Comintern-trained Communists. In a few weeks, the Communist Party had its official organ, *Red Flag*, in press and publishing 300,000 copies every three days. Later, *Red Flag* became a daily, cut its circulation to 100,000. In quick succession,

cratization of industry" and "down with the Emperor." Again, as in prewar days, the Communists found that their anti-Emperor slogans were not popular with the Japanese, for even Communists bowed when they walked in front of the Imperial Palace in Tokyo.

But, under this cry of "democratization of industry," the Party through its left-wing stooge unions initially in 1945 concentrated on newspapers, press, magazines, and radio. No American who was not in Japan at that time can realize the tremendous propaganda drive carried forward by the Communist Party—and using other people's money! By the spring of 1946, press, radio, and motion pictures were heavily slanted in favor of the left wing and Communist elements. When Sanzo Nozaka, Communist hero, returned from abroad, almost every public agency of communication in Japan under Red influence was used to worship this representative of Comintern revolution. The situation almost got out of hand, but during the

summer of 1946 the Army cracked down, and Communist influence within the newspapers and other periodicals was henceforth more discreet.

From the very beginning, the Communists were positive in their shunning of legitimate political action. The new constitution of Japan, following the lead from Moscow, was called a "fake" document by the Communists. Instead of parliamentary procedures, the Communists concentrated on the building of mass demonstrations, the use of violence, and the creation of Communist "martyrs" through cleverly arranged incidents involving the Occupation Forces. The parades and demonstrations became almost a daily event during the spring of 1946, culminating in the Food May Day. But again, MacArthur was constrained to act and warned the Japanese that force and violence were no way to carry on political action in a country enjoying one of the most liberal constitutions of modern times.

Since the return of the Communists to full freedom and power inside Japan, the Comrades had been hard at work in the creation of a labor movement which they could use for their own purposes. Although initially the Communists worked inside the framework of the revived Japanese AF of L, they soon seceded and in 1946 formed their own Japanese CIO, called the National Congress of Industrial Unions (NCIU). After a series of practice strikes and sabotages during the latter part of 1946, the left-wing unions and the Communist Party joined forces during January, 1947 in the forging of a general strike involving 2,100,000 government workers. Although wage demands were involved in the issue, the announced purpose was overthrow of the Government by economic force. Again, MacArthur intervened, stopped the proposed strike, and ordered a general election. Of the 464 members of the Diet elected, only five were Communists. This defeat indicated

RICHARD L.G. DEVERALL was General MacArthur's Chief of Labor Education for two and a half years and recently returned to America.

that, just as in Czechoslovakia and other places, although the Communists could use tremendous power through minority control of the labor movement, they were politically insignificant.

One of the most interesting aspects of the drive of Communism is its exploitation of the prewar militarist structure based on Japanese feudalism. Thus, the left-wing unions were undemocratic in their structure (and so remain) with small groups of Red Samurai (knights) controlling the actions of hundreds of thousands of workers. In the offices of the red-controlled unions I have gone over their books of "orders" from NCIU headquarters. One order will direct that "Fifty young men will report to Sato San for a youth demonstration." Another may direct that "A resolution will be sent to the Prime Minister saying . . ." While a third may announce the beginning of a strike. The rank and file of the unions, accepting the old feudalism as a "new democracy," are thus manipulated by the new masters.

ONE of the most shocking features of the Communist drive is that the Japanese Government and the employer group have played a vital part in the financing of Red revolution within Japan. From the very beginning, the left-wing leaders demanded that the employer pay the wages of all union officials and clerks, furnish the union offices and equipment, and permit union activities on the time and at the expense of the employer. Thus, in the Communist-dominated, 350,000-strong Communications Workers Union, the Japanese Government, through its labor agreement, granted a closed shop, checkoff to the union, and guaranteed the full pay of

Selective List



► The roof of the church was leaking, and the minister asked for volunteers to raise funds for its repair. Donal offered his services.

About a week later the minister met Donal, who showed signs of having imbibed a bit too freely. Donal was apologetic. "It's collecting for the roof, Minister," he said. "Every one of the neighbors I called on insisted on giving me a wee drop after paying down his subscription."

The minister was shocked. "Are there no teetotalers in the parish, Donal?" he asked.

"Och, aye," was the reply. "Sure there's teetotalers. I've written to them."

-Irish Press

the some 3,200 union officials and clerks. Freed from the burden of financing the union, the Communications Workers Union was then free to invest money in the Communist publishing house, Dawn Press, which had printed tens of thousands of Communist-written pamphlets for distribution to the government worker!

In the same manner, private employers have been as generous. Indeed, in the electrical field, an official of the Communist-dominated Electrical Workers Union told me last year that they had as high as one full-time paid union official for every fifty workers. With many of the officials Communists, paid by the employer, is it any wonder that the Reds in Japan have had a virtual field day?

But it has been in the field of economic policy that the Party has shone. An examination of the policies of the Communist Party in Japan reveals the same general purpose as the Communist Party of France: sabotage of the economy, as long as United States money is being used to revive the economy. Thus, from the very beginning, the Party encouraged inflation, urged the workers on to more and higher wage demands. While Communists told farmers not to turn in their rice, the city workers were agitated about government indifference to their food problems. Communist members of the Tax Collectors Union sabotaged collection of taxes in order to cripple the Japanese Government, while in northern Hokkaido it was reported that the left-wing tax collectors did not bother Comrades, but levied heavy taxes on those opposed to the advance of the new totalitarianism.

Communist-printed material and radio programs coming into the country from either the Soviet Union proper or from Sakhalin have repeatedly told the Japanese that the Berlin and European problem is just part of the "cold war." The real situation, the Japanese are told, is that the next war may well start in the Orient, and Japan will then be used by the Anglo-Americans as a battlefield.

It is therefore no surprise to find that some officials of the Japanese Government are slow to act in warding off the infiltration of the Communist Party. Government officials are essentially bureaucrats, and so long as the "cold war" continues, and so long as they fear its impact inside Japan, they will continue to sit on the fence. Thus they will be co-operative with Occupation personnel to a certain degree, but the same officials will turn around and be just as co-operative with the Communist Party. They do not know which side will come out on top . . . and they are

trying to please everyone. Even Japanese businessmen, who have the most to lose under a Communist regime, are fearful of the Communists and have played a role in the financing of the Party.

Although resentment against the Americans was evident in the headquarters of the Communist-controlled NCIU as early as 1946, the Party was slow in developing the racist line of Tojo. But on March 26, 1948, the Communist Party announced a new drive in Japan to form a "democratic racial front" presumably to liberate Japan from the Anglo-American invaders. "Culture," that magic word in Japan, was enlisted in the drive of the Communists, who have stepped up their campaign against the reactionary and depraved culture of the Anglo-Americans. Strong appeals to anti-American sentiment were made increasingly toward the spring and summer of 1948, advising that all Japanese must cooperate with the Communists in preserving "Japanese culture" free from alien influence. Although the rank-and-file worker, just as the farmer, is enthusiastic about the free and easy American, the continued drive of Communist propaganda is slowly gaining, for there is a perfectly natural resentment against any occupation forces and it mounts with the passing of the years. Further, since MacArthur smashed the chance of the Communists to bring about a revolution through the Japanese labor movement, the Communists are devoting increasing time and effort to the "cultural crisis," to the infiltration of the school system and the universities, and to the development of antioccupation sentiment amongst the intellectuals. It was no surprise when, this past October, in the first election of a board of education in Tokyo, the Communists not only got a party member on the five-man board, but got him there with the third-largest vote!

The American reader may well say, "Well, so what? Why should I be worried about Japan? All I want is one of those new television sets!"

American readers prior to Pearl Harbor felt the same way. All most of us knew about Japan was something about Admiral Perry, cherry blossoms, Mount Fuji, and Madame Butterfly. But tens of thousands of American boys later paid the price for that terrible indifference and ignorance. Today the Reds are again on the move in the East. With the Berlin crisis occupying the attention of the American people, the Communists have entrenched themselves in northern China and are now well on the road to mopping up the rest of that ill-fated country. Northern Korea is firmly in

THE HALTER OF SNOW

by SISTER MARY IRMA, B.V.M.

*They hid strong snares for her feet and wove to tempt her
A bridle of gold;
She eluded the crafty traps; the golden bridle
Would not hold.*

*"A halter of snow would bind her,"
Seeing her, God said,
And slipped the white thong, cool and easily broken
Over her head.*

*Startled, she turned from the thick green turf of the meadow
To see what this might be,
And walked thenceforward in joyful circumspection,
Lest she go free.*

Communist hands and ready to seize the Allied portion as soon as American aid has fattened it for the kill. And Japan, that strategic key to the Orient, both a buffer for the Russians and a base for the Americans, is faced with a Communist-controlled China and Korea to the west, strong Soviet bases within view to the north.

Under Allied Occupation, Japan has enjoyed a freedom unknown before. American food shipments have within three years brought a starving people to a level approaching their prewar days. Indeed, when the Army announced this past spring that the Japanese diet would be increased from 1,200 to 1,450 calories, the announcement was misleading, for the truth is that the Japanese citizen is today eating from 1,800 to 2,000 calories. And when you visit the farmers, who constitute 60 per cent of the population, you find a strong, smiling, healthy people. The feat of American public health service within Japan has been one of the outstanding developments of the Occupation, with Japan healthier today than ever before.

IN the eyes of the Soviet strategist, here is a most remarkable geopolitical plum almost ready for the taking. As the Soviets aid the capture of China, with America sitting by twiddling its thumbs, and with Korea perhaps next on the timetable, the Reds have but to wait until the Americans complete the reconstruction and then pick off a heavily populated, vigorous little country. As the Russians rearmed the northern Koreans, imagine if you will the possible terror of the future if the Russians rearm the Japanese and once again launch a Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere under Russian auspices. It is no wonder that General Eichelberger has declared, "If we lose Japan, we will have lost the Pacific War."

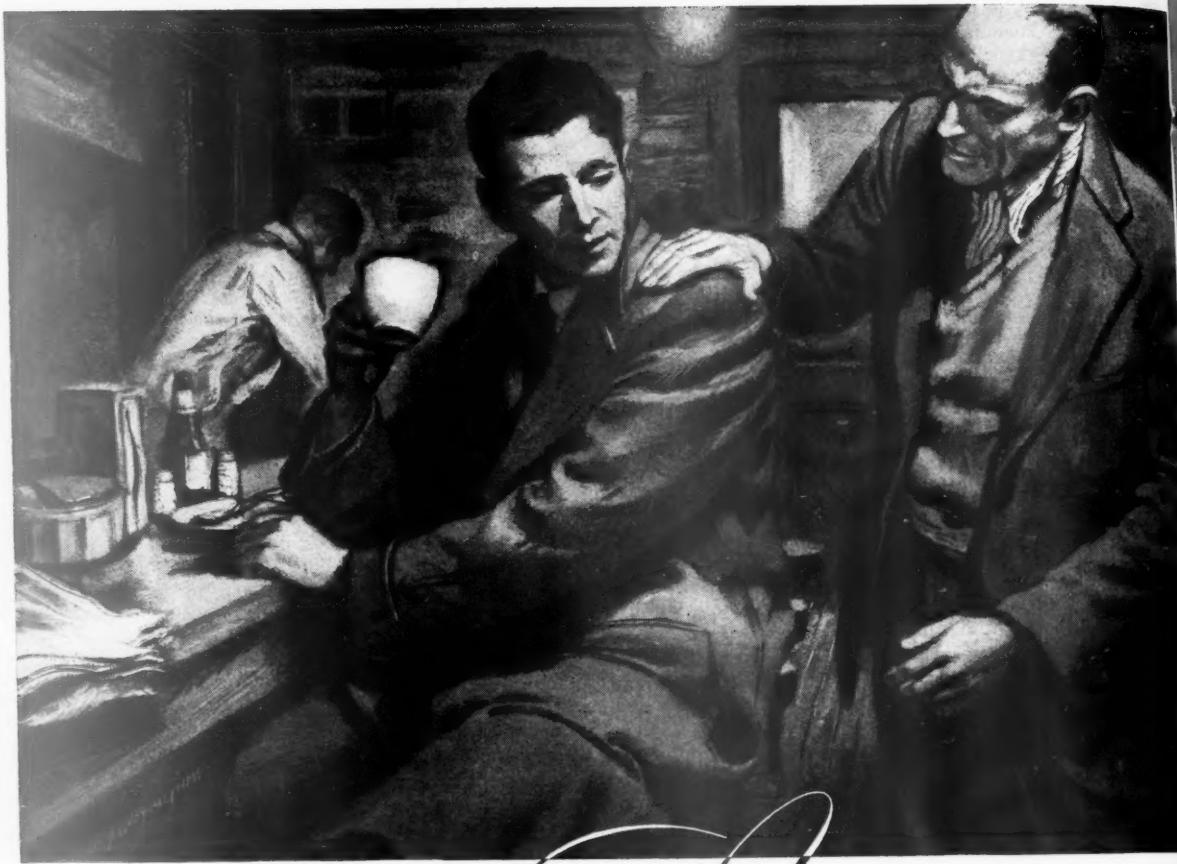
My own conclusions are very simple.

The Occupation in Japan has got to get tougher and more realistic in some directions. The many aids and comforts afforded the Communist Party in Japan should be withdrawn as rapidly as possible. The trade union movement should be shaken to its foundations, abuses removed, and a democratic pattern formed. Stricter price control and rationing, coupled with rational wage and employment policies, might well make further food exports from the United States unnecessary or at least limit them drastically. And, above all, that one priceless item which we have not dispensed too freely should be increased with all possible speed: information and education. A writer in the *Military Government Journal*, recently returned from an information survey of Japan, reported that some intelligent Japanese observers feel that, although we have sent in food for the Japanese body, the Communists have been feeding the Japanese mind. Certainly, any American in Japan will be shocked to roam through neighborhood bookstalls and find that, although the complete Marx-Lenin-Stalin library is available at low prices, books on the American system and on democracy are obviously scarce or absent.

The struggle inside Japan is the struggle of two ways of life: Democracy and Communism. A pragmatic people in their political philosophy and way of life, the Japanese will possibly follow him who offers the "best deal."

The struggle in the Orient has just begun. The development of Soviet policy in the Far East has now entered the dynamic phase. Has America the men and the ideas to contain the offensive of international Communism and intensify a democratic offensive of its own?

Upon our answer to this question may depend the life and future of the boy or girl now looking over your shoulder at the pictures in this magazine!



"It's not worth it," the man said quickly

HE left the house soon after breakfast, as usual, so Mary would not be suspicious. But not to hunt a job. Not even to go through the motions. He was too nervous.

He knew what to do. He would go to the little lunch cart on Dexter Street and kill time over some coffee. The lunch money Mary had doled out to him from their dwindling reserve would pay for it. In the diner he would be warm, despite the subfreezing weather. And Dexter Street was close to Mark Suddard's route.

"Hello, Alec," he said, sliding onto a stool. "Coffee."

Alec served him without comment. The old guy in the threadbare green overcoat, Ed Lacey noticed, was perched on the end stool again; otherwise the place was empty. The old guy saw him looking, and nodded. He was like a wrinkled, moth-eaten parrot, watching everything that happened.

Ed glanced at Alec's clock. He had almost two hours to kill. It was nine-thirty now. Mark Suddard would not leave the plant until eleven, and would be ten minutes walking down to the bank, another ten picking up the pay-

Look at me!

roll money and starting back with it.

"Is that the right time, Alec?"

"Set it this morning."

"Thanks." Queer how strange his voice sounded. He just couldn't keep his nervousness out of it. But Alec didn't seem to notice.

Two hours to wait.

He was going through with it. There was an element of risk, sure, but he had taken bigger risks and come through all right. That day in St. Lo, for instance—the day he'd acquired the German automatic that now lay in his coat pocket. There'd been no time even to think of the risk that day.

He'd thought about this, though. Thought about it for two weeks, while

tramping the streets in search of work. Thought about it ever since he had learned that Dan Graham was leaving town for a time and old Mark Suddard, near-sighted and timid, would be payroll messenger.

"Fill it up, Alec." He pushed his cup forward and looked at the clock again. Not so good. He was pouring the coffee down too fast. Unless he got a grip on himself . . .

In the mirror behind the counter he saw the old guy in the shabby green overcoat staring. Those nasty, sharp little eyes, staring. It was almost as if they knew.

Nothing could go wrong, though. He'd considered all the angles. Two thousand

**Because he was playing it smart, Lacey's own financial
worries would soon be over, so he could afford
to listen to the stranger's hard-luck story**

by HUGH B. CAVE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. MAZOUJIAN

dollars wasn't a lot of money, but it was enough—sure it was. With it he could pay the rent and other bills that had piled up since he'd lost his job at the plant. And there'd be no front-page story to attract Mary's attention. She would believe him when he told her he'd borrowed the money from a buddy.

He could handle Suddard, all right. Just step out of the alley behind—the alley on Pearl Street, where the warehouse walls blocked out the light—and shove the gun into his back and demand the money. The old man would be too scared to turn around—would never know the gun was empty.

Small risk. For thirty dollars a month I took bigger ones, Ed thought bitterly. But what if Mary found out?

She wouldn't. In the first place she'd never dream of suspecting him. She still had her illusions, poor kid; still thought him a hero. That was what hurt. "They can't keep you down for long, Ed. I'm not worried. Honest, I'm not."

Not worried, maybe—but hungry. Just thinking of it made him shake all over. He fumbled with the wedding ring on his finger; took it off, put it back. The cup rattled against his teeth as he gulped his coffee.

"Fill it up!"

Alec gave him a searching look. "You all right, Mac?"

"Cold," Ed muttered. "I've got a cold."

Alec filled the cup and went to the end of the counter to wash dishes.

The little guy in the ragged green coat had moved. He had taken the coat off and hung it up. He was sidling along the counter. Now he wriggled onto the stool next to Ed and peered at him.

"Son, if you're smart you won't do it. Believe me—you'll be sorry."

Ed swung violently to face him. But there was no hostility in those alert eyes.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Drink your coffee," the man said. "If I'm wrong, all the better. Only I see more than most people. I make it my business to. I'm not often wrong."

"Well, you're wrong about me!" Ed muttered. "Now leave me alone. Nobody asked you—"

"Nobody ever asks me. But look. I see a nice-looking young fellow watching a clock in a cheap lunch cart, on edge, nervous, fighting himself. He wears a worn-out topcoat on a cold day. He looks hungry. He keeps looking at the wedding ring on his finger—so he is thinking of his wife, and she is probably hungry, too. He keeps reaching into his pocket where there is a gun hidden—"

Ed lurched from his stool. Scared now. Really scared. But the little man clutched at him, stopped him.

"It's not worth it," the man said quickly. "Believe me, I know. Sit down."

"I've heard all I want—"

"Sit down. If someone had talked to me, I wouldn't be like this today."

Ed sat.

And then he laughed, because it was the old, old story of a has-been pouring out troubles.

Believe it or not, this old boy had held down a good job once, a job with a future. Sure he had. Only things had gone wrong and in desperation he had taken the easy way out.

"Sooner or later you get caught. You go to jail. And when you get out, what have you got left? Look at me."

"Sure, I know," Ed said. "You want a beer." He fumbled the last two coins from his pocket, a dime and a nickel, and flipped the dime on the counter. "Give him a beer, Alec."

The old man did not refuse. But he didn't change expression, either. "You don't believe me," he said sadly. "But it's true. I was older than you—thirty—and had a family. I thought I wouldn't be caught. It was so easy, working in a bank."

"Sure, sure." Ed was more interested in the clock. "So you robbed a bank and got caught. That's tough. But tell it to someone else. When I rob a bank they won't catch me."

"I didn't say—"

The man who entered was no one Ed knew. He was tall, heavy, in a gray felt hat and gray overcoat. He looked—what did he look like? A soldier, maybe. Or a cop out of uniform.

Alec nodded to him. "Morning, Lieutenant Holcomb. You haven't been

around in quite a while." He turned to the coffee urn.

The man on the other side of Ed moved then. Fast. Like a frightened bug. He was off his stool and out the door almost before Ed realized he was no longer sitting there. It was incredible.

Lieutenant Holcomb, whoever he was, finished his coffee and went out, unconcerned. Probably he'd seen lunch cart bums before.

Ed, mouth open, turned to Alec. "Who—who was that fellow, Alec?"

"Him? Joe Holcomb. Fireman."

"No, not him. The other one."

"The little guy? Y'got me." Alec shrugged. "Some no-good that hangs around. Told me yesterday he used to live in this town. Been out West, he said." Suddenly he frowned. "Sa-a-ay! He owes me for a breakfast! Where'd he go?"

"He skipped when he saw Holcomb. Seemed to know him. Or maybe he thought Holcomb was a cop when you called him Lieutenant."

"He'll be back. He left his coat."

Ed turned to look at the shabby green coat hanging on the wall, then swung back again to frown at the clock. It was time he left if he meant to go through with his plans. But somehow, now, he was reluctant to move. He was—scared. But scared of what?

"On the other hand," Alec said, "maybe he won't be back." He went over to the wall and took down the coat, thrusting a hand into its pockets. He seemed surprised when he pulled out a billfold.

Ed Lacey slid off his stool and turned to go.

"Hey," Alec said.

Ed paused. The counterman was scowling at a newspaper clipping which his exploring fingers had plucked from the billfold. A piece from the local paper, a week old. "Would you look at this!" he said softly.

Ed looked. There was a picture. It didn't resemble the little old guy much any more, but you could tell. There was no mistaking those eyes.

"Bank theft still unsolved after ten years," Alec read aloud. "Still no clue to whereabouts of teller who disappeared decade ago with \$30,000. Wife has since died. Sons, now grown, served with distinction in late war."

Alec rubbed his jaw. "Well, whaddaya know? Whaddaya know about that? Hey—Mac—wait a minute. Have a cup of coffee on the house."

Ed Lacey paused at the door. "Thanks," he said, "but I have to find a job. That's what I have to do—find a job—before I go home tonight."

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I like Single Bliss . . .

TWO decades ago, about the time the old maid was bowing herself out from our national scene to be superseded by the career woman, a girl who was neither wife, old maid, nor widow wrote a book entitled *Live Alone and Like It*. It was clever and extremely convincing—enough to encourage any young woman looking upon matrimony with a dubious eye to eschew the double state and adopt permanently the sweet freedom of single bliss. Marjorie Hillis successfully convinced many that women can live alone and like it.

But almost immediately, and with what mere man would call typical feminine inconsistency, she got married. It removed some of the punch from her splendid argument.

On another plane, and some years later, Father Divine, the Negro preacher, having advocated for years neither marriage nor giving in marriage, suddenly startled his followers by taking unto himself a bride.

These two examples have long withheld my pen from its persistent urge to set down on paper the delights and advantages of single blessedness as I have known them. It has seemed as though matrimony would, with serene irony, come along and trip up anyone who was brash enough to write or preach against it. I didn't want that to happen to me.

But now, at last, I feel sufficiently safe. Even in a leap year, if in some momentary fit of insanity I were to pro-

pose to a selected victim, I'm sure it would be without success—no matter how honorable were my intentions.

I am that career woman whom Marjorie Hillis encouraged to live alone and like it. Nor am I that phenomenon, the "born solitary," of the stuff that makes good hermits. I am gregarious to a degree, liking people and their companionship—finding human nature the most interesting study in the world, but one—and I shall have more to say about that one later in this article.

And it isn't as though I didn't like men. With scant exception, I like them enormously. By and large, I enjoy their society more than I do that of women. I was brought up with two older brothers and adored my father. In the growing years my poor mother got little attention, for I was forever at the heels of my father and brothers. If living alone meant that I was never able to see men, frankly I wouldn't like it a bit. But today one of the advantages of not being a wife is that one can possess as many men friends as one pleases, without causing eyebrows to lift.

I don't believe that, on the whole, women avoid matrimony because they don't like men. On the contrary, women sometimes fail to achieve marriage because they like men too much. Born coquettes know instinctively how fatal it is to run after a man. Other girls learn it at their pain and peril. Man,

the primordial hunter, insists on doing the hunting himself. As Ethel Merman has so cogently sung: "You Can't Get a Man With a Gun"—although many women, eager for marriage, have just stopped short of firearms in their endeavor to catch a mate.

Now I'm going to write something which will probably draw down the ire of all good feminists upon my head (yet I'm as good a feminist as the best of them). I'm going to say that practically every normal woman would like to be married—myself included. For old-fashioned and dull though it may seem, marriage is in truth, the natural state for women. "Male and Female He created them." Woman is biologically constructed to bear children; and within the framework of Christian civilization, the only way she can fulfill her natural function and God's purpose is through marriage. This being so, some disappointed single women have wondered why God has not thoughtfully provided enough males to go around. For at least in our country and in England, women outnumber men; so it is logically impossible, in a monogamous society, for every woman to be married.

God has seen to it that certain women should be cast for yet another role—the celibate role of the religious—but even with the numbers who yearly enter the convent, there are still left loose, rattling around in society, millions more women than men; multitudes who must forego marriage unless we should adopt polygamy!

NOT long ago, the Holy Father, endowed the uncloistered single woman with a new dignity, terming her state a "vocation"—defining its responsibilities, and calling upon her to live up to them. It was a comfort to be able to throw this in the teeth of those who looked down their noses at us—some of our more patronizing married sisters. We could point out that the Pope had recognized that unmarried women in the world of affairs can play a role all their own in aiding the material and spiritual progress of the weaker members of the Mystical Body.

Not every unattached damsel is pining for her prince to come. And—what is more—she doesn't care if he has a good hunch how she feels about it

by REGINA SANDERS

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER

Unhampered by the closer responsibilities of those who are mothers, we can in a sense be spiritual mothers in all the phases of Catholic Action. Our influence, if less personal and concentrated, can be spread out for the good of souls and the Church over a far wider area.

IT is my belief that some women forego marriage to follow this unique life to which God has called them just as surely as He has called those who enter the religious life.

Others, less unselfish, often forego marriage, not because they must, but because they are both more independent and more difficult to please than many of those who enter wedlock. For this is the strange paradox: admitting the superfluity of women in our society, there yet exists scarcely a woman (baring those with marked physical or mental defects) who has not had at least one chance to marry. And while I take it to be a fact that every normal woman would prefer marriage to the single state, it seems equally true that most unmarried women have remained single from choice. Denied the type of man they wish to marry, they live alone and like it far better than being tied to just any old thing in trousers who happens along with a proposal.

The fact that there are so many normal women obviously enjoying single blessedness is merely proof that, while wanting marriage, they want it only on their own terms. Many of the other type just want marriage. And it is fortunate for the more "choosey" that today, as never before, they can sing, as did the first followers of St. Francis, "the whole world is our cloister!" For when career woman succeeded old maid, the whole world became not only her cloister, but her oyster as well.

Not that every married woman has been won by the first man who came along. Not that she has said to herself: "I'll jump at the first chance, be he a nitwit, crosseyed, bowlegged, or a boor." Many have rejected a dozen proposals before choosing the type most nearly approximating their ideals. But I believe that their natural motivation toward marriage has been fortified by two

factors not largely shared by those who have remained single: a strong desire to bear children and a desire for security.

Looking around among my acquaintances, I find these two desires not so strongly marked in the average celibate career woman. Few of them miss children. Once it was regarded as shameful of a woman not to yearn for children of her own. But today it is recognized that the maternal instinct is widely variable; that the urge to reproduce does not run in the veins of every woman; and that it is a poor thing for all concerned if she tries to inject it there artificially—as perhaps she did quite frequently in the past to escape the opprobrium which would otherwise have been attached to her by Victorian, and even post-Victorian standards. The woman who coined the phrase, "every woman is entitled to at least one child, and no questions asked," had a strong maternal instinct but a weak mind.

For my part, I confess that I never had any particularly deep urge to bring forth children. I've always liked children and enjoy their society tremendously, perhaps more than the average—but I've been quite content to let them belong to others. If, on the other hand, marriage with the "right man" had come my way, I should have accepted children as the honorable fulfillment of the purpose for which God created marriage.

I remember that, when I was in college, another girl and I fell into a discussion of matrimony. The other girl said: "Just to have a child, I would take a husband." I said: "Just to have the right husband, I would accept a child."

Today I confess that my only regret in not having children about me is at those "pressure moments" when I think how useful they would be in running necessary errands. But a friend who is a modern mother assures me that they would not run errands for me; that rather I would be running errands for them. And that, moreover, I would probably be constantly on the verge of a nervous breakdown, trying to help them through the perilous whirlpools imposed by our chaotic times.

As for the other motivation which influences women to marry—the desire for security—the unmarried career woman is not strongly impelled by it. In most cases she has early demonstrated that she does not need a man to provide her security. She can provide it herself.

And perhaps this is the best part of that sweet freedom of single blessedness! For, except in the case of those wives who are fortunate enough to possess independent incomes, the position of many is still that of a slave dependent upon her master for bounty. Whether the husband be generous or "close," she is still subject to such questioning as: "What did you do with that last ten dollars I gave you?" Or, "we can't buy a new car because I'm taking out more insurance." Now maybe insurance is wiser, but the car is more fun. But I, unmarried, can earn as I please and spend as I please; my luxuries, my economies, are those of my own choosing, not of another's.

EVEN in the case of those "model" husbands who permit their wives to spend freely, their women are constantly constrained by the thought: "It's John's money, really. He earned it. I wonder if this expense is fair to him?" And even married women who have jobs and who pool their earnings with those of their husband are subject to certain masculine restraints.

On the other hand, and granting that today there are wider opportunities for what was once mistakenly known as "the weaker sex" than ever before, it

Don't think old maids haven't been asked at least once



is no easy task for a woman to be self-supporting. It requires education and specialized training, hard work, and a lot of good luck. Frankly, I frequently find the going rough. Also that, to hold down a man's job, I'm expected to work twice as hard as the average man holding a similar position. Also that certain "top" jobs are barred to me, merely because I'm a woman. Ability doesn't figure as much as sex. But if one likes work and enjoys business, the mixed routine and excitement of office life, the comradeship of labor jointly shared and the stimulus of other brains, self-support is really fun and seldom dull.

The same, alas, cannot always be said of marriage. I know wives who are literally dying of boredom. The converse is equally true. Victor Hugo has said: "Despair yawns. Something more terrible than a hell where one suffers can be imagined; and that is a hell where one is bored." Today's career woman is seldom bored. There is always some interesting new friend, man or woman. (Were she married it would have to be a woman!) There is the shifting and versatile scene; that new, arresting business challenge to keep life lively.

My normal feminine inclination for "home" in its more material sense, and leaving family apart, is completely satisfied in my three room apartment, large enough for entertaining on a limited scale, diminutive enough to be easily cared for. And I don't have to have a big, ugly chair about "because my husband likes it." I don't have to consult anyone on my decorative scheme. I don't have to live with cigar butts, pipes, golf clubs, shaving apparatus, squash racquets, cases of Scotch, the ball game over the radio, or a prize fight via television—to say nothing of conflicting religious or political opinion.

Saint Paul, bless him, cast a damper upon marriage appeal for us when he wrote: "Let women keep silence . . . If they would learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home." He apparently believed in our restricted education; but of course no married woman I've ever known has paid the slightest attention to him. As for the first part of his admonition, most men would remark that he was asking the impossible.

There are, however, other rough spots along the celibate career path, besides the ups and downs of self-support. That other feminine need—the need for masculine tenderness—must of course be stifled, not alone in the Catholic woman but also in those to whom, by reason of training, religious or social standards, modern sex freedom is repellent. The Catholic woman has the advantage here.

She especially has been taught to seek love at its highest source. She has the Sacraments in which that love is made manifest. And perhaps she has learned (for what woman has escaped at least one human love affair, and not necessarily a sordid one?) that human tenderness can never equal that which is extended to her so graciously by Him who is ever present upon our altars. She has but to ask. And not only for love, but also for the grace to remain faithful to Him.

And that is what I meant earlier in this article when I wrote that there is one study even more interesting than the study of human nature. For that which soars above and beyond humanity is so completely absorbing, unsurpassed in richness and beauty—that Beauty which Saint Augustine called "ever ancient, ever new." People are interesting—but God is so much more so.

TO return to the rough spots, they appear also in the path of those who have not been early trained as career women, as in my own case. I was brought up to marry and to "marry well." Consequently, I was never taught to cook. "If you learn how, you may some day have to do it," said my beloved mother superstitiously. Alas, I didn't learn it; and, alas, I have had to do it anyway; but as sketchily as possible, you may be sure.

I lost my adored mother and father not long ago, almost simultaneously. For the first time in my life, Death became my familiar. Even for those who believe in the immortality of the soul, he has some most unpleasant aspects. And the other day, when alone in my kitchenette, struggling to prepare a meal, I heard myself saying aloud: "You have had to become accustomed to a lot of disagreeable things lately—such as Death and cooking." Whatever would I have done, had I married a man who expected me

to cook, and had I tried to live up to the axiom of the seer who, when asked "How does one hold a husband?" answered "Feed the brute!"

Of course, any single woman would be a fool not to recognize that her heyday is while she is young—that as she grows older and her attractiveness lessens, her friends will lessen proportionately. Nor will her body any longer be able to carry her lightly to a job and from one social event to another. She will be forced, willy-nilly, to climb up on some sort of shelf from which she will probably look with envy upon those white-haired sisters who early chose "double harness," and who, even with a not-too-happy-married life behind them, now at least have "a companion in their old age."

Yet, from that lonely shelf, I know I shall reflect with gratitude upon the many opportunities for service to God and my fellow men which came my way primarily because I was unmarried—opportunities which a wife and mother, moving in a narrower orbit, would not have been as free to seize.

It is likely, too, that I shall also look back upon my own "proposal days," when I fell in love easily—but out of love even more easily. I shall remember the seemingly trivial reasons why I sidestepped marriage—that boy I turned down because I didn't like his looks; another because he lacked generosity; another because he wore his clothes badly; another because his speech offended me; another because he had no humor; and still another because he had no brains. All of them incidentally found excellent wives—much better than I would have been. I shall think of that one whom I came closest to marrying, but finally rejected because he refused to grow up. He married someone else, was unhappy, and later came to me urgently bent upon divorce and remarriage to me. I sent him packing back to his wife. Even had I not been a Catholic, he would have been no temptation.

And perhaps, from my lonely shelf, I shall think that all this was because my own "ideal" never happened along and that I would not accept a substitute. Or perhaps I shall agree with my grandmother, who used to look at me over her glasses and say: "Regina, you're a born old maid!"

Naturally, were she living today, she would not say "old maid," but "career woman." But it is more likely that I shall think the real reason I didn't marry was because while, in truth, "man proposes," it is God who disposes.

Ed: Next month Lucile Hasley takes up the cudgels for the married state in an article entitled "I Like Married Life."



Business office Marthas can romance with God as really as convent Marys



by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

The SIGN POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

Valentines

Is there any connection between the modern valentine craze and the saint by that name?—M. MCF., PITTSBURGH, PA.

There are at least three saints named Valentine who enjoy official recognition by the Church. Very little is known about one of them, aside from his martyrdom in Africa. A Bishop Valentine was beheaded in the year 273. The saint whose feast is observed on February 14 was a priest of Rome and a physician, and was martyred in 269. The name Valentine signifies healthy.

There is no connection whatever between the valentine craze and any of the Saints Valentine. The custom began a few centuries ago, was prevalent especially in France and England, and based on the notion that the fourteenth marks the opening of the mating season among birds. The custom is generally harmless, often silly, always profitable to the trades that foster it.

Enthusiasm for Heaven

I am uneasy over my want of enthusiasm for heaven. To begin with, my ideas on heaven are so vague, I can't give myself a good argument. I seem more anxious to escape the fires of hell than to get to heaven.—T. D., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Your uneasiness is a wholesome symptom. We can expect enthusiasm to be in ratio to appealing knowledge—a ratio that explains your apathy. The only men, women, and children who have a thorough knowledge of heaven are its actual residents. However, the revealed information available to us is amply sufficient to spark enthusiasm. For that

matter, information on the subject of hell is comparatively meager, yet more than enough to serve as a deterrent.

There are countless human situations wherein we may choose from among more than two alternatives. For example, during hot weather we may expose ourselves to the danger of sunstroke, or enjoy the soothing coolness of an air-conditioned building, or content ourselves with the in-between protection and comfort of a shade tree. But, in the matter of our ultimate destiny; those endowed with responsibility have only two alternatives from which to choose—either heaven or hell. There is no neutral place, no in-between status in prospect. Hence, to escape the one is to gain the other, necessarily. This does not imply, of course, that heaven consists merely in the negative avoidance of everlasting fire or any other feature of hell. The sanctions of penalty and reward have always been part and parcel of divine stratagem.

It is only normal that we dread the prospect of manifold affliction. Human sensitivity to physical pain is exemplified by fire, perhaps more so than in any other way. The re-united bodies of the condemned will be combustible, and exposure to a physically harmful agent such as fire entails psychological suffering as well. Your anxiety lest you become an eternal ember is indicative of your moral sanity. But the worst punishment of the damned is their loss of God and banishment from heaven, their poignant self-reproach for having cut themselves off from the very Source of everything worthwhile and enjoyable. In sinning gravely, the guilty spurn the Almighty by a free preference for something incompatible. They alone are condemned eternally who persist in their guilty attitude until even the last moment.

Although heaven is the most commendable of subjects for propaganda, it is much neglected. By and large, the habit of being heaven-conscious is not widespread nor deeply rooted, despite the fact that no human objective is more important and urgent. As an inducement, heaven is a "temptation" which a man of faith is not inclined to resist. There is hardly a page of Sacred Scripture, especially in the New Testament, whereon we do not find engaging information about heaven. Hence, there is no excuse for ignorance, vague ideas, indifference, and unconcern.

In the Old Testament, we are assured that in heaven there is no hunger or thirst, no blindness, deafness, lameness or the like, no mourning or weeping. Taking a long-range view of the future, one of the early events of heaven will be the reunion of soul and body, life partners who during the years of probation have merited heaven together. This appropriate reunion has been vouched for by our Eucharistic and Risen Saviour (John VI:65). Reconditioned too, in body and soul, even beyond the well-being of Adam and Eve in their heyday, the members of the Church Triumphant will be so matured and refined as to enjoy heaven thoroughly and without tedium. The City of God is not populated by beatified hermits. The social aspect of heaven is one of its high lights—the Communion of Saints at its best, including your parents, your wife and children, and all your friends who have not cheated themselves by endeavoring to thwart God. Instead of being perked up momentarily by fragmentary good things of earth, you will be gratified by the tonic Source without whom "was made nothing that was made."

Compared with all that is known even now on the subject of heaven, we have only scratched the surface. In addition to all that could be said, heaven is brimful of agreeable surprises, according to St. Paul (I Cor., 11:9). There is no reason for a forced enthusiasm toward heaven, wherein "the dwelling is all rejoicing." He who returned there "to prepare a place for you" has given us a test as to whether we be normally heaven-conscious. "Where your treasure is,

there is your heart also." If we do realize that "we have not here a lasting city, but seek one that is to come," we shall not be content with this world as with a fool's paradise. We shall foster a timely fear of "unquenchable fire" and an appetite for the inheritance of coheirs of Christ.

Did God Suffer?

Was the Son of God abandoned, shortly before His death on the cross, by God the Father? If Christ were divine, how could He be forsaken by God? Please explain the words: "My God! Why hast Thou forsaken Me?" I'm all mixed up!—R. K., ST. LOUIS, MO.

We must bear in mind that, from the instant of the Incarnation, the eternal Son of God made a human nature His very own personally. Thus, God became Man also. Any so-called "abandonment" by the Father could not affect the Son's divine nature, numerically identical as it is with the nature of the Father. There are not two divine natures, either one of which could in any sense abandon the other.

To begin with, your problem is based on the personal ownership of a human nature by a divine Person, coupled with the exposure of that nature to suffering. Were it not that the Father sent His Son into the world upon an errand of mercy, there *might* not have been an Incarnation at all. But, at least in actual circumstances, the dominant purpose of the Incarnation was to provide the human family with a capable redeemer. Such a mediator would have to be both divine and human—frail enough to undergo expiation and at the same time divinely influential. Hence, only a God-Man could qualify. The divine Person would dignify infinitely whatever atonement His human nature would suffer.

Solely because the God-Man had determined to reconcile God and man by way of reparation was He exposed, in His human nature, to suffering of any kind. In the days of their sinlessness and fidelity to grace, even Adam and Eve were immune to suffering. Saints are at times so graced with glimpses of divine truth that they develop a condition known as ecstasy, and while so preoccupied by a realization of divine things are impervious to suffering. The attention of even ordinary mortals can be so absorbed that they become inadvertent or at least indifferent to such discomforts as hunger, thirst, temperature, and the like. We experience that sort of thing during study, for example, or while observing sports contests. Now, to apply those examples: Since the human nature of Christ belongs to God personally, the soul of Christ has a unique claim to the enjoyment of the Beatific Vision and always has enjoyed that vision actually. Normally, such beatitude of soul would immunize the human nature of Christ to all suffering, whether physical or psychological. And here we really come to grips with your problem.

As a matter of fact, from Bethlehem onward, Our Lord's human nature was susceptible to pain. Hence, there must have been some temporary diminution of the normal effects of beatitude. However, diminution is not synonymous with cessation. It would be at least next door to heresy to maintain that the human soul of Christ was, even for an instant, deprived of the Beatific Vision to which it was entitled. By way of analogy, we might consider the action of a rheostat, which neither severs connection with the source of electric light nor extinguishes the light, but merely dims it momentarily.

As for the cry of our Divine Saviour: "My God! Why hast Thou forsaken Me!"—we are not sure of its precise meaning. Some are of the opinion that Our Lord was reciting the opening words of the Messianic, twenty-first psalm. Since Christ died for all men, His words on that occasion do serve to remind us of the futile reproach of those souls for whom He died in vain, and who by their abandonment of God would incur their own abandonment. For purposes of

illustration, examples have a suggestive value but are always perfect. The compatibility of joy and suffering suggested by the self-sacrifice of parents, undergone for sake of their children. This compatibility is suggested more strikingly by the psychology of martyrs whose fortitude is attributable, without doubt, to their abundance of hope. But faith and hope are well likened to an army of beatific knowledge and joy. The words of Our Lord's question could bespeak a "dereliction" only in a derivative sense, such as that explained in the paragraph above.

Church Etiquette

Are we of the so-called weaker sex really obliged to wear hats in church? I, for one, resent the discrimination.—A. B., DENVER, CO.

Shades of Elizabeth C. Stanton and Susan B. Anthony! Pioneers though they were in the so-called emancipation of women, it is doubtful that even they would approve some of the present-day expressions of the movement, such as trousered women, barroom habituées, and other instances of unladylike evolution. As for the discrimination you resent, it must be remembered that the custom is not only a matter of Church law, but also vested with a dignified and religious symbolism.

The mind of the Church is expressed originally by the Apostle St. Paul: "Every man praying with his head covered disgraceth his head. But every woman praying with her head not covered, disgraceth her head. If a woman be not covered let her be shorn. But if it be a shame for a woman to be shorn or made bald, let her cover her head. Doth it become a woman to pray unto God, uncovered?" (I Cor., XI). Accordingly, the Pauline discrimination is bilateral, directed alike against men as well as women.

Centuries ago, it was the custom among practically all civilized peoples that respectable women appear in public, with their heads veiled. This headdress not only symbolized their inviolability, but served as a reminder and warning that for any breach of propriety offenders would be answerable. Church law echoes the requirements of St. Paul, for men and women respectively, together with a reminder as to modesty of attire in the case of women. The ancient custom is to be observed even when sacred rites are held outside a church—for example, a field Mass or outdoor procession in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. Allowance is also made for unusual circumstances such as full military dress, inclement weather, and the like. On the occasion of a Holy Communion sick call, a woman who escorts the priest to the patient's room should observe the custom, at least by resorting to a scarf or the equivalent.

Granting that modern feminine styles are so abbreviated as to puzzle the milliners of long ago, there is good reason to retain so symbolic and time-honored a custom. For consolation, we quote from the unpublished reminiscences of St. Thérèse, the Little Flower: "Poor women! How they are despised! Yet they love the good God in far greater number than the men! And during Our Lord's Passion under women had more courage than the Apostles, since those women braved the insults of the soldiers and dared to wipe the dear Face of Jesus. Doubtless that is why He allowed contempt to be their portion on earth, since He chose to suffer for Himself. In Heaven, He will know well how to reward them that His thoughts are not those of men, for then the first will be the 'first.'" Apropos of the above citation, the learned Father Piat, O.F.M., observes: "Have we not here a comparison which, although lacking the fiery style of suffragan The another day, none the less portrays Thérèse as an unexpected patroness of right-minded feminism?"

Matt Talbot

Where can I obtain information on Matt Talbot, the reformed alcoholic? Please publish the gist of his life story.—G. W., PHILA., PA.; E. H., SCRANTON, PA.; A. M., PORTLAND, OREGON.

Matt Talbot was born in Dublin in 1856 and died there as a saintly penitent in 1925. As a young man he had become addicted to excessive drinking that, during one of his frequent emergencies, he even sold his shoes. Owing to the poverty of his parents, he had to seek employment at the age of twelve. The environment of a Catholic school was replaced by that of a distillery; later on, he worked as a dock hand and as a bricklayer. Progressively he became a slave to his weakness until, at the age of twenty-eight and to the surprised relief of his parents, he took a pledge of total abstinence and kept it. His perseverance can be credited solely to his earnest prayers and especially his devotion to the blessed Sacrament.

From that time onward, he led an exemplary life of hard work, prayerfulness, and heroic penance. He slept on a bed of planks and a wooden pillow, arose at two o'clock in the morning, and prayed in his room until time for early Mass and Holy Communion. His austerity has been likened to that of the saintly men living on tiny islands of bare rock off the west coast of Ireland in the sixth century. Yet, he was so ingenious in concealing his piety that it was unsuspected by most of his acquaintances. Whatever he could spare from his earnings, he devoted to the poor and to the education of priests for foreign missions.

His sister tells us that, by the time of his death, "Matt had finished three priests and was at his fourth." His phenomenal progress in holiness and especially his prayerful intimacy with Matt Talbot's beatification is now under consideration by the Holy See.

Grace vs. Grace

The answer From close observation I would say that the majority of converts to the Catholic Church are persons of outdoor keen intelligence, which is itself a gift from God. Faith also is a gift. Does God favor the intelligent-minded person with the added gift of faith, or is this mere coincidence?

There is reason to think that your observation, though perhaps close, has been limited. The vast majority of converts to the Catholic Church are thoroughly sincere and of good average intelligence. It is understandable that the conversion of intellectuals be more publicized than that of the majority. The same might be said of converts renowned for wealth, social prestige, or even criminality.

We recommend that you reread the November Sign Post, *Passion Under Faith a Divine Gift*, the last three paragraphs present since reason and faith in correct perspective. The arguments in this article in favor of Catholic Christianity are so valid and can be accepted as to satisfy the intelligence of such converts as St. Augustine, Cardinal Newman, G. K. Chesterton, and St. Thomas Aquinas. The presentation of the same arguments in the same form can facilitate the progress of a prospective convert. Those endowed with extraordinary intelligence are gifted unexpressing natural lines only. Faith is a supernatural gift which abounds regardless of natural acumen. There is no

necessary ratio between the two gifts. When contemporaries expressed surprise at the simple, fervent faith of Louis Pasteur, he declared: "I believe as firmly as the Breton peasant; and if I had a little more knowledge, I would believe as firmly as the peasant's wife."

Marriage in Mortal Sin

If a Catholic be married while not in the state of grace, is the marriage valid?—R. H., LONG BEACH, N.Y.

Though sacramentally unfruitful, the marriage is valid both as a contract and a sacrament. Until the state of grace is regained, one is not entitled to the additional grace distinctive of the sacrament of matrimony. In the case you present, circumstances necessitated recourse to the sacrament of repentance outside of the usual hours assigned for confession. Timidity can deteriorate into cowardice. Too much was at stake to excuse a postponement of sacramental confession.

As a sacrament, matrimony confers upon those recipients who are worthily disposed and fit, both a remarkable increase of sanctifying grace and virtue, and furthermore a title to the actual graces needed throughout their married career. Hence, it is a "grace of a lifetime." Thanks to the mercy of God, this grace can be salvaged by those who fail to receive it at the time of their marriage, provided they have even belated recourse to the sacrament of penance.

Not Much Choice!

Please settle the following argument: Who is the better Catholic—the one who never goes to Church on Sunday, or the one who goes when he pleases?—M. K., LONG ISLAND CITY, N.Y.

Permit us to revamp the question as follows: Who is the worse Catholic? Phrasing the question that way keynotes the answer. There is little, if any, choice between the two "paper" Catholics. Neither is entitled to classification as "better," for that would imply that the other is a good Catholic. The conduct of both is unrepresentative. The whim of an individual is no norm for the regulation of divine worship. It is possible that a so-called Catholic who never goes to Mass is less blameworthy than one who does so according to caprice. The stayaway may not enjoy the guidance of a properly informed conscience, perhaps as a result of parental delinquency. The occasional Catholic certainly knows better. While on the subject of occasional Catholics, we might indict also the type who trifle with many commandments of God and Church throughout the month—especially the third commandment of God and the first of the Church—and who at the same time scruple over missing one of the Nine Fridays. Religion worthy of God and man is above all else honest-to-goodness and consistent.

Infant of Prague

Visiting a Catholic Church, I saw a childlike statue with the inscription: PRINCE OF PRAGUE. How and when did he become a saint?—C. L., ST. ALBANS, N.Y.

Have you quoted the inscription accurately? In all probability the statue is a likeness of the Divine Child, known as the Infant of Prague. Devotion to the Infant under this title dates back several centuries and enjoys the endorsement of several popes. The original image was donated to a community of Carmelites who were in dire straits financially. Their benefactress recommended: Honor this image and you will never want. The statue is considered miraculous in the sense that so many remarkable favors have been granted to clients of the Divine Infant, many of whom belong to a special confraternity under the direction of the Carmelites.



The bachelor girl is not anxious to be a glorified charwoman

I like Single Bliss . . .

TWO decades ago, about the time the old maid was bowing herself out from our national scene to be superseded by the career woman, a girl who was neither wife, old maid, nor widow wrote a book entitled *Live Alone and Like It*. It was clever and extremely convincing—enough to encourage any young woman looking upon matrimony with a dubious eye to eschew the double state and adopt permanently the sweet freedom of single bliss. Marjorie Hillis successfully convinced many that women can live alone and like it.

But almost immediately, and with what mere man would call typical feminine inconsistency, she got married. It removed some of the punch from her splendid argument.

On another plane, and some years later, Father Divine, the Negro preacher, having advocated for years neither marriage nor giving in marriage, suddenly startled his followers by taking unto himself a bride.

These two examples have long withheld my pen from its persistent urge to set down on paper the delights and advantages of single blessedness as I have known them. It has seemed as though matrimony would, with serene irony, come along and trip up anyone who was brash enough to write or preach against it. I didn't want that to happen to me.

But now, at last, I feel sufficiently safe. Even in a leap year, if in some momentary fit of insanity I were to pro-

pose to a selected victim, I'm sure it would be without success—no matter how honorable were my intentions.

I am that career woman whom Marjorie Hillis encouraged to live alone and like it. Nor am I that phenomenon, the "born solitary," of the stuff that makes good hermits. I am gregarious to a degree, liking people and their companionship—finding human nature the most interesting study in the world, but one—and I shall have more to say about that one later in this article.

And it isn't as though I didn't like men. With scant exception, I like them enormously. By and large, I enjoy their society more than I do that of women. I was brought up with two older brothers and adored my father. In the growing years my poor mother got little attention, for I was forever at the heels of my father and brothers. If living alone meant that I was never able to see men, frankly I wouldn't like it a bit. But today one of the advantages of not being a wife is that one can possess as many men friends as one pleases, without causing eyebrows to lift.

I don't believe that, on the whole, women avoid matrimony because they don't like men. On the contrary, women sometimes fail to achieve marriage because they like men too much. Born coquettes know instinctively how fatal it is to run after a man. Other girls learn it at their pain and peril. Man,

the primordial hunter, insists on doing the hunting himself. As Ethel Merman has so cogently sung: "You Can't Get a Man With a Gun"—although many women, eager for marriage, have just stopped short of firearms in their endeavor to catch a mate.

Now I'm going to write something which will probably draw down the ire of all good feminists upon my head (yet I'm as good a feminist as the best of them). I'm going to say that practically every normal woman would like to be married—myself included. For old-fashioned and dull though it may seem, marriage is in truth, the natural state for women. "Male and Female He created them." Woman is biologically constructed to bear children; and within the framework of Christian civilization, the only way she can fulfill her natural function and God's purpose is through marriage. This being so, some disappointed single women have wondered why God has not thoughtfully provided enough males to go around. For at least in our country and in England, women outnumber men; so it is logically impossible, in a monogamous society, for every woman to be married.

God has seen to it that certain women should be cast for yet another role—the celibate role of the religious—but even with the numbers who yearly enter the convent, there are still left loose, rattling around in society, millions more women than men; multitudes who must forego marriage unless we should adopt polygamy!

NOT long ago, the Holy Father, endowed the uncloistered single woman with a new dignity, terming her state a "vocation"—defining its responsibilities, and calling upon her to live up to them. It was a comfort to be able to throw this in the teeth of those who looked down their noses at us—some of our more patronizing married sisters. We could point out that the Pope had recognized that unmarried women in the world of affairs can play a role all their own in aiding the material and spiritual progress of the weaker members of the Mystical Body.

Not every unattached damsel is pining for her prince to come. And—what is more—she doesn't care if he has a good hunch how she feels about it

by REGINA SANDERS

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER

Unhampered by the closer responsibilities of those who are mothers, we can in a sense be spiritual mothers in all the phases of Catholic Action. Our influence, if less personal and concentrated, can be spread out for the good of souls and the Church over a far wider area.

IT is my belief that some women forego marriage to follow this unique life to which God has called them just as surely as He has called those who enter the religious life.

Others, less unselfish, often forego marriage, not because they must, but because they are both more independent and more difficult to please than many of those who enter wedlock. For this is the strange paradox: admitting the superfluity of women in our society, there yet exists scarcely a woman (baring those with marked physical or mental defects) who has not had at least one chance to marry. And while I take it to be a fact that every normal woman would prefer marriage to the single state, it seems equally true that most unmarried women have remained single from choice. Denied the type of man they wish to marry, they live alone and like it far better than being tied to just any old thing in trousers who happens along with a proposal.

The fact that there are so many normal women obviously enjoying single blessedness is merely proof that, while wanting marriage, they want it only on their own terms. Many of the other type just want marriage. And it is fortunate for the more "choosey" that today, as never before, they can sing, as did the first followers of St. Francis, "the whole world is our cloister!" For when career woman succeeded old maid, the whole world became not only her cloister, but her oyster as well.

Not that every married woman has been won by the first man who came along. Not that she has said to herself: "I'll jump at the first chance, be he a nitwit, crosseyed, bowlegged, or a boor." Many have rejected a dozen proposals before choosing the type most nearly approximating their ideals. But I believe that their natural motivation toward marriage has been fortified by two

factors not largely shared by those who have remained single: a strong desire to bear children and a desire for security.

Looking around among my acquaintances, I find these two desires not so strongly marked in the average celibate career woman. Few of them miss children. Once it was regarded as shameful of a woman not to yearn for children of her own. But today it is recognized that the maternal instinct is widely variable; that the urge to reproduce does not run in the veins of every woman; and that it is a poor thing for all concerned if she tries to inject it there artificially—as perhaps she did quite frequently in the past to escape the opprobrium which would otherwise have been attached to her by Victorian, and even post-Victorian standards. The woman who coined the phrase, "every woman is entitled to at least one child, and no questions asked," had a strong maternal instinct but a weak mind.

For my part, I confess that I never had any particularly deep urge to bring forth children. I've always liked children and enjoy their society tremendously, perhaps more than the average—but I've been quite content to let them belong to others. If, on the other hand, marriage with the "right man" had come my way, I should have accepted children as the honorable fulfillment of the purpose for which God created marriage.

I remember that, when I was in college, another girl and I fell into a discussion of matrimony. The other girl said: "Just to have a child, I would take a husband." I said: "Just to have the right husband, I would accept a child."

Today I confess that my only regret in not having children about me is at those "pressure moments" when I think how useful they would be in running necessary errands. But a friend who is a modern mother assures me that they would not run errands for me; that rather I would be running errands for them. And that, moreover, I would probably be constantly on the verge of a nervous breakdown, trying to help them through the perilous whirlpools imposed by our chaotic times.

As for the other motivation which influences women to marry—the desire for security—the unmarried career woman is not strongly impelled by it. In most cases she has early demonstrated that she does not need a man to provide her security. She can provide it herself.

And perhaps this is the best part of that sweet freedom of single blessedness! For, except in the case of those wives who are fortunate enough to possess independent incomes, the position of many is still that of a slave dependent upon her master for bounty. Whether the husband be generous or "close," she is still subject to such questioning as: "What did you do with that last ten dollars I gave you?" Or, "we can't buy a new car because I'm taking out more insurance." Now maybe insurance is wiser, but the car is more fun. But I, unmarried, can earn as I please and spend as I please; my luxuries, my economies, are those of my own choosing, not of another's.

EVEN in the case of those "model" husbands who permit their wives to spend freely, their women are constantly constrained by the thought: "It's John's money, really. He earned it. I wonder if this expense is fair to him?" And even married women who have jobs and who pool their earnings with those of their husband are subject to certain masculine restraints.

On the other hand, and granting that today there are wider opportunities for what was once mistakenly known as "the weaker sex" than ever before, it

Don't think old maids haven't been asked at least once



is no easy task for a woman to be self-supporting. It requires education and specialized training, hard work, and a lot of good luck. Frankly, I frequently find the going rough. Also that, to hold down a man's job, I'm expected to work twice as hard as the average man holding a similar position. Also that certain "top" jobs are barred to me, merely because I'm a woman. Ability doesn't figure as much as sex. But if one likes work and enjoys business, the mixed routine and excitement of office life, the comradeship of labor jointly shared and the stimulus of other brains, self-support is really fun and seldom dull.

The same, alas, cannot always be said of marriage. I know wives who are literally dying of boredom. The converse is equally true. Victor Hugo has said: "Despair yawns. Something more terrible than a hell where one suffers can be imagined; and that is a hell where one is bored." Today's career woman is seldom bored. There is always some interesting new friend, man or woman. (Were she married it would have to be a woman!) There is the shifting and versatile scene; that new, arresting business challenge to keep life lively.

My normal feminine inclination for "home" in its more material sense, and leaving family apart, is completely satisfied in my three room apartment, large enough for entertaining on a limited scale, diminutive enough to be easily cared for. And I don't have to have a big, ugly chair about "because my husband likes it." I don't have to consult anyone on my decorative scheme. I don't have to live with cigar butts, pipes, golf clubs, shaving apparatus, squash racquets, cases of Scotch, the ball game over the radio, or a prize fight via television—to say nothing of conflicting religious or political opinion.

Saint Paul, bless him, cast a damper upon marriage appeal for us when he wrote: "Let women keep silence . . . If they would learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home." He apparently believed in our restricted education; but of course no married woman I've ever known has paid the slightest attention to him. As for the first part of his admonition, most men would remark that he was asking the impossible.

There are, however, other rough spots along the celibate career path, besides the ups and downs of self-support. That other feminine need—the need for masculine tenderness—must of course be stifled, not alone in the Catholic woman but also in those to whom, by reason of training, religious or social standards, modern sex freedom is repellent. The Catholic woman has the advantage here.

She especially has been taught to seek love at its highest source. She has the Sacraments in which that love is made manifest. And perhaps she has learned (for what woman has escaped at least one human love affair, and not necessarily a sordid one?) that human tenderness can never equal that which is extended to her so graciously by Him who is ever present upon our altars. She has but to ask. And not only for love, but also for the grace to remain faithful to Him.

And that is what I meant earlier in this article when I wrote that there is one study even more interesting than the study of human nature. For that which soars above and beyond humanity is so completely absorbing, unsurpassed in richness and beauty—that Beauty which Saint Augustine called "ever ancient, ever new." People are interesting—but God is so much more so.

TO return to the rough spots, they appear also in the path of those who have not been early trained as career women, as in my own case. I was brought up to marry and to "marry well." Consequently, I was never taught to cook. "If you learn how, you may some day have to do it," said my beloved mother superstitiously. Alas, I didn't learn it; and, alas, I have had to do it anyway; but as sketchily as possible, you may be sure.

I lost my adored mother and father not long ago, almost simultaneously. For the first time in my life, Death became my familiar. Even for those who believe in the immortality of the soul, he has some most unpleasant aspects. And the other day, when alone in my kitchenette, struggling to prepare a meal, I heard myself saying aloud: "You have had to become accustomed to a lot of disagreeable things lately—such as Death and cooking." Whatever would I have done, had I married a man who expected me

to cook, and had I tried to live up to the axiom of the seer who, when asked "How does one hold a husband?" answered "Feed the brute!"

Of course, any single woman would be a fool not to recognize that her heyday is while she is young—that as she grows older and her attractiveness lessens, her friends will lessen proportionately. Nor will her body any longer be able to carry her lightly to a job and from one social event to another. She will be forced, willy-nilly, to climb up on some sort of shelf from which she will probably look with envy upon those white-haired sisters who early chose "double harness," and who, even with a not-too-happy-married life behind them, now at least have "a companion in their old age."

Yet, from that lonely shelf, I know I shall reflect with gratitude upon the many opportunities for service to God and my fellow men which came my way primarily because I was unmarried—opportunities which a wife and mother, moving in a narrower orbit, would not have been as free to seize.

It is likely, too, that I shall also look back upon my own "proposal days," when I fell in love easily—but out of love even more easily. I shall remember the seemingly trivial reasons why I side-stepped marriage—that boy I turned down because I didn't like his looks; another because he lacked generosity; another because he wore his clothes badly; another because his speech offended me; another because he had no humor; and still another because he had no brains. All of them incidentally found excellent wives—much better than I would have been. I shall think of that one whom I came closest to marrying, but finally rejected because he refused to grow up. He married someone else, was unhappy, and later came to me urgently bent upon divorce and remarriage to me. I sent him packing, back to his wife. Even had I not been a Catholic, he would have been no temptation.

And perhaps, from my lonely shelf, I shall think that all this was because my own "ideal" never happened along and that I would not accept a substitute. Or perhaps I shall agree with my grandmother, who used to look at me over her glasses and say: "Regina, you're a born old maid!"

Naturally, were she living today, she would not say "old maid," but "career woman." But it is more likely that I shall think the real reason I didn't marry was because while, in truth, "man proposes," it is God who disposes.

Ed: Next month Lucile Hasley takes up the cudgels for the married state in an article entitled "I Like Married Life."



*Business office Marthas
can romance with God as
really as convent Marys*



by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

* The SIGN POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

Valentines

Is there any connection between the modern valentine craze and the saint by that name?—M. MCF., PITTSBURGH, PA.

There are at least three saints named Valentine who enjoy official recognition by the Church. Very little is known about one of them, aside from his martyrdom in Africa. A Bishop Valentine was beheaded in the year 273. The saint whose feast is observed on February 14 was a priest of Rome and a physician, and was martyred in 269. The name Valentine signifies healthy.

There is no connection whatever between the valentine craze and any of the Saints Valentine. The custom began a few centuries ago, was prevalent especially in France and England, and based on the notion that the fourteenth marks the opening of the mating season among birds. The custom is generally harmless, often silly, always profitable to the trades that foster it.

Enthusiasm for Heaven

I am uneasy over my want of enthusiasm for heaven. To begin with, my ideas on heaven are so vague, I can't give myself a good argument. I seem more anxious to escape the fires of hell than to get to heaven.—T. D., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Your uneasiness is a wholesome symptom. We can expect enthusiasm to be in ratio to appealing knowledge—a ratio that explains your apathy. The only men, women, and children who have a thorough knowledge of heaven are its actual residents. However, the revealed information available to us is amply sufficient to spark enthusiasm. For that

matter, information on the subject of hell is comparatively meager, yet more than enough to serve as a deterrent.

There are countless human situations wherein we may choose from among more than two alternatives. For example, during hot weather we may expose ourselves to the danger of sunstroke, or enjoy the soothing coolness of an air-conditioned building, or content ourselves with the in-between protection and comfort of a shade tree. But, in the matter of our ultimate destiny, those endowed with responsibility have only two alternatives from which to choose—either heaven or hell. There is no neutral place, no in-between status in prospect. Hence, to escape the one is to gain the other, necessarily. This does not imply, of course, that heaven consists merely in the negative avoidance of everlasting fire or any other feature of hell. The sanctions of penalty and reward have always been part and parcel of divine stratagem.

It is only normal that we dread the prospect of manifold affliction. Human sensitivity to physical pain is exemplified by fire, perhaps more so than in any other way. The re-united bodies of the condemned will be combustible, and exposure to a physically harmful agent such as fire entails psychological suffering as well. Your anxiety lest you become an eternal ember is indicative of your moral sanity. But the worst punishment of the damned is their loss of God and banishment from heaven, their poignant self-reproach for having cut themselves off from the very Source of everything worthwhile and enjoyable. In sinning gravely, the guilty spurn the Almighty by a free preference for something incompatible. They alone are condemned eternally who persist in their guilty attitude until even the last moment.

Although heaven is the most commendable of subjects for propaganda, it is much neglected. By and large, the habit of being heaven-conscious is not widespread nor deeply rooted, despite the fact that no human objective is more important and urgent. As an inducement, heaven is a "temptation" which a man of faith is not inclined to resist. There is hardly a page of Sacred Scripture, especially in the New Testament, whereon we do not find engaging information about heaven. Hence, there is no excuse for ignorance, vague ideas, indifference, and unconcern.

In the Old Testament, we are assured that in heaven there is no hunger or thirst, no blindness, deafness, lameness or the like, no mourning or weeping. Taking a long-range view of the future, one of the early events of heaven will be the reunion of soul and body, life partners who during the years of probation have merited heaven together. This appropriate reunion has been vouched for by our Eucharistic and Risen Saviour (John VI:65). Reconditioned too, in body and soul, even beyond the well-being of Adam and Eve in their heyday, the members of the Church Triumphant will be so matured and refined as to enjoy heaven thoroughly and without tedium. The City of God is not populated by beatified hermits. The social aspect of heaven is one of its high lights—the Communion of Saints at its best, including your parents, your wife and children, and all your friends who have not cheated themselves by endeavoring to thwart God. Instead of being perked up momentarily by fragmentary good things of earth, you will be gratified by the tonic Source without whom "was made nothing that was made."

Compared with all that is known even now on the subject of heaven, we have only scratched the surface. In addition to all that could be said, heaven is brimful of agreeable surprises, according to St. Paul (I Cor., 11:9). There is no reason for a forced enthusiasm toward heaven, wherein "the dwelling is all rejoicing." He who returned there "to prepare a place for you" has given us a test as to whether we be normally heaven-conscious. "Where your treasure is,

there is your heart also." If we do realize that "we have not here a lasting city, but seek one that is to come," we shall not be content with this world as with a fool's paradise. We shall foster a timely fear of "unquenchable fire" and an appetite for the inheritance of coheirs of Christ.

Did God Suffer?

Was the Son of God abandoned, shortly before His death on the cross, by God the Father? If Christ were divine, how could He be forsaken by God? Please explain the words: "My God! Why hast Thou forsaken Me!" I'm all mixed up!—R. K., ST. LOUIS, MO.

We must bear in mind that, from the instant of the Incarnation, the eternal Son of God made a human nature His very own personally. Thus, God became Man also. Any so-called "abandonment" by the Father could not affect the Son's divine nature, numerically identical as it is with the nature of the Father. There are not two divine natures, either one of which could in any sense abandon the other.

To begin with, your problem is based on the personal ownership of a human nature by a divine Person, coupled with the exposure of that nature to suffering. Were it not that the Father sent His Son into the world upon an errand of mercy, there might not have been an Incarnation at all. But, at least in actual circumstances, the dominant purpose of the Incarnation was to provide the human family with a capable redeemer. Such a mediator would have to be both divine and human—frail enough to undergo expiation and at the same time divinely influential. Hence, only a God-Man could qualify. The divine Person would dignify infinitely whatever atonement His human nature would suffer.

Solely because the God-Man had determined to reconcile God and man by way of reparation was He exposed, in His human nature, to suffering of any kind. In the days of their sinlessness and fidelity to grace, even Adam and Eve were immune to suffering. Saints are at times so graced with glimpses of divine truth that they develop a condition known as ecstasy, and while so preoccupied by a realization of divine things are impervious to suffering. The attention of even ordinary mortals can be so absorbed that they become inadvertent or at least indifferent to such discomforts as hunger, thirst, temperature, and the like. We experience that sort of thing during study, for example, or while observing sports contests. Now, to apply those examples: Since the human nature of Christ belongs to God personally, the soul of Christ has a unique claim to the enjoyment of the Beatific Vision and always has enjoyed that vision actually. Normally, such beatitude of soul would immunize the human nature of Christ to all suffering, whether physical or psychological. And here we really come to grips with your problem.

As a matter of fact, from Bethlehem onward, Our Lord's human nature was susceptible to pain. Hence, there must have been some temporary diminution of the normal effects of beatitude. However, diminution is not synonymous with cessation. It would be at least next door to heresy to maintain that the human soul of Christ was, even for an instant, deprived of the Beatific Vision to which it was entitled. By way of analogy, we might consider the action of a rheostat, which neither severs connection with the source of electric light nor extinguishes the light, but merely dims it momentarily.

As for the cry of our Divine Saviour: "My God! Why hast Thou forsaken Me!"—we are not sure of its precise meaning. Some are of the opinion that Our Lord was reciting the opening words of the Messianic, twenty-first psalm. Since Christ died for all men, His words on that occasion do serve to remind us of the futile remorse of those souls for whom He died in vain, and who by their abandonment of God would incur their own abandonment. For purposes of

illustration, examples have a suggestive value but are not always perfect. The compatibility of joy and suffering is suggested by the self-sacrifice of parents, undergone for the sake of their children. This compatibility is suggested even more strikingly by the psychology of martyrs whose fortitude is attributable, without doubt, to their abundance of faith and hope. But faith and hope are well likened to an aurora of beatific knowledge and joy. The words of Our Lord in question could bespeak a "dereliction" only in a duly qualified sense, such as that explained in the paragraph above.

Church Etiquette

Are we of the so-called weaker sex really obliged to wear our hats in church? I, for one, resent the discrimination.

—A. B., DENVER, CO.

Shades of Elizabeth C. Stanton and Susan B. Anthony! Pioneers though they were in the so-called emancipation of women, it is doubtful that even they would approve some of the present-day expressions of the movement, such as trousered women, barroom habituées, and other instances of unladylike evolution. As for the discrimination you resent, it must be remembered that the custom is not only a matter of Church law, but also vested with a dignified and refined symbolism.

The mind of the Church is expressed originally by the Apostle St. Paul: "Every man praying with his head covered, disgraceth his head. But every woman praying with her head not covered, disgraceth her head. If a woman be not covered, let her be shorn. But if it be a shame for a woman to be shorn or made bald, let her cover her head. Doth it become a woman to pray unto God, uncovered?" (I Cor., XI). Incidentally, the Pauline discrimination is bilateral, directive of men as well as women.

Centuries ago, it was the custom among practically all civilized peoples that respectable women appear in public with their heads veiled. This headdress not only symbolized their inviolability, but served as a reminder and warning that for any breach of propriety offenders would be answerable. Church law echoes the requirements of St. Paul, for men and women respectively, together with a reminder as to modesty of attire in the case of women. The ancient custom is to be observed even when sacred rites are held outside a church—for example, a field Mass or outdoor procession in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. Allowance is made for unusual circumstances such as full military dress, inclement weather, and the like. On the occasion of a Holy Communion sick call, a woman who escorts the priest to a patient's room should observe the custom, at least by resort to a scarf or the equivalent.

Granting that modern feminine styles are so abbreviated as to puzzle the milliners of long ago, there is good reason to retain so symbolic and time-honored a custom. For your consolation, we quote from the unpublished reminiscences of St. Thérèse, the Little Flower: "Poor women! How they are despised! Yet they love the good God in far greater numbers than the men! And during Our Lord's Passion the women had more courage than the Apostles, since they braved the insults of the soldiers and dared to wipe the adorable Face of Jesus. Doubtless that is why He allows contempt to be their portion on earth, since He chose that for Himself. In Heaven, He will know well how to show that His thoughts are not those of men, for then the 'last' will be the 'first.'" Apropos of the above citation, the Rev. Father Piat, O.F.M., observes: "Have we not here a tirade which, although lacking the fiery style of suffragettes of another day, none the less portrays Thérèse as an unexpected patroness of right-minded feminism?"

Matt Talbot

Where can I obtain information on Matt Talbot, the reformed alcoholic? Please publish the gist of his life story.—G. W., PHILA., PA.; E. H., SCRANTON, PA.; A. M., PORTLAND, OREGON.

Matt Talbot was born in Dublin in 1856 and died there as a saintly penitent in 1925. As a young man he had become so addicted to excessive drinking that, during one of his frequent emergencies, he even sold his shoes. Owing to the poverty of his parents, he had to seek employment at the age of twelve. The environment of a Catholic school was replaced by that of a distillery; later on, he worked as a dock hand and as a bricklayer. Progressively he became a slave to his weakness until, at the age of twenty-eight and to the surprised relief of his parents, he took a pledge of total abstinence and kept it. His perseverance can be credited solely to his earnest prayers and especially his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

From that time onward, he led an exemplary life of hard work, prayerfulness, and heroic penance. He slept on a bed of planks and a wooden pillow, arose at two o'clock in the morning, and prayed in his room until time for early Mass and Holy Communion. His austerity has been likened to that of the saintly men living on tiny islands of bare rock off the west coast of Ireland in the sixth century. Yet, he was so ingenious in concealing his piety that it was unsuspected by most of his acquaintances. Whatever he could spare from his earnings, he devoted to the poor and to the education of priests for foreign missions.

His sister tells us that, by the time of his death, "Matt had finished three priests and was at his fourth." His phenomenal progress in holiness and especially his prayerful intimacy with God are well presented in a booklet by Sir Joseph A. Glynn, issued by the Catholic Truth Society of Dublin. Available in this country is a pamphlet by the Rev. Albert Dolan, O. Carm., published by the Carmelite Press, 55 Demarest Ave., Englewood, N. J., and 6413 Dante Ave., Chicago 37, Ill. Matt Talbot's beatification is now under consideration by the Holy See.

Brains vs. Grace

From close observation I would say that the majority of sincere converts to the Catholic Church are persons of keen intelligence, which is itself a gift from God. Faith also is a gift. Does God favor the intelligent-minded person with the added gift of faith, or is this mere coincidence? —L. A., QUEENS VILLAGE, N. Y.

There is reason to think that your observation, though perhaps close, has been limited. The vast majority of converts to the Catholic Church are thoroughly sincere and of average intelligence. It is understandable that the conversion of intellectuals be more publicized than that of the majority. The same might be said of converts renowned for wealth, social prestige, or even criminality.

We recommend that you reread the November Sign Post. Under *Faith a Divine Gift*, the last three paragraphs present reason and faith in correct perspective. The arguments in favor of Catholic Christianity are so valid and can be presented as to satisfy the intelligence of such converts as St. Augustine, Cardinal Newman, G. K. Chesterton, and Orestes Brownson. The presentation of the same arguments can be adapted to the dull and ignorant. Intelligence and education can facilitate the progress of a prospective convert, or prove to be a handicap.

Those endowed with extraordinary intelligence are gifted along natural lines only. Faith is a supernatural gift which God bestows regardless of natural acumen. There is no

necessary ratio between the two gifts. When contemporaries expressed surprise at the simple, fervent faith of Louis Pasteur, he declared: "I believe as firmly as the Breton peasant; and if I had a little more knowledge, I would believe as firmly as the peasant's wife."

Marriage in Mortal Sin

If a Catholic be married while not in the state of grace, is the marriage valid?—R. H., LONG BEACH, N.Y.

Though sacramentally unfruitful, the marriage is valid both as a contract and a sacrament. Until the state of grace is regained, one is not entitled to the additional grace distinctive of the sacrament of matrimony. In the case you present, circumstances necessitated recourse to the sacrament of repentance outside of the usual hours assigned for confession. Timidity can deteriorate into cowardice. Too much was at stake to excuse a postponement of sacramental confession.

As a sacrament, matrimony confers upon those recipients who are worthily disposed and fit, both a remarkable increase of sanctifying grace and virtue, and furthermore a title to the actual graces needed throughout their married career. Hence, it is a "grace of a lifetime." Thanks to the mercy of God, this grace can be salvaged by those who fail to receive it at the time of their marriage, provided they have even belated recourse to the sacrament of penance.

Not Much Choice!

Please settle the following argument: Who is the better Catholic—the one who never goes to Church on Sunday, or the one who goes when he pleases?—M. K., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

Permit us to revamp the question as follows: Who is the worse Catholic? Phrasing the question that way keynotes the answer. There is little, if any, choice between the two "paper" Catholics. Neither is entitled to classification as "better," for that would imply that the other is a good Catholic. The conduct of both is unrepresentative. The whim of an individual is no norm for the regulation of divine worship. It is possible that a so-called Catholic who never goes to Mass is less blameworthy than one who does so according to caprice. The stayaway may not enjoy the guidance of a properly informed conscience, perhaps as a result of parental delinquency. The occasional Catholic certainly knows better. While on the subject of occasional Catholics, we might indict also the type who trifles with many commandments of God and Church throughout the month—especially the third commandment of God and the first of the Church—and who at the same time scruple over missing one of the Nine Fridays. Religion worthy of God and man is above all else honest-to-goodness and consistent.

Infant of Prague

Visiting a Catholic Church, I saw a childlike statue with the inscription: PRINCE OF PRAGUE. How and when did he become a saint?—C. L., ST. ALBANS, N.Y.

Have you quoted the inscription accurately? In all probability the statue is a likeness of the Divine Child, known as the Infant of Prague. Devotion to the Infant under this title dates back several centuries and enjoys the endorsement of several popes. The original image was donated to a community of Carmelites who were in dire straits financially. Their benefactress recommended: Honor this image and you will never want. The statue is considered miraculous in the sense that so many remarkable favors have been granted to clients of the Divine Infant, many of whom belong to a special confraternity under the direction of the Carmelites.

Airborne Apostolate

A priest, businessman, and Negro engineer formed a flying trio against racism. Here is the story of how it started and of its success so far

IF somebody tees off on you one of these days with the opening lines of the next paragraph, don't get set for a belly laugh. Don't wait for the punch line, because it hasn't been written yet. As a matter of fact, there isn't any joke either. It's a simple tale of how three men, with a new song's measure, have set out to trample a kingdom of evil.

A businessman, a Negro, and a Jesuit were up in an airplane. The bulky Jesuit read his office in a cramped rear seat. The Negro, burly in the little Stinson Flying Station Wagon, helped out with some contact navigation. Wedged up against the cabin wall, the lean, tanned businessman flew as best he could. Nobody talked. Nobody moved. Nobody could.

In spite of the gag potential, the three men, who are real and have a definite sense of humor, are not in the game for the laughs. For two years they have been airborne on a mission to help end the heartache that need never have been had not men chosen arbitrarily to distinguish, in terms of pigmentation, the edict: "And the second is like to this; thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, for the love of God."

It all began at a luncheon in New York in 1946, where Commissioner Julian J. Reiss, keen-eyed, clean-cut up-state New York industrialist, whom Governor Dewey had picked the year before as one of his five-man team to enforce New York's "Law Against Discrimination," was host to the Inter-racial Chairman of the Jesuit Institute of Social Order, from St. Louis, Mo., the



The Flying Trio in the air. Mr. Reiss at the controls

Rev. Joseph F. Cantillon, S.J. A rubicund, twinkling, muscular man, full of good will and such eloquence as shatters tumblers, wins souls, and leaves no doubt that in him dwells the Holy Spirit, Father Cantillon had for years been directly concerned with the plight of Negroes in the Midwest. After ordination he had, almost as a portent, conferred the sacraments of Baptism, Penance, and Matrimony on Negroes. In a sense that had never hit him during theology, he was moving deeper into the full meaning of the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ, in whom *all* men are brothers. So, with remarkably sensitive accuracy for a layman, was Commissioner Reiss.

During the two years he was to spend implementing the Dewey Fair Employment Practices legislation in collaboration with his fellow commissioners, a Protestant educator, a labor executive, a Negro journalist, and a Jewish woman lawyer, praise ran high among them for the Reiss method of handling tough cases without recourse to legal penalties.

For example, a shop staffed almost entirely by girls of Italian origin threatened to walk out if a Negro girl recently employed were to continue on the job. An investigator from the Commission called the girls together and asked if they realized that deliberately to deprive this Negro girl of a livelihood by forcing her to lose her job was a mortal sin. Hot eyes flashed and sharp tongues bitterly expressed their contemptuous disbelief.

"All right," said the investigator, "do me a favor. Tomorrow's Saturday. I'm going to ask each of you girls to go to Confession and ask the priest if what I say isn't so."

The following Monday a very much chastened group of working girls came in to lay down their arms. Weeks passed without further difficulty, and Commissioner Reiss was pleased, a couple of months later, to learn that the colored girl was being invited to showers and parties by her shopmates, the shade of her skin forgotten in the glow of her warm personality.

At the luncheon in New York, businessman Reiss, who had left the Commission because of the press of personal affairs, was stirring a strange plan with his coffee. The Jesuit had put it into his head. Both men, it seems, wanted to spread the work of interracial understanding in and through Christ, far beyond the work each had done up to that point. Both had spoken often to thronging audiences on the miserable lot of the Negro. But the feeling was mutual that they simply were not getting at the kind of audience that could carry their ringing words into the market place.

"I feel as though I'm locked in a telephone booth with a perpetual busy signal," said Mr. Reiss moodily, "when what I need is a battery of mikes in packed auditoriums from here to Chapultepec. Got any ideas, Father?"

THIS, as Mr. Reiss was to learn quickly, was like asking an Eskimo if he's got snowballs. Father Cantillon rubbed his hands briskly, leaned forward, and began talking. When, a few hours later, they emerged into the bright November sunshine, Mr. Reiss was definitely sold on a plan that is to this day known as the "Flying Trio."

"I have a private plane, that's true," said Mr. Reiss when the idea of how they could cover more ground and hit more and bigger audiences by air had been sketched for him, "but who's to be the third member, and how far are you willing to risk your neck? I'm not licensed very long, you know."

Father Cantillon brushed that aside with a wave of his big broad palm. "A Jesuit's always risking his neck," he laughed, "and don't worry, we'll find a number three."

They found him a year later in a barrel-chested, handsome Negro who had spent his youth fielding red-hot rivets in shipyards, meditating the abuses to which his race and his family had been subjected, and drifting into a hard, glazed atheism. The trio's number three, Mr. Archibald F. Glover, is today a refined, gentlemanly product of God's grace and a good education, employed by the City of New York as a civil engineer, and active in the cause of justice as Vice-President of the Brooklyn Catholic Interracial Council and a Director of the New York Catholic Interracial Council. Study and inborn curiosity combined in the face of heart-breaking obstacles to bring him drifting nearer and nearer to the Church. One day he walked up to a priest he'd only nodded to in a Brooklyn parish and told him bluntly, "Father, I want to join the Church!" Today, in pure, Macaulayan English, Mr. Glover fondly



Mr. Archibald F. Glover addresses the audience, while Mr. Reiss and Father Cantillon, S.J., listen attentively to the message



Father Cantillon spells out the message on the blackboard. This trio has had tremendous success wherever they have spoken



The Flying Trio inspects Mr. Reiss' plane. They are probably wondering how they manage to wedge themselves into the cabin

recalls how the priest put a hand on his shoulder, smiled, and said, "Son, I've been waiting for you!"

The winter after the luncheon was spent by Father Cantillon in lining up dates from his St. Louis office. Eighty letters went out, offering the services of the Flying Trio to Catholic institutions of higher learning and seminaries. It is significant of the need for such work as the trio is doing that a big percentage of these letters went unanswered. But from those that did reply, and which the trio has been able to service since, the thunderous applause for its fine performance has been steadily rolling in. Because of the private duties of the trio's members (Father Cantillon is now Assistant Dean of the School of Business of St. Peter's College in Jersey City, N. J.), only seven major public appearances have been consummated by air to date. But with the ball rolling as it is, the trio is beginning to wonder how its strictly part-time components are ever going to be able to get together to cover the rapidly multiplying demands for its unique and fascinating show.

To begin with, an audience is almost immediately on the alert at sight of a white Catholic businessman, an educated Negro convert, and a priest clearly identifying themselves as brothers on a public platform. Seconds later, it has been knocked spinning by the vigor and directness with which the trio gets its "conference" under way. Things which are usually mumbled behind the hand about Negroes and whites are trotted right out into the open. Father Cantillon, an old hand at directing discussion panels, takes over whenever any moral questions arise. Mr. Reiss handles the questions relating to the economic sphere and the right to make a living as these matters are affected by racism, drawing heavily on his experience as a Commissioner Against Discrimination. And the direct, polite testimony of a cultured Negro leaves a tremendous impression on people, some of whom blink embarrassedly as the light is let into their eyes for the first time.

SOMETIMES the opposite is true. At an appearance before a Manhattan College, N. Y., audience of laymen and clerics, a prosperous looking businessman arose to demonstrate the depth of his egregious ignorance and prejudice. His theme, and he chewed on it at length, was that the Negro is a divine afterthought about whom nothing can be done, who is detrimental to progress, who does not want to be educated, who is a menace to white women, an irresponsible agitator given to taking days off to bump into white people on the streets of New York, and so on until Mr. Glover, whom Father Cantillon

signaled to answer the man, breathed a prayer that he could keep his normally even temper. The man sat down and mopped his righteous brow.

Up rose Mr. Glover. His plea was simple. "Look at me," he said, "and tell me if in your heart you can believe that I am here tonight to plead the cause of understanding for such a people as you have just described." He went on calmly to set the man aright about the horrible little story that Negro maids take a day off a week to start race friction in New York by elbowing white people on the streets. With the smooth gift for phrasing that is his, he informed his hearers that from the isolated cases of Negroes molesting white women, a dangerous and invalid generality has been inferred and nurtured that obscures the very real fact of frequent sexual aggression on the part of whites against Negro women in the South. He pleaded that the Negro be given the chance to advance himself and fulfill his duties and enjoy the rights as an American citizen which his natural dignity as a creature in God's image, possessed of a common destiny with all other men of whatever creed and color, gives him an inalienable right to.

A question that might baffle an ordinary man over has now become so regular a thing for Mr. Reiss that he can handle it with a deft humor that usually gets his point across more successfully than all the didacticism there is. "Would you," someone is sure to ask, "allow your daughter to marry a Negro?"

► The measure of a man's real character is what he would do if he knew he never would be found out.

—Macaulay

To this Mr. Reiss' stock reply now is, "Well, supposing that as a modern father I will have anything at all to say about whom my daughter will choose to marry, I would tell her this. My only wish is that she love the man she will marry and that they will have a reasonable chance for happiness. If she loved a young Negro, I would not for that reason oppose her marriage to him. But will they, in our society, have a reasonable chance for happiness? Will their love, however intense, be able to survive the slings and arrows of the ostracism that comes with interracial marriage? Experience teaches that the odds are heavily against it. I would, therefore, advise her against the step, unless, of course, they plan to live in Havana or Paris or some other civilized region. Does that answer your question?"

It may not answer them to their satisfaction, but it certainly gives the old nibble-noses something to think about as they finger their cold-hearted beads.

As three Catholic men, they repudiate in unison the vilest of modern heresies, the doctrine of racism: that God created superior races and inferior races. God created *man*, and the bleach in the pain job cuts no ice.

On the other hand, they stand firmly against those who would pamper the Negro, for this attitude is unfair not only to the individual but to the cause of understanding itself. If a Negro is inefficient at work, they reply to this slick, Caesar-or-God type of question, discharge him. If a Negro student fails at college, expel him.

For the trio, slogans like "Evolution, not Revolution" and "We Must Go Slowly" as a solution to the race question are fallacious, because they are used to cover a do-nothing policy that dares not come out into the open. Their policy is action, and action *now*.

TO get the facts into the open, the trio considers 1949 the golden year for persuading our non-Catholic Negroes, and informing our good Catholic Whites, that the Church means what it says in the clear, hard-hitting pronouncement: "All races, whatever their origin, have equal rights as children in the House of their common Father."

Mr. Reiss foots all the bills, and if any host college or seminary wishes to tender an honorarium, Father Cantillon and Mr. Glover split it between them. In spite of really impressive conference at Boston College, Regis College at Weston, Mass., St. Bonaventure's College at Allegheny, N. Y., Manhattan College, Catholic University in Washington, D.C., a Negro parish in the same town, and St. John's Seminary at Brighton, Mass., the trio has plans for the future that will make the past look like a turkey shoot.

Anybody lucky enough to get on the trio's schedule for a conference can be sure of a show worth attending, even for laughs. One night Father Cantillon was trying to impress an audience inquisitorial with the enormity of depriving the Negro of a living by forcing him to lose his job. "Why," Father Cantillon wound up excitedly, "it would be the same as my walking over to Mr. Glover here, reaching into his pocket, and removing a hundred dollar bill. It would be a mortal sin!"

Mr. Glover, who knows a punch-line when he hears one, couldn't resist. "If you found a hundred dollar bill in my pocket, Father," he laughed, "it wouldn't be a mortal sin. It would be a miracle!"

RADIO and TELEVISION

by DOROTHY KLOCK

Life With Luigi

Consider now one Luigi Basco. Luigi is the latest creation of the fertile brain of Cy Howard, whose *My Friend Irma* was hit the radio jack pot. "Irma" was originally a Columbia Broadcasting Company property. She was showcased for awhile until a sponsor was found to foot the stipulated bill, and now she is firmly fixed in a regular weekly spot. *LIFE WITH LUIGI* is now going through the same routine. Although in the showcase stage at the time this comment is being written, it is very likely that a soup or a soap may have become Luigi's *raison d'être* by the time you read these lines.

In a sense, the show is risky business. It is a dialect affair. Dialect usually means fun for the actor and a heyday for the writer, but pulse-feelers have found in the past that radio listeners weary of giving the extra attention necessary when the verbal wringer is used on our language. However, Luigi, as played by veteran movie dialectician, J. Carroll Naish, is articulated with unusual clarity which lightens the listener's chore considerably. That is not always the case with Pasquale, Luigi's chief agitator and self-styled "friend." Pasquale is played in heavier, more traditional fashion, and hence, on radio, is less intelligible to the ear.

The series has several major items on the credit side. The format has several refreshingly new aspects which make it a welcome change from the all too numerous, run-of-the-mill radio comedy shows. Foremost among these "gimmicks" for making a production distinctive is Luigi's opening and closing composition each week of a letter to Mama Basco back in Italy. "Mama Mia" is never heard but, by indirection, she takes on a most important role as patient listener to the tales of her son Luigi, recently admitted to the perplexities of life in these United States.

There are some items on the debit side. Rosa, the daughter of Pasquale, whom he is constantly trying to marry off to Luigi, is written as an unattractive girl of ponderous proportions. But she is usually played in a voice that sounds much too winning. It is interesting how vocal tricks can shed the pounds from a body invisible to the radio listener, except in his mind's eye. Then, Luigi gets into fantastic tangles. And his professed business role as an antique dealer seems a strange vocation for a newcomer to these shores. Occasionally, Luigi goes in for flag-waving speeches about life in America and all the joys thereof. Basically, the sentiment is sound, but the tear-jerking techniques of delivery and production that are employed give the lines an unpleasantly maudlin effect.

Perhaps Luigi has not knocked at your radio door and gained admission as yet. That's understandable. The poor fellow has been up against some pretty tough competition. But he deserves, a try, well, just once, anyway. Perhaps



*Luigi (J. Carroll Naish), left,
with Pasquale (Alan Reed).*

you will like him well enough to ask him in again. (CBS, Sunday, 8:30-9:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

Television Tidbits . . .

Toast of the Town continues to be one of the high lights on the CBS East Coast television network. Well-known master of ceremonies, Ed Sullivan, conducts the varied doings.

Actors Studio ranks high in critics' praise on the Eastern video network stations of the American Broadcasting Company.

Vanity Fair is a new departure in the line of bringing etiquette, fashion, and decorating experts before the CBS cameras in New York.

Roar of the Rails recently brought its viewers something distinctive. The novelty was a scale model of the Freedom Train.

Western Feature Films, cut to a thirty-minute run, are being shown over the CBS Television network.

Lamp Unto My Feet is the title of a new CBS television series, designed "to give viewers a broad understanding of their own and other faiths by showing how groups of children of different faiths absorb various aspects of religion through active participation in the teaching program." A rather tall order! *America's Town Meeting*, radio's most cited public interest program and the "dean" of all forum broadcasts, is now a regular American Broadcasting Company television attraction.

Freak reception has sometimes brought television programs across hundreds of miles from their point of origin. One of the most unusual cases is that of Conrad Harrington of Little Rock, Arkansas, who received programs from New York, a distance of 1,100 miles.

Legal tangles are preventing the use of large television screens for reception in meeting-halls and theaters.

East and West will meet when the National Broadcasting Company completes the connection by coaxial cable of its Eastern and Midwestern television networks.

Stop, Look and Listen! is the catchy title of a WCBS-TV newsreel quiz in which experts are called upon to identify the events pictured in excerpts from newsreels selected from those made during the last twenty years.

Therapy By Television

Doctors at Seaview Hospital, Staten Island, New York, are willing to credit as a therapeutic success the CBS Television showing of a child to an ill mother who had not seen her offspring for fifteen months.

The mother, suffering from tuberculosis, sat in a wheel chair in the hospital auditorium while the picture of her daughter, celebrating her second birthday, came to her from the New York studios of WCAU-TV. The therapeutic experiment was a part of the *CBS Television News with Douglas Edwards*, broadcast Monday through Friday from 7:30 to 7:45 P.M., E.S.T.

The Seaview Hospital doctors reported that the sight of her child, who was itself convalescing after eighteen months in Sydenham Hospital, New York, did the patient a great deal of good. The mother's condition is such that the child is not permitted to be brought to her, lest it become reinfected.

A resident pediatrician at Sydenham Hospital accompanied the little girl to the television studios and showed the mother how the child could walk.

You Ought to Know That . . .

THE ELEANOR AND ANNA ROOSEVELT program, heard Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 10:45 A.M., E.S.T., on the American Broadcasting Company's network, has received enthusiastic response from listeners across the country. Housewives, especially, seem to be grateful for something more chewable than the usual daytime radio program.

THE LABOR-MANAGEMENT SERIES on ABC will continue on the air throughout 1949 on Thursday evenings from 10:30 to 11:30 P.M., E.S.T. Reversing the 1948 procedure in which the labor groups were heard following the management groups, the labor broadcasts will be aired in the first fifteen-minute segment.

A BABY SITTER FOR A YEAR, two nights a week! What will Stop The Music think of next?

TALES OF FATIMA is the title of a new adventure series, starring Basil Rathbone as both narrator and featured player, which may be heard on the CBS network from 9:30 to 10:00 P.M., E.S.T. on Saturdays. The stories dramatized on each week's broadcast will be chosen from actual experiences encountered by Mr. Rathbone during his full, adventurous life, beginning with his boyhood in South Africa and including his far-flung travels across half the globe to Hollywood.

MAIL RESPONSE to his programs is highly valued by Fred Allen, NBC comedian. Sixteen years of radio have not made him sure of the success of a program until the postman comes around.

A spiritual thought for the month



He has exalted the lowly

by

WALTER FARRELL, O.P.

BECAUSE the world mirrors the beauty of God and man is made in His image, our admiration, reverence, and love always embrace God or some shadow of Him. When any one thing or person evokes a general admiration, reverence, or love, we can be sure that here is some authentic shadow of divinity, some lifting of the veil of divine perfection.

Probably saints and artists are the two groups who receive the most spontaneous reverence from all men. Not that the division is exclusive: there have been saintly artists and artistic saints, but even the unsaintly artist receives his share of this reverence as does, of course, the unartistic saint. Yet there is a distinct difference in the reverence of men toward saints and toward artists. An immediate and unqualified reverence is given to the saint, a cautious and quite limited reverence to the artist.

The artist—painter, sculptor, musician, craftsmen of words or materials—is the mastermind of that world which is the work of men. He dreams the dreams, then imprisons them in stuff men can touch and see, to make their own visions beyond their genius. The artist is superior to the dreams he evokes and to the material he uses to make permanent, immobile, tangible the things that only he can see. As the external expression of those dreams is accurate or inaccurate, the artist declares it good or bad; he is the measure by which it is to be judged. In making his artistic work, the artist opens more than his dreams to the gaze of men; and their minds are measured by the artist's work, are accurate or inaccurate as they catch all, or only a part, of the dream that he has made come true.

Back of this world which men make, there is the world of nature of which men are a part. It, too, is an artist's dream come true, the executed plan of the Divine Artist. The things of nature are good or bad, perfect or defective, as they measure up to the dreams of the Divine Artist; and, in its turn, the world of things as they are measures the minds of men. Men have truth or error as they see more or less of things as they really are.

The parallel is perfect. The artist is like God, the planner of a world, the measure of its perfection, and, through it, the measurer of the minds of men. He is the lord of his product, admittedly superior to the minds he measures by his work.

The temptation of the artist is to take this superiority, which men acknowledge by their reverence, as evidence that he is a better man than other men. When this becomes serious enough, he turns it around and begins to think he is very nearly as good as God; ultimately, he can see no reason for tolerating a divine rival. Thus it has happened that so many of the recruits for irreverence to or rebellion against divinity have been drawn from the artistic world.

The artist is like God in a way that encourages arrogance and stupidity. This is the temptation which every creative worker must resist, the temptation to snobbery. The saint is like God, not by a similarity of superiority over men and things but by approaching the perfection of divinity with the swift steps of the heart. He is never in danger of snobbery; every step of his way increases his wonder at the divine perfection and his perception of his own defects. The superiority of the artist is intellectual, for, whatever his art, it is an intellectual habit that sets him above his fellows only intellectually. The high place of the saint, his likeness to divinity, is not intellectual but moral. He is like God in his charity, his justice, his mercy, and all the other things that make men good, rather than merely making their products good.

The arrogant artist has not stopped to realize that the world he produces is an artificial world, that, with the rest of men, he cannot, by taking thought, add one cubit to his stature. Least of all, does he realize that "the fruit of humility is the fear of the Lord, riches and glory and life." Eventually, he is proud, bitter, pitied, empty, and dead. He would be the last to understand why generations have revered the Maid who would rise up in haste to travel the length of the land for an elderly cousin in need—and she the Mother of God!

I KNOW A UNION MAN WHO



Ewing Galloway

"I know a union man who gets three dollars an hour, and he spent the first two hours yesterday morning loafing. I know a union man who carelessly smashed a three-hundred-dollar tool at our shop the other day. I know a union man who came on the job drunk this morning. I know a company where the union prevented the workers from turning out more than a certain number of units per hour with the result that the best workers were practically loafing all day. I know a union run by a small clique of thugs, and the membership never hears any financial accounts read at the union meetings." Have you ever heard this litany of complaints against unions and union men? So have I, brother.

Do these abuses exist in certain portions of the union movement? Most certainly they do. Do similar abuses exist in every other sphere of American life? We all know they do. Twenty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year men have been known to loaf on their jobs. Some

Put Labor in its proper place—unions are run by the Reds—wage demands are excessive. Are these your sentiments? If so, read this reply

by PHILIP E. DOBSON, S.J.

think nothing of taking a party of friends out for an evening, spending about eight hundred dollars, and charging it up to public relations. On the company account, of course. Business executives have been drunk on the job. Yet, strange to say, the reaction on the part of the average American is notably different when he is judging the abuses of union men from when he observes similar abuses on the part of business executives. Why do so many Americans gnash their teeth and tear at their hair when they come across abuses among union men, while, at the same time, they can accept as expected, to a certain extent, similar abuses among other Americans? In the interest of fairness, let us examine this question.

By a strange twist of logic, millions of Americans have adopted a double standard of judgment; one for union men and one for the rest of Americans. Every abuse which is observed among

a few union men is attributed immediately to the whole union movement. At the same time, similar abuses observed among men of other professions and other walks of life are attributed only to the persons guilty of those abuses. A crooked businessman is branded personally; all business is not condemned. A major league ball player disgraces himself by unsportsmanlike conduct; the fans in the stands do not condemn the game. A doctor who is callous and careless in his treatment of patients is condemned personally; the medical profession, itself, is still regarded as worthy of honor and respect.

People fail to realize the obvious fact that union men represent a cross section of the morality of the American people. Misled by propaganda, caught up in a hysteria of prejudice, polite women over teacups, the man next to you on the subway, that nice fellow who lives next door, all set up a criterion of angelic

REV. PHILIP E. DOBSON, S.J., is the former director of Xavier Labor School, associate director of Crown Heights Labor School, and founder and director of St. Peter's Institute of Industrial Relations.

Skilled Labor

► Mr. Biggs liked to know all about the employees who toiled in his vast business. One day he came upon a new young man who was dexterously counting out a large wad of the firm's cash.

"Where did you get your financial training, young man?" he asked.

"Yale," the young man answered.

Mr. Biggs was a stanch advocate of higher learning.

"Good," he said. "And what's your name?"

"Jackson," was the reply.

—*Wall Street Journal*



behavior for members of unions. It would be wonderful, of course, if union members should live up to this criterion, and we hope that they will make some progress in that direction. But it is obviously unfair to demand this criterion here and now, while we shrug our shoulders at the existence of similar evils in other walks of American life.

This fuzzy thinking extends, all too frequently, to the question of union wages. The hourly rate in the building trade unions, for instance, seems to be high. However, most people seem to forget that families do not live on an hourly rate but on what they realize for an annual wage. The writer has investigated rather extensively the question of what these building trade men earn per year. Are you surprised to learn that few of them earn over three thousand dollars a year and many under that amount?

The disparity between hourly rate and the annual wage is easily explained. These men cannot work during rainy periods, snow storms, on very hot days, or in the extremely cold weather. After the big snow storm of last winter, many of the boiler makers, for instance, were out of work for over eight weeks. They are not paid while they are off. When one job is finished, it may be several days or a week or more before the building tradesman starts a new job. Yes, the hourly rate is high, but maybe it should be higher if these men are to receive an annual living wage.

Perhaps the point would be more convincing if we try to estimate what would be a living wage today. Last year the Bureau of Labor Statistics conducted a survey to determine what sum of money would be required to enable a man, wife, and two children to live in simple decency. The figure varied with different cities, but in the Metropolitan Area it was estimated at approximately \$3,500.00. Remember now, this is not a living wage. It merely enables the family to live in simple decency. A living wage as spelled out by Pope Pius

XI would allow for the ordinary luxuries and comforts of life. Hence, a living wage should allow for a radio and a car, savings for old age and emergencies, proper education of the children, and participation in the social functions of the community. It would be safe then to say that, in these days of the inflated dollar, a living wage for the average family would be close to \$4,500 a year. The building trade union men, therefore, are not receiving a living wage, nor are many other workers.

The question of strikes usually affords a juicy item for those who contend that "Labor should be put in its proper place." Several months ago, one of the subscribers to *THE SIGN* wrote a letter which can be regarded as typical. The writer complained of the pro-labor attitude of *THE SIGN* and went on to say that the public is sick of strikes and, therefore, they should stop.

It may be true that most people have

become tired of strikes. Undoubtedly, most of the strikers are tired of strikes. What most people do think, however, is not necessarily what they should think. Fifty million Frenchmen can be wrong. If most people are not acquainted with the basic moral principles in industrial relations, if most people are prompted in their thinking by their own selfish interests, then certainly most people will be indulging in wrong thinking. The majority can be wrong.

On the question of strikes, several considerations are in order. First of all, if a businessman should be turning out products at a loss and if there is no way of his realizing a profit, the public would not censure him if he should cease to produce those products. However, if a worker should be supplying his labor for a wage which is not a living wage, the public is up in arms when that worker withdraws his labor. It is difficult to understand why the public adopts a double standard. One for the manufacturer and one for the worker. We wish to emphasize that we are not discussing here the question of national strikes in vital industries.

Strikes represent class warfare, and no one welcomes strikes; least of all, the worker. Strikes mean too much hardship for his wife and his children. However, the worker has a right and even a duty to seek a living wage. Consider the case of a worker who goes on strike because he is not receiving a living wage or because of any other justifiable grievance. If his strike meets the five conditions for a just strike as set down in ethics, that strike is a just strike, no matter what any or all of the people think. If most people are not sufficiently versed in the moral principles to realize this fact, they must be educated along these lines. But, in the meantime, the strike remains a just strike.

John Q. Public has another pet peeve. Most unions are communistic. This idea seems to be particularly prevalent among white-collar workers. As Al Smith used to say, let's look at the record. Of the 108 odd international unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, not one is controlled by Communists. It is true, of course, that isolated local unions in these internationals are controlled by Communists. But these are few and far between, and the Communists are gradually being eased out of office.

In the Congress of Industrial Organizations, out of some 41 unions, 12 at the most are controlled by Communists. This comparison is in no way meant as a disparagement of the CIO. Communists are more powerful in the CIO for several reasons. This is a younger



Wide World
Only pressing needs force most workers to vote for a strike

organization. Founded in 1935, the CIO experienced a phenomenal, mushroom growth. It did not have the experienced, oldtime unionists. New positions were created overnight, and consequently the Communists could more easily infiltrate. Moreover, the lethargy of so many anti-Communists, their reluctance to take an active part in their union affairs, left the avenue wide open for the Communists to march in.

The picture is changing for the better, however, in the CIO. We can look forward to the day when the number of Communist-controlled unions will be considerably fewer. Even in the most strongly Communist-dominated unions, such as the United Electrical Workers and the United Office and Professional Workers, there are strong anti-Communist locals. Despite the apparent strength of the Communists in the CIO, certainly less than 1 per cent of the entire membership belongs to the Communist party.

These facts, therefore, should convince anyone beyond the shadow of a doubt that the American Labor Movement is not Communist dominated. If even a small portion of our anti-Communists would exhibit the zeal, the energy, the devotion to their ideals which is displayed by the Communists themselves, there would be no Communist control over any of the unions.

Perhaps a partial answer to some of these enigmas of American thinking might be found in the spirit of our capitalistic system. Despite many pious protestations, by and large, the spirit of capitalism still subordinates human needs to the acquisition of wealth and so-called economic progress. Our Catholic principles might receive academic acceptance in the abstract, but, in the brute business world, too frequently they have been ignored or condemned as impractical. We are not beating the drums so loudly for the old individualism these days. However, while we mouth our devotion to the common good, our personal practices in business still proclaim the unfortunate truth characteristic of so many of us, that "I am out for me, and, if others do not get along, it is just too bad." Hence, when some inconvenience is caused by strikes, the reaction of the average person is not to inquire "which party has justice on its side," but rather, "we are sick of strikes; I wish they would stop." The reaction is one of emotional annoyance rather than a determination to support the cause of justice, regardless of personal inconvenience.

A second reason for the general misunderstanding of Labor's actions is the average Catholic's ignorance of the Church's position on these questions.



International
**Wm. Green, Eric Johnston, and Phil Murray in conference.
Over-all Union leadership is definitely on the anti-Red side**

So many of our people are of the opinion that the Church has canonized the capitalistic system, as we find it, whereas, in reality, the Popes and the American Bishops have called for a thorough reorganization of our economic system. A careful reading of the American Bishops' Letter of 1940 would enlighten many. In fact, I believe it would shock some to learn how "radical" our Church is. At any rate, those who would understand and absorb the principles enunciated by the bishops would be less strongly impelled to use the double standard of judgment in estimating Labor's actions. They would base their judgments on their foundation of moral principles, not on petty prejudices or personal peeves.

Our purpose here is not to condemn people but to appeal to them for clear thinking. One requisite for clear thinking is a basic humility shown in the recognition of one's limitations. Few laymen would set themselves up as authorities on nuclear physics or on chemistry. They realize that they have neither the education nor the training which would warrant their issuing pronouncements on these subjects. In the field of labor-management relations, however, every man is an authority. Sweeping pronouncements are made with the breezy assurance that they are infallible. The fact of the matter is, however, that labor relations is a specialized field. It requires a knowledge of the history of the psychological forces and of the moral principles involved if one is to make valid judgments. Few people have this background. Hence, John Q. Public should be more reticent

and less sure of himself than he is in forming final judgments on the behavior of union members.

The natural law and the pronouncements of the Popes and of the hierarchy have called for the organization not only of all labor but of our entire economic life. Abuses exist in the labor field, as they do in all other branches of life. It is for us, therefore, not to condemn the labor movement but to balance our judgment in estimating its faults.

A significant portion of the Catholic people are traditionally "anti." They are against Communism, birth control, and paganism. All this is very laudable, but it does not go far enough. Unfortunately, it is difficult to ascertain what they are for. They are deficient in constructive thinking. The Popes and the bishops, on the other hand, while inveighing against these evils of the time, also expound with great vigor the Church's constructive social program. The greater portion of Pope Pius XI's Encyclical on "Atheistic Communism" is devoted to a positive exposition of the principles of social justice.

It behoves us, then, to follow the lead of our Popes and our bishops. By all means we must expose the intrinsic viciousness of Communism, but equally or with greater fervor we must champion our plan for a better way of life. The Labor Movement must play a major role in the realization of that plan. Let us hope, then, that the cynical, defeatist attitude of "I know a union man who" will be replaced by the healthier, more buoyant optimism of a well-rounded Catholicism.

I SURE gave him the blast the first time I saw him. He was alone in our rehearsal room in the basement of the Gotham-Plaza, kneeling over a box that was beside him on the floor. I thought I could hear a sound like scratching inside the box, but he was in front of it and I couldn't tell for sure.

"Hey, you!" I shouted, "there's a rehearsal in ten minutes! You can't stay here!"

He slipped a black cover over the box and slowly got to his feet. A dark, rangy guy, he gave me the once-over, then grinned.

"You're Mac," he said. "And it's all right. I'm the new singer."

"You—oh. You are, huh? Since when?"

"Today. The agency sent me over and Mr. Horner hired me this morning."

"Can you sing?"

He shrugged. "I don't know. I've never sung like this before. Professionally, I mean."

I could believe it. He was tall and awkward, and his clothes gave you the general impression that they'd been left out in the rain and dried inside out. Yet he had a likable smile, and he seemed nice-enough looking—in a raw-boned sort of way.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Wilder—Abel B. Wilder."

I groaned.

He looked mad. "Why—what's wrong with that?"

"Nothing. Oh, nothing."

"Listen." He stood tall and looked like he was deciding whether or not to push me over with one of those long arms of his. "In the part of New Hampshire I come from, the Wilders mean something. And my name may sound like a joke to you, but it's appeared under some pretty important articles in the *Journal of the American Chemical Society* . . ."

"Okay, okay, kid. Don't get me wrong. All I mean is it's gonna sound kinda funny some night when Dave Horner announces: 'And now, ladies and gentlemen, "Stardust," featuring Ruthie Dale and our new singing discovery, Abel B. Wilder.'"

He grinned. "Oh, that. Mr. Horner said something about calling me Bill."

"Well, that's something."

For a moment he scowled at the black-covered box beside him, then turned to me.

"You're not sore, are you?"

I was sore as a boil, but I just looked dumb. "Who, me? About what?"

"You know. About Mr. Horner hiring me."

"If Mr. Horner wants to hire a new vocalist," I answered with dignity, "that's his business. Even if I am manager of



ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO

You can hardly blame a fellow for changing
when the world is his for a song, and even
Bill's severest critics had to admit one thing—

this outfit and the guy who's supposed to see that everyone gets paid—when they're worth it."

"Well, that's all right then. Mr. Horner just thought that since you weren't here when he auditioned me . . ."

This me-and-Mr.-Horner stuff made me blow my top. "Look," I said, "I knew Dave Horner when, see? I been with him ever since he first got together a handful of squares and somehow made music out of them. And I been with him every time he auditioned anyone new. I'm the guy who first put him on the track of Ruthie Dale. But now he don't need me! That's all right. It's his band. He can pick up every bum

on the street if he wants to! But I won't be responsible for what happens. I just won't be responsible for what happens! See?"

And when I bawled the Boss out before rehearsal he just smiled that easy smile of his. "Just wait, Mac," he said.

"But the guy's a hillbilly! And he don't know music! He's a chemist or something!"

"Just stick around for the rehearsal." "I got work to do."

"See you tonight then. He'll be on."

So around midnight I strolled into the Plush Room where the boys hold out. It's a nice place decorated in this new Victorian that's supposed to be a

THE SIGN



He had a funny voice. It was low and husky, but there was a smartness about his singing—and something else, too

It was one of those we-meet-again things. You know: So here we are again after all these years . . . Do you still carry a torch for me like I do for you? You don't? Okay then . . . A sob and farewell. Schmalz, but good.

As Bill stood awkwardly by the microphone, I could see Johnny Wolf at the piano, listening to his own song with a surprised look in his eyes. Ruthie Dale's eyes were on him too.

There was a lot of applause at the end of the number, much more than usual, for it wasn't the end of the set. Next Ruthie had a song. Then the two of them had a number together. After that came intermission. I pushed my way through the crowd, but by the time I reached the band Bill was out of sight.

"Where's he gone?" I asked the Boss.

"He said something about the rehearsal room." He flashed me a grin like a Park Avenue Persian. "Okay?"

I grunted.

"Okay?" he asked again. "Yeah," I admitted, "very, very okay."

So I started tearing off for the basement when I caught a glimpse of Ruthie Dale hurrying after me. I waited for her, and we went downstairs together.

"Well, Ruthie," I said, "what do you think?"

"Mac, he—he's wonderful! Like Sinatra or Crosby—only different, of course."

The guy could sing

by FRANK MAGUIRE

joke, and you got to be moldy with moola to keep coming back regular. But it's worth it, I suppose. At least it's got a good floor for dancing.

Only tonight most of the people weren't dancing.

Johnny Wolf, the pianist, was beating out the intro to a number he'd written himself when I came in. It's a decent enough song—"I Always Wondered," it's called—but Johnny's no Cole Porter, and so far it had been just resting quietly in the three months since it was published. Still the Boss liked to plug it on account of Johnny, and here it was again. But now, so help me, our smart customers were standing around the

band platform like so many bobby-soxers.

When it was time for the vocal, my pal Abel—or Bill now—eased himself to the mike and began to sing.

He had a funny voice. It was low and a little husky, and though there was a smartness about his singing that said, "Don't take it too serious, folks, we're all here to have a good time," there was something else in it that almost made you want to bust out crying.

I always wondered
he was singing,

What became of your funny face,
Your unforgettable grace,
Your smile, your tears . . .

I laughed. She's one swell girl, Ruthie. A wide-eyed, brown-haired youngster, you'd think she was somebody's kid sister instead of vocalist with a big-name band. I wanted to marry Ruthie from the first time I saw her, I guess, but so far she'd just given me the brushoff. But, like she did everything else, she did it in a nice way.

We found Bill sitting on the rehearsal room floor, tails and all, beside the box he'd had with him that afternoon. The box was covered, but again I thought I could hear something moving around.

"Hey, you," I shouted, "what d'you think you're doing? I gotta pay to get that suit cleaned!"

He scrambled to his feet, trying to brush the back of his clothes. He looked a lot better in white tie and tails than he'd looked in the afternoon. And his hair was combed.

"I—I'm sorry," he stammered. "I didn't think."

"Well, think of it next time!" Then I stopped. I'd come down to praise the guy and here I was blasting him again. So I cleared my throat. "I just caught your last few numbers. They were—not bad, kid. You did all right."

"Oh. Thanks."

"Beats me how you got it, but somehow you seem to have picked up a voice. Maybe a career."

"Oh, that." He pushed out his lower lip in scorn. "I don't care about that. All I'm interested in is the dough."

It was a shock, but not a bad one, in a way, when you've seen as many phoney geniuses as I have. "Well," I said, "if that's the way you feel about it . . ."

"It is. And listen. You say I've got a voice. Well, that's fine, because I like to think I'm worth the money Mr. Horner's giving me. And, sure, I like the music and applause and everything. But I'm not singing with a dance band just because I like it. I'm here to take care of Maggie and Moe . . ."

"Maggie and Moe?" It was Ruthie who asked. "Your children?"

There was a grin. Stooping, he picked up the box and set it on a chair. As he slipped off the black canvas cover Ruthie screamed.

"They—they're rats!"

"Sure they're rats. And two of the sweetest little rats you ever saw!" He pushed his finger against the fine wire that went around the cage. "Maggie, I want you to meet two friends of mine. This is Miss Dale. And this is Mac. Now you introduce them to Moe."

WE stared at the two of them with their dark eyes and long black tails. The one he called Maggie stopped running around the cage and gave us a gander, but the other just sat in a corner and looked like he wanted to spit.

"But—what have you got them here for?" Ruthie exclaimed.

"Feeding experiment. I'm feeding them a new drug I synthesized about a year ago. They've got to get it at regular intervals, and I've got to keep an eye on them to watch the effects."

"But must you use *them*?"

"Why not? They're good experimental animals, large enough to get decent results and small enough to be carried around easily." He smiled. "Okay?"

"You're not gonna bring them here every night, are you?" I asked. "I'm not sure the Boss is gonna like this."



"Two of the sweetest little rats you ever saw!"

"He'd better like it. Because it's just possible these two rodents may be more important to the world than Matt Horner's band and a dozen more like it!"

"Well—why?" Ruthie asked. "What good will they do?"

"Oh, they might help increase the life expectancy of the average human being forty years or so, that's all. Ever hear of hardening of the arteries?"

"Of course. My grandmother . . ."

"You know, then. It's what usually makes people grow old. A waxy stuff is slowly deposited on the inside of the walls of the arteries. It slows down the circulation of the blood, and in time we get damage to the heart, kidney, brain. Now if we could find some chemical that would help the body get rid of the stuff . . ."

"You mean your drug will do that?"

He shrugged. "How do I know? But if I didn't think there was a good chance it might, I wouldn't be doing all this, would I?"

"Well, what are you doing here then?" I asked, "this is what you want to do?"

"I told you. I need the dough. I've got a little money, and with a thousand bucks more I can buy an interest in a small paper mill back home. It'll only require a couple of hours' work on my part each day, and it'll give me a living to carry on with this."

"But why don't you do it in a university or the Rockefeller Institute or something like that?"

"As some big-shot professor's errand boy? Nothing doing!"

"Well," I said, "maybe you know what you're doing. I hope it works out."

"It'll work out. Only—look." He scowled at both of us as if maybe we

knew the answer to something that was puzzling him. "I guess I've been sounding off as if singing with a band was just a job to me. That's what I thought it'd be. But now I don't know. I never knew till tonight it could be—well, fun. The people and everything. They—they do seem to like me, don't they?"

That was around the end of March, and he seemed like a level-headed Joe.

We'd made a recording of "I Always Wondered" before leaving New York. Bill did the vocal, of course, and the thing turned out to be the fastest-selling record we'd made yet. It was our most popular request number from June to September. And people were speaking of "I Always Wondered" and Bill Wilder in the same breath.

Well, I suppose it isn't easy to keep your head when you start getting fan mail, and kids shout for you at dances, and the dames start throwing long looks in your direction. Maybe you got to grow into it gradual-like. Anyway, something happened.

After the first few months he even began neglecting Maggie and Moe. He'd look after them in fits and starts. Once—in Virginia, I think it was—he forgot them altogether and we had to wire back for them from Baltimore. For a week after that he took care of them like he did at first. Then he grew careless again. I guess there were times they might have starved to death if it wasn't for Ruthie. Yes, Ruthie. She even learned how to feed them the drug.

By October I figured that, what with the raise the Boss had given him and everything, he must have saved up the thousand bucks he needed. But we went back to New York and opened in the Plush Room again, and still he said nothing about leaving. It was around this time we noticed he was doing some pretty heavy drinking.

Of course none of the rest of us said anything about his leaving either. That is, not until he had the fight with Ruthie.

He was a little high that night, and he'd messed up the opening of a number they had together. She covered him nicely, and now he was sore.

"Look, Bill," Ruthie said, "I don't want to argue with you. Why don't you just pack up your rodents and go home?"

"And leave the place to you? Nothing doing, Ruthie. I've grown to like it here."

"But you don't belong here. You've got important work to do—and you know it. That's why you're drinking so. Please, Bill, go back before it's too late."

"Professional jealousy, Ruthie. It's a terrible thing."

She turned to me. "Mac, you know what I mean. Tell him to go home."

"Sure," I said, "I know what you mean, Ruthie. But why should I tell him to go home? He's making me money."

"I'm serious, Mac. Please—tell him what's good for him."

"Well . . . Ruthie's right," I told him. "For anyone else this would be wonderful. But not for you, Bill. And if you think Ruthie's acting out of professional jealousy, all I gotta say is, open your eyes, kid. Open your eyes."

"So you're both in this. I might have known."

"Oh!" Ruthie looked ready to heave the piano at him. "So we're both in this. All right, then, let's stay that way! Mac, do you still want to marry me?"

"You don't need to ask that, Ruthie."

"Then let's do it. Right away!"

I had to wait awhile on that one. "No," I said finally. "Later, if you still want to. But not right away."

She really did look disappointed, I thought. "Well . . . All right. You're nice, Mac. Not like that—like that big clown!"

AROUND the end of October Sol Reiser, a friend of Dave's from way back, opened a night club in Hollywood. He wanted our band out there for the première.

We got a lot of publicity out of it, traveling three thousand miles across the country for a one-night stand. The Eldorado, Sol's night club, was all gold and crystal—the kind of thing you used to dream about when you were fourteen. Bill and the drummer started taking pokes at each other during intermission, but no one knew about that except ourselves. And the customers received us swell.

Toward morning, when the crowd had thinned out pretty much, Sol got my ear. He pointed to a group at a rear table. They'd just come in.

"See that guy?" he asked. "Know who he is?"

I saw a gray-haired, thickset bruiser with a jaw that said he got what he wanted. "N-no," I said, "though he looks kinda familiar. Like I seen his picture somewhere."

He laughed. "You sure have, feller. That's Chauncey Yager, one of the biggest producers in town."

"Friend of yours?"

"Well, kinda. But that ain't why he's here. He don't go to night clubs much. Hunting's his game. He musta had a reason for coming."

"Such as?"

"Such as Bill Wilder, maybe."

"Say—! Do the boys in the band know about this?"

"No. Thought you might like to tell 'em."

I told them, and except for Ruthie and the drummer everyone seemed pleased. Even the Boss. Ruthie just frowned, and a little later when Chauncey Yager sent in a request for "I Always Wondered" she had a queer look, but she still said nothing.

The Boss gave the signal. This was it, we knew. Bill was given a smart introduction, and when he began his voice went down like old bourbon:

I always wondered

What became of your funny face . . . He looked pretty slick as he sang, I thought. Hunched over the mike in that practiced, careless-looking way of his, he wasn't much like the diamond in the rough we'd seen that first day in New York. You had to be pretty close to see that his eyes were a little bloodshot.

Yager was sizing him up, all right. His eyes traveled over him head to foot, and he was listening. It wasn't hard to guess he must have found the kid okay, for he was leaning over, talking pleased-like to a tall blonde in green. Her eyes on Bill, she was smiling and nodding. Suddenly her face froze.

Then she screamed.

It was a long, piercing scream, and in half a second it was followed by others from all over the joint. And before I could figure out what happened, half the female population of the place had climbed on top of chairs, knocking over glasses, bottles, and tables. All were shrieking blue murder.

"Ee-ee-eek!" the blonde was screaming. "Look! . . . Rats!"

The other dames were screaming variations on the same lead line, and most of their boy friends had jumped to their feet, looking tough. The band nearly missed a beat, but went on as if nothing had happened. All except Bill. Still at his place by the mike, he'd stopped singing and was staring at the floor. He looked anxious and sick.

"There he is!" someone shouted. "Under that table!"

There was a swift movement of Chauncey Yager's foot as he stepped away from the remains of Moe, scraping his shoe on the rung of one of the chairs.

"But there were two of 'em!" the blonde was wailing. "I seen 'em both!"

YAGER'S eyes narrowed as he glanced along the floor; his nostrils widened like he was sniffing big game down in Mexico somewhere. He was looking around for a better weapon than his foot—an empty champagne bottle was the best he could find—when Bill was on his neck.

"Hey, wait!" he was hollering above the female chorus. "Leave her alone! They're not rats. They're pets! They're experimental . . ."

"They are too rats!" the blonde shouted back at him. "I seen 'em! I seen 'em with my own two eyes!"

Just then the screaming at the other end of the room reached a new high and we knew that Maggie'd been discovered. Slipping away from Bill, Yager was off like a bloodhound.

But Bill got there before he did. "Please be calm, everybody!" he was pleading. "She won't hurt anyone! She's gentle as a kitten, and when I call her . . ." Maggie had hidden under a stand that held a big, lighted, goldfish bowl, and Bill lay down on the floor beside it.

"Here, here Maggie!" he called, coaxing her. "Don't be afraid. Come along, girl. That's the way . . . Come along now . . ." And whether she really understood him or just got tired of her hideout, we could see a little head-gray now—then the body slowly coming out from under the stand.

Crash! It was a quick, sure blow, and what was left of Maggie could be seen through the splinters of a busted cham-

[Continued on page 72]

Life of the Party

► He was planning a celebration on the occasion of his wedding anniversary and had invited several friends. To one of them, a bartender, he gave his address and these instructions:

"Take the elevator to the fourth floor, and where you see an 'A' on the door, push the button with your elbow. When the door opens, put your foot against it."

The bartender was curious.

"Why do I have to use my elbow and my foot?" he asked.

"For heavens' sake!" was the reply. "Surely you're not coming empty handed!"



—Peter McCarthy

Someone over there for you

Personal charity always helps more than professional aid,
and it can be fun! Here is the story of how
Americans adopted European families

by MARY TINLEY DALY

THE "Adopt a European Family" idea has been talked of in church and club groups. Here at our house we talked of it too but dismissed it with the thought that we were in no position, financially or otherwise, to take on such a responsibility.

Then, of a sudden, we found that we had adopted a European family—and what a delightful experience it has proved to be! And how wrong we were in thinking of it as a burden....

It happened this way: One day last spring when Mary and Markie, our nine and ten-year-olds, were walking home from school a photographer from one of the local papers asked them to pose with the tulips in the Presbyterian churchyard. Seemed that his paper wanted a picture of the unusually beautiful tulips, and the photographer thought a human touch might add interest—and the girls were the only humans around.

When the morning paper came out, the Rev. J. Hillman Hollister, the Presbyterian minister, telephoned our pastor, Monsignor Smyth, and they had a good laugh over the picture of two little girls in Blessed Sacrament School uniforms in the Presbyterian churchyard.

And that, we thought, was that.

It wasn't. Months later, Mary and Markie received a letter from a little girl in the Russian Zone of Germany. She had seen their picture in a newspaper wrapped around a package from the States, she said, and asked the girls to write to her. The letter was written in English, and little Ilse told the girls about herself: "I am a girl thirteen years and lost my parents when I was a baby," Ilse wrote. "Now I love my foster parents who love me heartily. During the last years I have gone through many frightfulness and now we suffer want bitterly. Mostly I am cold and hungry."

"So I ask if your dear parents are perhaps able to send some food (the plainest and moderatest and perhaps some worn out and unfashionable clothes, shoes, and stockings. I should be very thankful."

It was our girls' first personal contact with anyone in real need, and they set to work getting together clothing and food. Goodness knows, we are far from being in the "Lady Bountiful" class, but there's always something to share.

The children had the same idea, that of sharing. "Send her our this week's chocolate cake, will you, Mom?" Mary asked. Chocolate cake is Mary's idea of the ultimate.

We explained that chocolate cake would never withstand the rigors of an ocean voyage and that Ilse and her family would like staples such as shortening, sugar, flour, coffee, and cocoa.

So we compromised in the food line and sent staples, with some candy bars, in a box of warm clothing that our older girls had outgrown. We also sent yarn, because Ilse had written that she loves to knit but can't get any yarn.

The girls wrote to Ilse, told her about themselves and their family, and said that a box was on its way.

Back came a letter, telling us about Ilse's foster family and enclosing a little picture of herself, a sweet-faced little girl wearing a cross around her neck. (We still don't know whether or not Ilse is a Catholic. She has never said in any of her letters and the girls didn't mention it either—nor did they explain the Presbyterian tulip bed! That's a point that may or may not be explained.)

Ilse said that her foster mother had cried when she heard that warm clothing was on its way and that she, Ilse, wanted to share some of the treasures she had saved since she was "a little girl"—and she is only thirteen now! There was a doll for Markie, she wrote, that her grandmother, dead many years, had had when she was a child; a "money box" for Eileen; a rabbit family of wood for Mary, and a jack-in-the-box for Stretch, our three-year-old.

Several weeks later the box from Germany came with the exquisitely made toys, really heirloom pieces. The girls were touched as they have never been by any gift of Santa Claus.

"And look at the way she kept them," Eileen exclaimed. "They must have meant a lot to her—and she sent them to us!"

"Think of being so tickled over a box of old clothes and some food . . ."

Markie shook her head, puzzled. "Let's start saving things for another box for Ilse."

So box number two is now in the works, every item carefully selected, outgrown clothing pressed and mended by the girls, candy bought out of their allowances, as well as yarn and knitting needles.

The girls began talking about their little German friend, and several schoolmates became interested. They, too, wanted to correspond with children their own age in Europe. When some of the mothers called, I decided to find out just how to go about it for the best interest of all concerned. So I visited Headquarters of the National Council of Catholic Women, here in Washington, and found enthusiastic co-operation.

First of all, I learned that our chance acquaintance with Ilse had been a fortunate one. From her letters we could sense the sincerity of the child and now, after months of correspondence, Ilse and her family are our friends. However, because of the great need in Europe, many Americans are receiving begging letters from people desperate for contact with Americans. Postal clerks, censors, customs people, and others with access to addresses in this country have this information—and of course rascals take advantage of them, secure goods, and sell them on the black market.

This is where N.C.C.W. steps in. From N.C.W.C. War Relief Services, the National Council of Catholic Women gets a list certified by responsible agencies in the various countries of Europe. The list contains the names of only the neediest families and institutions, vouched for by thoroughly reliable agencies after careful investigation.

"You can be sure that your help is not misplaced when you adopt one of our families," I was told at N.C.C.W. Headquarters.

"But does this individual contact—a family here writing to a family abroad



"Don't spill a drop!" These two little girls share their milk ration in Bulgaria. The milk is thin and very scarce



These children look tired and weary. Hunger takes its toll

-really help?" I asked. "Aren't these things handled better through relief organizations for efficiency?"

"For strict efficiency—well, perhaps," smiled the woman in charge, "But strict efficiency is sometimes pretty cold, and this is above all else a human thing. The personal touch means everything for the morale of those people. When they know they have a friend . . . Here, let me show you some letters."

She brought out a small, personal file. "These are not matters of public record," she said, "but since you asked the question, 'Do letters really help?' I want you to see them. I am the American woman. . . ."

These letters alone answered the question about the value of personal contact. The first letter, written in desperation by a German woman to this woman in America, told of the intense suffering she and her husband were enduring: cold, hunger, disease, overcrowding, a feeling of abandonment amid a spirit of bitterness all around. There seemed no hope anywhere. Nothing at hand, nothing ahead, wrote the German woman—suicide seemed the only answer.

The American woman wrote immediately, expressing sympathy and saying that she was dispatching a box of food, clothing, and medicines at once. "You say you have nothing," wrote the American woman, "but you do have a certain wealth of suffering which, as you know, is spiritual capital."

The next letter from the German

woman was brighter in tone. They were awaiting the box, she wrote, "and though things are actually no better, my husband and I feel courage to go on, thanks to your letter."

The third letter told of the arrival of the box. "We were sorely tempted to sit down and eat everything at once all by ourselves," the German woman wrote, "but we saw a hungry child. . . ."

The American woman dispatched other boxes periodically and kept on writing encouraging letters. The most recent letter from Germany ended: "My husband and I feel much stronger. Maybe it was the food, or the medicine—but we think it was the letters. Anyway, we are thinking of adopting a child, someone who needs our care."

FROM suicide to the adoption of a child is a long step!

We closed that small, personal file, and I next saw the official file of certified families and institutions adopted by individuals and organizations in the United States.

For instance, an altar society in Texas had adopted fifteen families and institutions in the past year and recently sent to N.C.C.W. for more names, since people of various faiths in that Texas community had heard of the quick, direct, and definite aid the altar society provided. They had seen grateful letters from their European friends. A little ten-year-old girl in the town went into a store, and the Jewish proprietor asked, "Do you want a doll?"

"No," she said, "but a little girl in Europe does. She hasn't any doll, and she'd sure like one and a warm coat too. My mother said so!"

The Jewish gentleman became interested and, as a result, sent not only the doll and the coat but one hundred pounds of warm, new clothing and shoes.

Another altar society in Nebraska took care of a family for a year, grew fond of them through letters, and sent in to N.C.C.W. for another family . . . And the childless couple who adopted a large family . . . And the large family who sent boxes to a French family . . . There were many others. . . .

The list of families goes on page after page—all families to whom any of us could write and send an occasional parcel. The very fact that we are ordinary people, struggling to see our families through in an upset world, is the common bond tying us to the same kind of people on the other side of the ocean—people struggling against far greater obstacles: cold, hunger, disease, and the inroads of an alien philosophy which holds out false promises of relief.

Our "other family" came to us by chance—via the Presbyterian churchyard—but your "other family" is waiting, whether you adopt it as a family or as a club project. Names, ages, and needs are listed with the National Council of Catholic Women, 1312 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington 5, D.C.

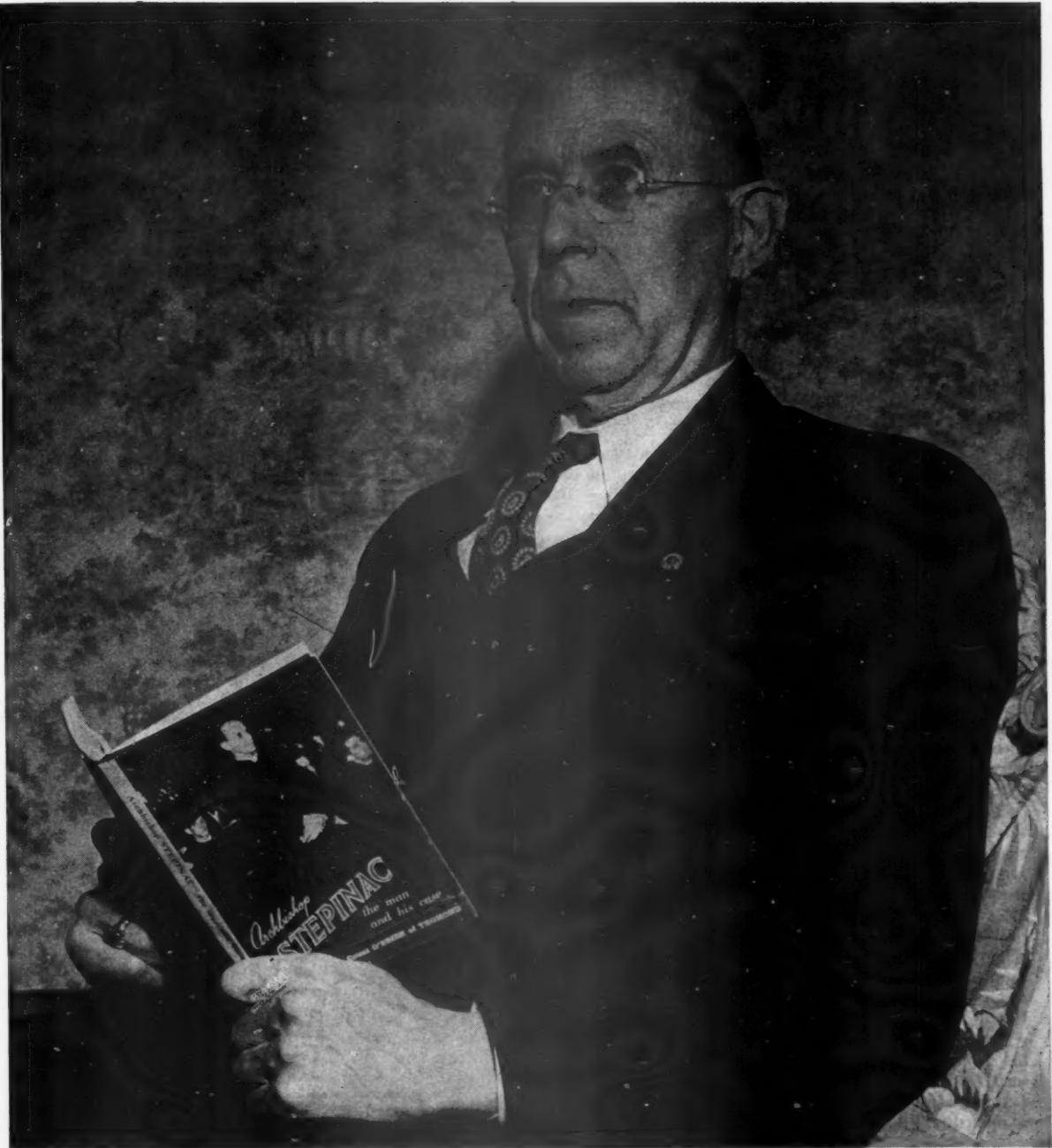
And wait till you get that first letter from your "other family"!

For her outstanding achievements in newspaper work, Miss Marguerite Gahagan, below, received the Heywood Broun Award two years ago. Miss Gahagan is a reporter on the *Detroit News*. When the race riots were in full swing in that city, two men, one a Negro, were condemned to death, but through the untiring efforts of this young reporter they were proven innocent. Father Coogan, S.J., of the University of Detroit, claimed that her work "was the one redeeming feature of the whole Detroit race riot history."

Miss Gahagan is a native of Toledo. She attended the Ursuline Academy there and later received a degree in journalism from the University of Detroit. A member of the Catholic Interracial Council and on the executive board of ACTU, she is very active in Catholic affairs. At present, she is promoting Catholic scholarships for boys and girls attending public schools and also a special scholarship for workers to attend a labor school.

PEOPLE





The gentleman reading the book on Archbishop Stepinac is Herbert Donovan of Bayside, New York. Mr. Donovan is secretary of the "Committee for the Liberation of Archbishop Stepinac," with offices in Brooklyn. Though an elderly man, he is very active in this work. He claims that it is either from ignorance or indifference that public figures in our government have not raised their voices in protest against the religious persecution in Yugoslavia. "If we are hiding behind the idea of national sovereignty being uninfringible," he says, "then

we have only to recall the protests raised in behalf of less worthy victims as Dreyfuss and Matteotti."

Mr. Donovan is a former teacher in the New York public schools and also taught at Fordham, New York University, and St. Francis College. All in all, he spent thirty-seven years in teaching. He is a graduate of Cornell and received his doctorate from New York University. He is the author of *Barnburners*, an essay on New York politics, and is writing for the American Irish Historical Society.

Free Joe and the Rest of the World —



THE name of Free Joe strikes humorously upon the ear of memory. It is impossible to say why, for he was the humblest, the simplest, and the most serious of all God's living creatures, sadly lacking in all those elements that suggest the humorous. It is certain, moreover, that in 1850 the sober-minded citizens of the little Georgian village of Hillsborough were not inclined to take a humorous view of Free Joe, and neither his name nor his presence provoked a smile. He was a black atom, drifting hither and thither without an owner, blown about by all the winds of circumstance, and given over to shiftlessness.

The problems of one generation are the paradoxes of a succeeding one, particularly if war, or some such incident, intervenes to clarify the atmosphere and strengthen the understanding. Thus, in 1850, Free Joe represented not only a problem of large concern, but, in the watchful eyes of Hillsborough, he was the embodiment of that vague and mysterious danger that seemed to be forever lurking on the outskirts of slavery, ready to sound a shrill and ghostly signal in the impenetrable swamps, and steal forth under the midnight stars to murder, rapine, and pillage—a danger always threatening, and yet never assuming shape; intangible, and yet real; impossible, and yet not improbable.

Under all the circumstances, it was natural that his peculiar condition should reflect itself in his habits and manners. The slaves laughed loudly day by day, but Free Joe rarely laughed. The slaves sang at their work and danced at their frolics, but no one ever heard Free Joe sing or saw him dance. There was something painfully plaintive and appealing in his attitude, something touching in his anxiety to please. He was of the friendliest nature and seemed to be delighted when he could amuse the little children who had made a play-

ground of the public square. At times he would please them by making his little dog Dan perform all sorts of curious tricks, or he would tell them quaint stories of the beasts of the field and birds of the air; and frequently he was coaxed into relating the story of his own freedom. That story was brief, but tragical.

In the year of Our Lord 1840, when a Negro speculator of a sportive turn of mind reached the little village of Hillsborough on his way to the Mississippi region, with a caravan of likely Negroes of both sexes, he found much to interest him. In that day and at that time, there were a number of young men in the village who had not bound themselves over to repentance for the various misdeeds of the flesh. To these young men the Negro speculator (Major Frampton was his name) proceeded to address himself. He was a Virginian, he declared; and, to prove the statement, he referred all the festively inclined young men of Hillsborough to a barrel of peach brandy in one of his covered wagons. In the minds of these young men there was less doubt in regard to the age and quality of the brandy than there was in regard to the Negro-trader's birthplace. Major Frampton might or might not have been born in the Old Dominion—that was a matter for consideration and inquiry—but there could be no question as to the mellow pungency of the peach brandy.

In his own estimation, Major Frampton was one of the most accomplished of men. He had summered at the Virginia Springs; he had been to Philadelphia, Washington, to Richmond, to Lynchburg, and to Charleston, and had accumulated a great deal of experience which he found useful. Hillsborough was hid in the woods of middle Georgia, and its general aspect of innocence impressed him. He looked on the young men, who had shown their readiness

Freedom is the birthright of every man, but Joe had to pay for his with his humble life's one dear possession

by JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY HARTMAN

to test his peach brandy, as overgrown country boys who needed to be introduced to some of the arts and sciences he had at his command. Thereupon, the major pitched his tents, figuratively speaking, and became, for the time being, a part and parcel of the innocence that characterized Hillsborough. A wiser man would doubtless have made the same mistake.

The little village possessed advantages that seemed to be providentially arranged to fit the various enterprises that Major Frampton had in view. There was the auction block in front of the stuccoed courthouse, if he desired to dispose of a few of his Negroes; there was a quarter track, laid out to his hand and in excellent order, if he chose to enjoy the pleasures of horse racing; there were secluded pine thickets within easy reach, if he desired to indulge in the exciting pastime of cock fighting; and various lonely and unoccupied rooms in the second story of the tavern, if he cared to challenge the chances of dice or cards.

Major Frampton tried all with varying luck, until he began his famous game of poker with Judge Alfred Wellington, a stately gentleman with a flowing white beard and mild blue eyes that gave him the appearance of a benevolent patriarch. The history of the game in which Major Frampton and Judge Alfred Wellington took part is something more than a tradition in Hillsborough, for there are still living three



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or four men who sat around the table and watched its progress. It is said that at various stages of the game Major Frampton would destroy the cards with which they were playing and send for a new pack, but the result was always the same. The mild blue eyes of Judge Wellington, with few exceptions, continued to overlook "hands" that were invincible—a habit they had acquired during a long and arduous course of training from Saratoga to New Orleans. Major Frampton lost his money, his horses, his wagons, and all his Negroes but one, his body servant. When his misfortune had reached this limit, the major adjourned the game. The sun was shining brightly, and all nature was cheerful. It is said that the major also seemed to be cheerful. However this may be, he visited the courthouse and executed the papers that gave his body servant his freedom. This being done, Major Frampton sauntered into a convenient pine thicket and blew out his brains.

The Negro thus freed came to be known as Free Joe. Compelled, under the law, to choose a guardian, he chose Judge Wellington. He did it chiefly because his wife Lucinda was among the Negroes won from Major Frampton.

WHEN the Judge died, Free Joe's troubles began. The judge's Negroes, including Lucinda, went to his half-brother, a man named Calderwood, who was a hard master and a rough customer generally—a man of many eccentricities of mind and character. His neighbors had a habit of alluding to him as "Old Spite"; and the name seemed to fit him so completely that he was known far and near as "Spite" Calderwood. He probably enjoyed the distinction the name gave him; at any rate, he never resented it, and it was not often that he missed an opportunity to show that he deserved it. Calderwood's place was two or three miles from the village of Hillsborough, and Free Joe visited his wife twice a week.

One Sunday he was sitting in front of Lucinda's cabin, when Calderwood happened to pass that way.

"Howdy, marster," said Free Joe, taking off his hat.

"Who are you?" exclaimed Calderwood abruptly, halting and staring at the Negro.

"I'm name' Joe, marster. I'm Lucinda's ole man."

"Who do you belong to?"

"Marse John Evans is my gyardeen, marster."

"Big name—gyardeen. Show your pass."

"Don't want no free niggers 'round here," he said. "There's the road"

How Times Change!

► During the reign of Queen Victoria, Sarah Bernhardt appeared on the London stage in the role of Cleopatra. On this particular night, Bernhardt was at her best as Egypt's fiery queen. She stabbed the unfortunate slave who had brought the tidings of Antony's defeat, raved, wrecked the palace, and, as the curtain fell, dropped in a heap on the wreckage.

Thunderous applause followed, but during a lull a staid British matron was heard to remark to her companion:

"How very different from the home life of our own dear Queen!"

—*The Record*



Free Joe produced that document, and Calderwood read it aloud slowly, as if he found it difficult to get at the meaning:

"To whom it may concern: This is to certify that the boy Joe Frampton has my permission to visit his wife Lucinda."

This was dated at Hillsborough and signed "John W. Evans."

Calderwood read it twice, and then looked at Free Joe, elevating his eyebrows, and showing his discolored teeth.

"Some mighty big words in that there. Evans owns this place, I reckon. When's he comin' down to take hold?"

Free Joe fumbled with his hat. He was badly frightened.

"Lucindy says she speck you wouldn't min' my comin', long ez I behave, master."

Calderwood tore the pass in pieces and flung it away.

"Don't want no free niggers 'round here," he exclaimed. "There's the big road. It'll carry you to town. Don't let me catch you here no more. Now, mind what I tell you."

Free Joe presented a shabby spectacle, as he moved off with his little dog Dan slinking at his heels. It should be said in behalf of Dan, however, that his bristles were up and that he looked back and growled.

After this incident Free Joe appeared to have clearer ideas concerning his peculiar condition. He realized the fact that, though he was free, he was more helpless than any slave. Having no owner, every man was his master. He knew that he was the object of suspicion, and therefore all his slender resources (ah! how pitifully slender they were!) were devoted to winning, not kindness and appreciation, but tolerance; all his efforts were in the direction of mitigating the circumstances that tended to make his condition so much worse than that of the Negroes around him—Negroes who had friends because they had masters.

So far as his own race was concerned, Free Joe was an exile. If the slaves secretly envied him his freedom (which is to be doubted, considering his miserable condition), they openly despised him and lost no opportunity to treat him with contumely. Perhaps this was in some measure the result of the attitude which Free Joe chose to maintain toward them. No doubt his instinct taught him that to hold himself aloof from the slaves would be to invite from the whites the toleration which he coveted, and without which even his miserable condition would be rendered more miserable still.

His greatest trouble was the fact that he was not allowed to visit his wife; but he soon found a way out of this difficulty. After he had been ordered away from the Calderwood place, he was in the habit of wandering as far in that direction as prudence would permit. Near the Calderwood place, but not on Calderwood's land, lived an old man named Micajah Staley and his sister Becky Staley. These people were old and very poor. Old Micajah had a palsied arm and hand; but, in spite of this, he managed to earn a precarious living with his turning lathe.

WHEN a slave, Free Joe would have scorned these representatives of a class known as poor white trash, but now he found them sympathetic and helpful in various ways. From the back door of their cabin he could hear the Calderwood Negroes singing at night, and he sometimes fancied he could distinguish Lucinda's shrill treble rising above the other voices. A large poplar grew in the woods some distance from the Staley cabin, and at the foot of this tree Free Joe would sit for hours with his face turned toward Calderwood's. His little dog Dan would curl up in the leaves near by, and the two seemed to be as comfortable as possible.

One Saturday afternoon Free Joe, sitting at the foot of this friendly pop-

lar, fell asleep. How long he slept, he could not tell; but when he awoke little Dan was licking his face, the moon was shining brightly, and Lucinda, his wife, stood before him laughing. The dog, seeing that Free Joe was asleep, had grown somewhat impatient, and he concluded to make an excursion to the Calderwood place on his own account. Lucinda was inclined to give the incident a twist in the direction of superstition.

"I 'uz settin' down front er de fireplace," she said, "cookin' me some meat, w'en all of a sudden I year sumpin' at de do-scratch, scratch. I tuck'n tu'n de meat over, en make out I ain't year it. Bimeby it come dar 'gin-scratch, scratch. I up en open de do', I did, en, bless de Lord! dar wuz little Dan, en it look like ter me dat his ribs done grow terger. I gin 'im some bread, an den, w'en he start out, I tuck'n foller 'im kaze, I say ter myse'f, may be my nigger man mought be some'r's 'roun'. Dat ar little dog got sense, mon."

Free Joe laughed and dropped his hand lightly on Dan's head. For a long time after that, he had no difficulty in seeing his wife. He had only to sit by the poplar tree until little Dan could run and fetch her. But after a while the other Negroes discovered that Lucinda was meeting Free Joe in the woods, and information of the fact soon reached Calderwood's ears. Calderwood was what is called a man of action. He said nothing, but one day he put Lucinda in his buggy and carried her to Macon, sixty miles away. He carried her to Macon and came back without her; and nobody in or around Hillsborough ever saw her again.

For many a night after that, Free Joe sat in the woods and waited. Little Dan would run merrily off and be gone a long time, but he always came back without Lucinda. This happened over and over again. The "willis-whistlers" would call and call, like phantom huntsmen wandering on a far-off shore; the screech owl would shake and shiver in the depths of the woods; the night hawks, sweeping by on noiseless wings, would snap their beaks as though they enjoyed the huge joke of which Free Joe and little Dan were the victims; and the whippoorwills would cry to each other through the gloom. Each night seemed to be lonelier than the preceding, but Free Joe's patience was proof against loneliness. There came a time, however, when little Dan refused to go after Lucinda. When Free Joe motioned him in the direction of the Calderwood place, he would simply move about uneasily and whine.

One night, instead of going to the poplar tree to wait for Lucinda, Free

Joe went to the Staley cabin, and, in order to make his welcome good, as he expressed it, he carried with him an armful of fat pine splinters. Miss Becky Staley had a great reputation in those parts as a fortune teller, and the school-girls, as well as older people, often tested her powers in this direction, some in jest and some in earnest. Free Joe placed his humble offering of light-wood in the chimney corner and then seated himself on the steps, dropping his hat on the ground outside.

"MISS BECKY," he said presently, "whar in de name er gracious you reckon Lucindy is?"

"Well, the Lord he'p the nigger!" exclaimed Miss Becky, in a tone that seemed to reproduce, by some curious agreement of sight with sound, her general aspect of peakedness. "Well, the Lord he'p the nigger! haint you been a-seein' her all this blessed time? She's over at old Spite Calderwood's, if she's anywhere's, I reckon."

"No'm, dat I ain't, Miss Becky. I ain't seen Lucindy in now gwine on mighty nigh a mont'."

"Well, it haint a-gwine to hurt you," said Miss Becky somewhat sharply. "In my day an' time it wuz allers took to be a bad sign when niggers got to honeyin' 'round an' gwine on."

"Yessum," said Free Joe, cheerfully assenting to the proposition—"yessum, but me an' my ole 'oman, we uz raise tergeer, en dey ain't bin many days

w'en we 'uz 'way fum one 'n'er like we is now."

"Maybe she's up an' took up wi' some un else," said Micajah Staley from the corner. "You know what the sayin' is, 'New Master, new nigger.'"

"Dat's so, dat's de sayin', but tain't wid my ole 'oman like 'tis wid yuther niggers. Me en her wuz des natally raise up tergeer. Dey's lots likelier niggers dan w'at I is," said Free Joe, viewing his shabbiness with a critical eye, "but I knows Lucindy mos' good ez I does little Dan dar—dat I does."

There was no reply to this, and Free Joe continued—

"Miss Becky, I wish you please, ma'am, take en run yo' kyards en see sump'n n'er 'bout Lucindy; kaze ef she sick, I'm gwine dar. Dey ken take en take me up en gimme a stroppin', but I'm gwine dar."

Miss Becky got her cards, but first she picked up a cup, in the bottom of which were some coffee grounds. These she swirled slowly round and round, ending finally by turning the cup upside down on the hearth and allowing it to remain in that position.

"I'll turn the cup first," said Miss Becky, "and then I'll run the cards and see what they say."

As she shuffled the cards the fire on the hearth burned low, and in its fitful light the gray-haired, thin-featured woman seemed to deserve the weird reputation which rumor and gossip had given her. She shuffled the cards for

some moments, gazing intently in the dying fire; then, throwing a piece of pine on the coals, she made three divisions of the pack, disposing them about in her lap. Then she took the first pile, ran the cards slowly through her fingers, and studied them carefully. To the first she added the second pile. The study of these was evidently not satisfactory. She said nothing but frowned heavily; and the frown deepened as she added the rest of the cards, until the entire fifty-two had passed in review before her. Though she frowned, she seemed to be deeply interested. Without changing the relative position of the cards, she ran them all over again. Then she threw a larger piece of pine on the fire, shuffled the cards afresh, divided them into three piles, and subjected them to the same careful and critical examination.

"I can't tell the day when I've seed the cards run this a-way," she said after a while. "What is an' what ain't, I'll never tell you; but I know what the cards sez."

"Wat does dey say, Miss Becky?" the Negro inquired, in a tone the solemnity of which was heightened by its eagerness.

"They er runnin' quare. These here that I'm a-lookin' at," said Miss Becky, "they stan' for the past. Them there, they er the present; and the 'others, they er the future. Here's a bundle"—tapping the ace of clubs with her thumb—"an here's a journey as plain as the nose on a man's face. Here's Lu-cinda . . ."

"Whar she, Miss Becky?"

"Here she is—the queen of spades."

Free Joe grinned. The idea seemed to please him immensely.

"Well, well, well!" he exclaimed. "Ef dat don't beat my time! De queen er spades! W'en Lucindy year dat hit'll tickle 'er, sho'!"

Miss Becky continued to run the cards back and forth through her fingers.

"Here's a bundle an' a journey, and here's Lucinda. An' here's old Spite Calderwood."

She held the cards toward the Negro and touched the king of clubs.

"De Lord help my soul!" exclaimed Free Joe with a chuckle. "De faver's dar. Yesser, dat's him! W'at de matter 'long wid all un um, Miss Becky?"

The old woman added the second pile of cards to the first and then the third, still running them through her fingers slowly and critically. By this time the piece of pine in the fireplace had wrapped itself in a mantle of flame, illuminating the cabin and throwing into strange relief the figure of Miss Becky as she sat studying the cards. She frowned ominously at the cards and

"I can't tell when I've seed the cards run this a-way," she said



mumbled a few words to herself. Then she dropped her hands in her lap and gazed once more into the fire. Her shadow danced and capered on the wall and floor beside her, as if, looking over her shoulder into the future, it could behold a rare spectacle. After a while she picked up the cup that had been turned on the hearth. The coffee grounds, shaken around, presented what seemed to be a most intricate map.

"Here's the journey," said Miss Becky presently; "here's the big road, here's the bundle to tote." She paused and sighed. "They haint no names writ here, an' what it all means I'll never tell you. Cajy, I wish you'd be so good as to han' me my pipe."

"I haint no hand wi' the kyards," said Cajy, as he handed the pipe, "but I reckon I can patch out your misinformation, Becky, bekaze the other day, whiles I was a-finishin' up Mizzer Perdue's rollin'-pin, I heard a rattlin' in the road. I looked out, an' Spite Calderwood was a-drivin' by in his buggy, an' thar sot Lucinda by him. It'd in about drapt out er my min'."

Free Joe sat on the doorsill and fumbled at his hat, flinging it from one hand to the other.

"You aint see um gwine back, is you, Mars Cajy?" he asked after a while.

"Ef they went back by this road," said Mr. Staley, with the air of one who is accustomed to weigh well his words, "it must 'a' bin en-durin' of the time whiles I was sleep, bekaze I ahint bin no furder from my shop than to yon bed."

"Well, sir!" exclaimed Free Joe in an awed tone, which Mr. Staley seemed to regard as a tribute to his extraordinary powers of statement.

"Ef it's my beliefs you want," continued the old man, "I'll pitch 'em at you fair and free. My beliefs is that Spite Calderwood is gone and took Lucindy outen the country. Bless your heart and soul! When Spite Calderwood meets the Old Boy in the road they'll be a turrable scuffle. You mark what I tell you."

FREE JOE, fumbling with his hat, rose and leaned against the door-facing. He seemed to be embarrassed. Presently, he said—

"I speck I better be gittin' 'long. Next time I see Lucindy, I'm gwine tell 'er w'at Miss Becky say 'bout de queen er spades—dat I is. Ef dat don't tickle 'er, dey ain't no nigger 'oman never bin tickle'."

He paused a moment, as though waiting for some remark or comment, some confirmation of misfortune, or, at the very least, some indorsement of his suggestion that Lucinda would be greatly

pleased to know that she had figured as the queen of spades; but neither Miss Becky nor her brother said anything.

"One minnit ridin' in the buggy long-side er Mars Spite, en de nex highfatin' 'roun' playin' de queen er spades. Mon, deze yer nigger gals gittin' up in de pictur's, dey sholy is."

With a brief "Goodnight, Miss Becky, Mars Cajy," Free Joe went out into the darkness, followed by little Dan. He made his way to the poplar where Lucinda had been in the habit of meeting him and sat down. He sat there for a long time; he sat there until little Dan, growing restless, trotted off in the direction of the Calderwood place. Dozing against the poplar, in the gray dawn of the morning, Free Joe heard Spite Calderwood's foxhounds in full cry a mile away.

"Shoo!" he exclaimed, scratching his head and laughing to himself, "dem ar dogs is des a-warmin' dat old fox up."

But it was Dan the hounds were after, and the little dog came back no more. Free Joe waited and waited, until he grew tired of waiting. He went back the next night and waited, and for many nights thereafter. His waiting was in

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► A woman worries about the future until she gets a husband, while a man never worries about the future till he gets a wife.

—IRISH ECHO  
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vain, and yet he never regarded it as in vain. Careless and shabby as he was Free Joe was thoughtful enough to have his theory. He was convinced that little Dan had found Lucinda and that, some night when the moon was shining brightly through the trees, the dog would rouse him from his dreams as he sat sleeping at the foot of the poplar tree, and he would open his eyes and behold Lucinda standing over him, laughing merrily as of old; and then he thought what fun they would have about the queen of spades.

How many long nights Free Joe waited at the foot of the poplar tree for Lucinda and little Dan, no one can ever know. He kept no account of them, and they were not recorded by Micajah Staley nor by Miss Becky. The season ran into summer and then into fall. One night he went to the Staley cabin, cut the two old people an armful of wood, and seated himself on the doorsteps, where he rested. He was always thankful—and proud, as it seemed—when Miss Becky gave him a cup of coffee, which she was sometimes thoughtful enough to do. He was especially thankful on this particular night.

"You er still layin' off for to strike

up wi' Lucindy out there in the woods, I reckon," said Micajah Staley, smiling grimly. The situation was not without its humorous aspects.

"Oh, dey er comin', Mars Cajy, dey er comin', sho," Free Joe replied. "I boun' you dey'll come; en w'en dey does come, I'll des take en fetch um yer, whar you kin see um wid you own eyes, you en Miss Becky."

"No," said Mr. Staley, with a quick and emphatic gesture of disapproval. "Don't! don't fetch 'em anywhere. Stay right wi' 'em as long as may be."

Free Joe chuckled and slipped away into the night, while the two old people sat gazing in the fire. Finally Micajah spoke.

"LOOK at that nigger; look at 'im. He's pine-blank as happy as a killdeer by a mill race. You can't faze 'em. I'd in-about give up my t'other hand ef I could stan' flat-footed, an' grin at trouble like that there nigger."

"Nigger is niggers," said Miss Becky, smiling grimly, "an' you can't rub it out; yit I lay I've seed a heap of white people lots meaner'n Free Joe. He grins—an' that's nigger—but I've ketched his under jaw a-tremblin' when Lucindy's name uz brung up. An' I tell you," she went on, bridling up a little, and speaking with almost fierce emphasis, "the Old Boy's done sharpened his claws for Spite Calderwood. You'll see it."

"Me, Rebecca?" said Mr. Staley, hugging his palsied arm; "me? I hope not."

"Well, you'll know it then," said Miss Becky, laughing heartily at her brother's look of alarm.

The next morning Micajah Staley had occasion to go into the woods after a piece of timber. He saw Free Joe sitting at the foot of the poplar, and the sight vexed him somewhat.

"Git up from there," he cried, "an' go an' arn your livin'. A mighty purty pass it's come to, when great big buck niggers can lie a-snarin' in the woods all day, when t'other folks is got to be up an' a-gwine. Git up from there!"

Receiving no response, Mr. Staley went to Free Joe and shook him by the shoulder; but the Negro made no response. He was dead. His hat was off, his head was bent, and a smile was on his face. It was as if he had bowed and smiled when death stood before him, humble to the last. His clothes were ragged; his hands were rough and callous; his shoes were literally tied together with strings; he was shabby in the extreme. A passerby, glancing at him, could have no idea that such a humble creature had been summoned as a witness before the Lord God of Hosts.

Stage and Screen



Clark Gable and Van Johnson with a fellow officer in "Command Decision," story of the men who flew the bombers over Germany

by JERRY COTTER

The New Plays

At the midway mark the theatrical season stands much in the same static spot in which we found it last year. Once again the playwrights seem to be content with mediocrity, leaving it to the actors to win audiences and influence the critics. There is not one outstanding example of the play-writing art now on view. Every hit play is in that category solely because a star or group of featured players have carried it along by the sheer magic of their acting. Most of the current offerings are unfortunately shallow, regrettably off the moral beam, and lacking the footlight fascination that formerly characterized an average season's playbill.

Charles Boyer is providing a classic example of how much a really fine actor can do to salvage a poorly written drama. His performance in the Broadway version of Jean-Paul Sartre's controversial *Les Main Sales* has catapulted a minor melodrama into the smash hit category. Given the flashy title *RED GLOVES* and an inordinate amount of publicity prior to its première, the story-play proved to be incredibly staged, amateurishly developed by its author, and as phony as the philosophy that has won for M. Sartre a place on the Index. The Boyer interpretation of a Communist leader marked for execution by his own party is an admirable and keenly intelligent job, one of the season's most distinguished. Sartre should be thankful to him every time he cashes a royalty check these days.

José Ferrer performs a familiar chore for Robert McEnroe, author of *THE SILVER WHISTLE*. Ferrer is probably the

most versatile actor on the American stage today. Certainly he is the most fascinating, even to the point of making McEnroe's fantastic protagonist partly credible. The character is one of those picturesque vagabonds who come to life on the typewriters of imaginative playwrights and novelists. He drops in on a group of bored, despairing old folk in a home and by the sheer force of his personality reverts their outlook in other directions. Unfortunately, the scraps of philosophy which slip through the chuckles and the satire strike a discordant note. Playwright McEnroe's old folk are not a pleasant lot, nor for that matter is the play itself. The chuckles, the amiable surface spirit, and above all, the presence of such thespians as Ferrer, William Lynn, Kathleen Comegys, and Doro Merande give it a luster and a professional note that the script and the author do not always match.

LEND AN EAR is one of those periodic arrivals billed as an "intimate revue." A series of satiric sketches, musical comedy blackouts, and sprightly dance routines, it has the advantage of a youthfully alert cast of talented unknowns and a bright sense of humor in its planning. Some of the latter might well have been pruned in the interests of good clean fun, but aside from these occasional deviations, the revue holds up well. A little astringent applied in the proper places would do wonders here. As it stands, this professional version of an amateur get-together belongs in the partly objectionable grouping.

Rex Harrison and Joyce Redman, by their galvanic portrayals of the lustful Henry VIII and the ambitious Anne Boleyn, overshadow the script of Maxwell Anderson's *ANNE*

Reviews in Brief



Alan Ladd, shown with Brenda Marshall, is a two-gun railroad agent in "Whispering Smith"

OF THE THOUSAND DAYS. An episodic analysis, reshaped but never refined by its author, it has the coarseness, the bawdy and sordid atmosphere of a lecher's court, the expected Anderson tendency to sonorous soliloquy, and a production that is surprisingly compact and dramaturgically excellent. The ghastly career that was Henry's needs more than mere technical superiority to recommend it as entertainment, however. This Anderson version veers to sensationalism far too often to merit serious consideration. Harrison, Miss Redman, Percy Waram, and the entire cast give arresting performances in an unattractive setting.

The Disney Touch

Each new Walt Disney release accomplishes the impossible by permitting adults and children to share a rare experience, one that leaves all just a bit happier for having viewed it. In SO DEAR TO MY HEART, adapted from the Sterling North book, Disney has combined live action and animation quite successfully. The transfer from one medium to the other is accomplished with artistic facility and scarcely a jar.

The setting of this latest jubilant hayride is a Midwest hamlet at the turn of the century. The principal character is a boy, a youngster like millions of others in every age with the full quota of impishness, curiosity, and love for animals. This boy lives with his grandmother on a patch of land they call a farm. When a black sheep is born to their ewe, it becomes the boy's particular pet and grandma's chief tribulation. Eventually, it wins a special mention prize at the county fair and the lad's stubborn devotion is justified.

Cartoon sequences take up approximately 15 per cent of the footage, and they are cleverly used to point up the various morals of the story. Bobby Driscoll and Beulah Bondi seem to live every minute of their roles and manage to convey the proper nostalgic note. Burl Ives, with his vagabond music, Harry Carey, Luana Patten, and Raymond Bond also fit comfortably into the mosaic. This latest example of the Disney genius is a delight to behold. The entire family circle can see it with profit and enjoyment. (RKO-Radio-Disney)

The kindest comment one can make on WORDS AND MUSIC is that a considerable amount of creative effort went into its score. It was written by Rodgers and Hart over a period of years when they were the top composers of Broadway's musical comedies. The semblance of a biographical sketch has been provided as a peg on which to reintroduce them. It is screen banality at its worst, but the music and the spirited rendition of the popular classics do make you overlook the plot inadequacies. Judy Garland, Ann Sothern, Lena Horne, Gene Kelly, and Perry Como are adequate, but Mickey Rooney contributes what may well be the worst performance seen on any screen in years. You'll wince through the dramatic portions, but if you are a musical comedy minded adult, the score will more than satisfy. (M-G-M)

FAMILY HONEYMOON is billed as a sophisticated comedy. A contrived affair with more leers per reel than laughs, it can hardly be classed as suitable fare. Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray appear as a pair of middle-aged romantics who marry and set forth on a honeymoon. She being a widow with three bouncing youngsters and baby sitters being scarce, the kiddies go along on the honeymoon. It gives them the chance to create havoc unlimited and the scriptwriters fresh opportunities for unnecessary suggestive ness. (Universal-International)

Sonja Henie makes a rather woeful return to screendom in THE COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO, a trite tale of ancient vintage. In the ice sequences the chubby queen of the rink demonstrates that she has lost little of her agility and grace; but when the camera pans to dry land, she flounders around quite helplessly. This is a shabby carbon of the sprightly comedies that introduced the twinkled toe Norwegian lass to the American public some years ago. (Universal-International)

THE RED SHOES is a visually beautiful story of the ballet world, marred unnecessarily by faulty characterizations and a suicide fadeout. Produced in England with a cast recruited from the theater and ballet worlds, it cleverly blends the two arts in a manner not yet equaled. Dancer Moira Shearer gives a poignant performance as a confused young ballerina, and the Technicolor treatment wins second honors in a stunning but morally inadequate presentation. (Eagle-Lion)

The combination of Bob Hope and Jane Russell in THE PALEFACE brings on the expected mélange of slapstick comedy, burlesque-stage humor, and Hope wisecracks. A spoof of the Western movie formula, it does have some hilarity, but the leering tone of the fun and the facetious treatment of marriage rule out a recommendation. In kidding the sombreros off the two-gun heroes Hope plays his bumpkin role to the hilt, but the audience gets the short end of this horse opera farce. (Paramount)

If we must have war movies, and from the jingoistic attitude of the studios in recent months I assume we must, then we can only hope that all will be as polished and dramatically taut as COMMAND DECISION. Based on the popular play by William Wister Haines, with the expletives and profanity deleted, it retells the heroic tale of the USAAF during the bombing raids on Germany in 1943. The basic conflict concerns the inter-command struggle over the value of a hazardous mission with the usual competition for authority and the futile battle against red tape. Sam Wood's

direction is on the brilliant side, as are the portrayals of Clark Gable, Charles Bickford, John Hodiak, and Marshall Thompson. Walter Pidgeon, Van Johnson, and Edward Arnold are also on hand with less spectacular success. Hollywood is starting World War II all over again and this is a high mark for the cycle to duplicate. It is suited to audiences in every age group. (M-G-M)

Orson Welles, proclaimed a genius by his coterie but known to audiences primarily as the creator of incredibly bad movies, now offers his version of *MACBETH*. It verges on the nightmarish and is more than enough to send the Avonians dashing from the theater. Jeanette Nolan, Edgar Barrier, Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy MacDowall try hard, but they cannot surmount the careless adaptation and fantastic performance by the star. This runs a poor second to an evening of bridge or cribbage. (Republic)

ENCHANTMENT is one of those sentimental romances that critics usually tag "a woman's picture." Technically, it is superior in every branch, with performances, direction, and the adaptation of Rumer Godden's novel on a high level. The pace is slow and deliberate, as the story wavers between romances in two generations, dovetailing the sequences with admirable efficiency. Speaking its piece for the "true love" of the romantic novel species, this cameo is best suited to the feminine taste. Though it is designed for the ladies, the men in the cast—David Niven, Farley Granger, and Leo G. Carroll—outshine the acting efforts of Teresa Wright and Evelyn Keyes. (RKO-Goldwyn)

Errol Flynn takes on a swashbuckling assignment in *THE ADVENTURES OF DON JUAN*. He also spends part of his time attempting to struggle into the romantic shoes of John Barrymore as a cinema Casanova. The fit is far from perfect, and so is this excessive dose of Technicolor heigh-ho set in a musical comedy Spain. When it isn't being suggestive, it is passably entertaining, but the net entertainment value is below the acceptable mark. (Warner Bros.)

Technicolor enhances the fast-moving *WHISPERING SMITH*, an outdoors drama with more than the usual quota

of excitement. Alan Ladd handles the two-fisted title role creditably as the hero of Frank Spearman's famous novel of pioneer-day railroading. Robert Preston, Brenda Marshall, Donald Crisp, and their cohorts maintain a convincing attitude about the whole thing, and adventure lovers will probably accept it with cheers. (Paramount)

Jeanette MacDonald shares honors with Lassie in *THE SUN COMES UP*, a refreshingly different story that uniquely combines the talents of both stars. It is always a pleasure to see the vivacious and gifted Miss MacDonald, particularly when she has a vehicle worthy of her talents. The youngsters will undoubtedly rate the canine headliner as the top attraction, but all ages will find much to enjoy in this tailored vehicle with a regeneration theme. Claude Jarman and Lloyd Nolan are also featured. (M-G-M)

CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY is the screen version of Rosemary Taylor's family reminiscences that have already won favor as a book and on the stage. An amusing study of an Arizona family in the 1900 era, with emphasis on father's inability to remain in business. The result is that mother must take in boarders, an odd assortment who provide most of the comic moments. Adults in its striving for laughs, this lively and nostalgic humor piece gains much from the presence of Dan Dailey, Celeste Holm, Alan Young, Connie Gilchrist, and Bill Callahan. (20th Century-Fox)

A LETTER TO THREE WIVES is a smooth rewrite of an old theme, one that cleverly combines comedy, novelty, and pathos. It tells of three young suburban wives embarking on a day's excursion, who learn that the husband of one has just left town with a local divorcee. Each spends the day examining her marriage and her conscience, wondering if the eloper is her husband. A surprise climax settles the triple problem satisfactorily, if on a contrived note. Adults satisfied by the slick-paper technique of storytelling will enjoy this bit of suburbia in which humor predominates. Linda Darnell and Ann Sothern share top acting honors with Paul Douglas, Thelma Ritter, Jeanne Crain, Connie Gilchrist, and Kirk Douglas comprising the unusually able supporting roster. (20th Century-Fox)



Jeanette MacDonald, Lloyd Nolan, Claude Jarman, and Lassie in "The Sun Comes Up"



Linda Darnell, Ann Sothern, and Jeanne Crain are three very worried young matrons in "A Letter to Three Wives"

SPORTS

by

DON DUNPHY

Braves Bring Them Up

Before the last baseball season, we had occasion to point out some of the rookies to watch out for in the new campaign. We introduced you to fellows like George Vico and Bill Pierce, Lou Brissie, Ned Garver, Whitey Platt, and Earl Wooten in the American League, and Cliff Chambers, Hank Sauer, Eddie Fitzgerald, Bob Chesnes, Walter Dubiel, and Alvin Dark in the National. From time to time in this and succeeding issues we'll bring out the likely ones for 1949, beginning now with some prospects the National League champion Braves will unveil.

Several days after the last World Series, Lou Perini, president of the Boston Braves, stated that the National League pennant winners of 1948 would not stand pat and would make whatever improvements necessary to keep the Boston entry as a pennant contender for next year.

Conferences among the Boston officials and Billy Southworth, the team's manager, resulted in a definite decision to reinforce the outfield department as a first move. With that in mind, the Boston officials went into the draft meeting recently held at Cincinnati and hooked two of the best outfielders in the minors last season.

One of these fly-chasers is Don Thompson, a rangy six footer who has been highly rated by scouts ever since he attended college. Thompson was the Braves' first choice in the draft. They obtained him from the Columbus Club of the American Association.

Hailing from Swepsonville, N.C., Thompson bats and throws left-handed and is 24 years old. Before he was signed to a contract in organized baseball, he starred for the University of North Carolina. He once belonged to the Boston Red Sox, who had him at Scranton in 1947 and lost him to Columbus through the draft. Last season, Thompson rapped American Association pitching for .285. His 127 hits included 24 doubles, 3 triples, and 4 homers; and he drove in 51 runs.

The other drafted outfielder is Charley Gilbert, who isn't any stranger to National League fans. Charley, son of Larry Gilbert, who played with the 1914 Braves, has been with the Dodgers, Cubs, and Phillies. Charley, a left-handed batter, returned to his father's Nashville Club last season and, given the opportunity to do some free swinging, turned in the best record he ever compiled in his baseball career.

Gilbert's .362 average was the second best in the Southern League last season. In addition, he established two league records, one for scoring the most runs with 178 and the other for the most bases on balls with 155. That he could hit the long ball is evidenced from the fact that his 192 hits included 42 homers, 31 doubles and 7 triples. He drove in 110 runs.

Along with this pair of outfielders the Braves also will have Marv Rickert, who was brought up last fall as a replacement for the injured Jeff Heath. Like Thompson and Gilbert, Rickert also is a left-handed batter. He was made eligible for the World Series last fall and did a commendable job, both at bat and in the field. He has been

up previously with the Cubs and Reds. Last season he was with Milwaukee before joining the Braves. He drove in 117 runs while batting .302 for the Brewers.

A former University of Michigan star also will get a trial with the Braves. He's the famous Johnny Weisenburger who will be remembered on the football scene for the three touchdowns he scored against Southern California in the 1948 Rose Bowl game. Weisenburger is regarded just as highly as a ball player as he was as a gridiron star. The Braves bid high for his services and sent him to Pawtucket in the New England League last season. Batted .311. He bats and throws right-handed and can play either the infield or the outfield.

Among the other promising youngsters who will be at the Braves' camp are Johnny Antonelli, the southpaw who received a big bonus for signing last June; Bob Hall, a right-hander bought from Seattle, and Paul Burris, a catcher who was brought up from Milwaukee and did a lot of batting practice receiving for the pennant winners last fall.

Antonelli hurled three years with the Jefferson High School team at Rochester, N.Y. During those three seasons he won 18, tied one, and lost one. In 103 innings, he gave up only 36 hits and struck out 231. Among his victories were three no-hitters and five one-hitters.

Hall's record with Seattle was 6-10, but he has a good curve and fast ball. In 1947, he struck out 216 while winning 15, losing 7 for Vancouver. Burris was rated one of the best receivers in the minors last season.

Jasper Coach

In his third year as head basketball mentor at Manhattan College in New York City, Ken Norton can look ahead to a bright future in coaching. With the Kelly-Greens enjoying their best season in years, the youthful coach is taking rank with the veterans of the profession.

Appointed in September, 1946 to succeed John "Honey" Russell, who had left Manhattan for a post in the pro ranks, Norton was new to college coaching. His previous experience had been limited to four years at LaSalle Military Academy, Oakdale, L.I. At LaSalle he guided his basketball teams to three invitations to the State Championship Tournament at Glen Falls and his 1942 quintet captured top honors in the Eastern Seaboard championships.

As a player, Norton is remembered for his exploits at Long Island University from 1934 to 1938. The rapid red-



Don Raleigh of the Rangers

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Eight of the leading Jasper hoopsters get a few pointers from Manhattan's coach, Ken Norton



Members of St. John's basketball team with Frank McGuire, now in his second year as Redmen coach

head was a forward on L.I.U.'s great team that won 45 straight games before bowing to Stanford and the great Hank Luisetti. Norton was also a star on the diamond and captained both the basketball and baseball teams in his senior year.

After his graduation Ken played professional ball for a while but then retired to devote himself more fully to his coaching duties at LaSalle. In January of 1942 he received a Navy commission and served as instructor in Gene Tunney's physical fitness program. Four years later he was discharged bearing the title: Lieutenant Kenneth A Norton, U.S.N.

Leading the Redmen

There is no greater basketball coaching tradition at any school than there is at St. John's University of Brooklyn, and Frank McGuire is carrying it on in fine style. For the past 39 seasons the cage game has been the sport at the Vincentian Institution, and the college has annually had one of the best records in the country.

Back in 1911-12 Coach Claude Allen's team set the pace for future fives by winning fourteen in a row without a defeat. A succession of good seasons was climaxed by the amazing 21-1 record of Buck Freeman's Wonder Five in the 1930-31 season. Then came the era of Joe Lapchick and his Tourney teams. Seven times in eleven seasons, Lapchick led the Redmen into the National Invitation Tourney, a record unequaled by any other college. Another record was set when St. John's was crowned Tourney champions two years in a row, 1943 and 1944.

Now comes likeable Frank McGuire in his second year at the helm of the Brooklyn basketeers. Last year Frank was dogged by hard luck and his team had to scramble to beat the .500 mark with a 12-11 record, but Frank's fine coaching hand was evident in great upset victories over C.C.N.Y. and Utah. Things are different this season, however, and the Redmen have gotten off to a flying start. If the rugged 24-game schedule doesn't wear them down they're a cinch for another tourney berth.

McGuire is an alumnus coach, having played at St. John's in 1934-36. After graduation he coached at Xavier High (N.Y.) where his court teams gained a reputation for sound strategy and plenty of drive.

Meet Don Raleigh

Thought you'd like to hear a word or two about James Donald Raleigh, star center of the New York Rangers Hockey team. One of the youngest players in major league hockey, Don was born in Kenora, Ontario, June 27, 1926, but now lives in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Don, who is 5 ft. 11 in. tall, is a little on the thin side for the rough, tough game of hockey. His 150 pounds are deceiving and most reporters don't believe he weighs that much.

When Don was first brought to New York to play hockey in the fall of 1943, he was 17 years old. He was brought up for action with the Rovers, a farm club of the Rangers, but with the wartime shortage of talent he was soon thrust into a Ranger uniform. His skill at stick-handling was evident then, but of course at that point he was not ready for major

league duty. Nevertheless, he performed well, playing 15 games for the Blue Shirts.

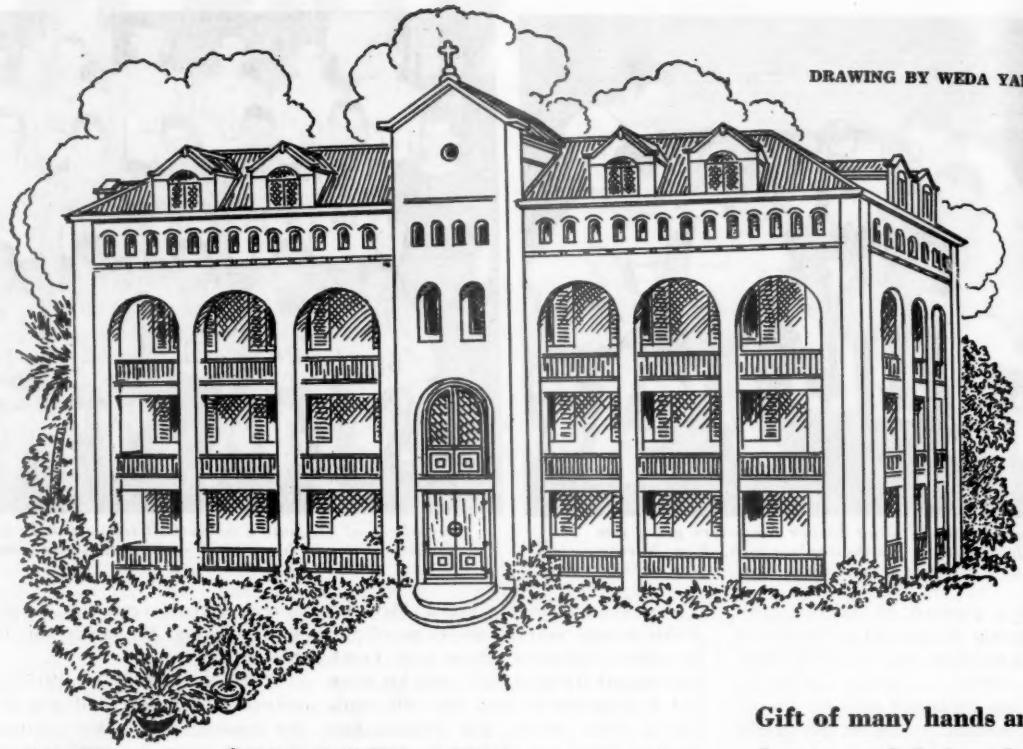
After the season of 1943-44 he returned to Canada and was reinstated for amateur play. Don's return to the Rangers, after the 1947-48 season had gotten underway, came after a lot of deliberation since he was keenly interested in his studies at the University of Manitoba. He has a desire to be a geologist and hesitated for a long time about resuming his professional career. Finally, he did with the idea of resuming his studies later.

Raleigh hadn't been in the National League long last winter before he convinced fans and experts that his schooling may be delayed longer than he thinks—for he showed that he is a top-ranking operative. In his fourth game of the year, Don set a N.H.L speed record by assisting on three goals in 81 seconds.

Raleigh, a very devout boy, is but one of many Catholics on the New York Rangers. Among them are Buddy O'Connor, Edgar Laprade, Tony Leswick, Eddie Slowinski, Trainer Tom McKenna, and Phil Watson, now coach of the Rovers.

Oh, by the way, you may recall that in the December column I pointed out that every Christmas night for the past twenty years or so a chap by the name of Santa Claus has donned the spangles of the Rangers and has sparked their play. Well, Ol' Santa was the seventh man on the ice for the Blue Shirts again last December 25, and led them to a 2-0 win over the Montreal Canadiens, our Mr. Raleigh scoring one of the goals with Santa, no doubt, running interference.

DRAWING BY WEDA YAP



A Hospital Is Blessed

by FR. WILLIAM WHELAN, C.P.

"O HEAVENLY FATHER, Almighty God, we humbly beseech Thee to bless and sanctify this house . . ." The bishop's voice was clear and articulate, as he pronounced the words and sprinkled the holy water on the shining stairway and polished floors of the new hospital. Gladly could he have added the "Te Deum" that sang in his heart! Here at last, the yearning of many years stood clothed in brick and mortar, rising majestically among the huts of the poor in the hinterland of China. It is the first object to catch the eye, as one approaches the city from the bus road terminating at the riverbank across the way. And surmounting it is the Celtic cross, symbol of life and hope and charity for those who would seek shelter beneath its shadow.

The bishop was a much younger man when, twenty odd years ago, the yearning began to gnaw at his heart. He stood within the shaded silence of an abandoned temple and gazed with pitying eyes on the poor man who lay before him. Ulcerous sores sending their stench to nostrils not yet immune to the smells of the deep Orient could not quench,

but rather inflamed his charity. He had the man carried to a hut on the mission property, and, unknown to all, daily went to feed the emaciated body, to wash and dress the repulsive festers. His deed became known only when he himself fell sick, and, unable to leave his room, feared for the well-being of his charge. Of necessity then, he confided his secret to a fellow missionary, asking him to care for the derelict till he himself could return to his work of mercy. The man died, but the young missionary, who was later to receive the episcopacy, began to realize the necessity of a hospital to further the work of charity.

The need had not begun with the care of an isolated case. Surrounding the mission were hundreds of diseased natives lacking adequate care and remedies. Epidemics occurred that swept off scores. Cholera, typhoid, and smallpox, dread names to the Westerner, were all too common. Sad though it was to see the people suffer, sadder still was it when the blow struck home and the role of honor started: Sister Clarissa died of fever and exhaustion on the

Gift of many hands and hearts, and fitting climax to a quarter century of Christlike charity

flight from the Reds in '27; Father Constantine, of typhoid in '29; Sister Devota, of cholera in '32; Father Edward Joseph, of dysentery in '33; Doctor Lauber, of fever, after less than a week in the mission, in '33; Father Justin, of typhoid in '35—their graves made holes in the hillside of Yuanling. For they are buried there, save Sister Clarissa, who lies in far-off Chungking. The presence of a hospital would not perhaps have saved them all, but most certainly would have rescued some. At any rate a hospital could fight against the diseases that wrought havoc.

In 1935 Bishop O'Gara, by personal appeal and through THE SIGN Magazine, made the need of his mission field known to American Catholics. The response was immediate and generous. By 1937 the sum of \$45,000 made the treasured hope almost an accomplished fact. But then Chinese and Japanese outposts near the Marco Polo Bridge west of Peking exchanged shots, and the Sino-Japanese war flared up. Prices soared and prudence counseled delay. But Nanking fell, and the millions of refugees started their historic migration.

into the interior. Slowly at first, they came like the springtime rising of the river. Then quickly, like the swelling flood, they poured in. Exhausted, famished, sick, wounded, dying; they made their appeal to Christian charity, and the time for prudent delay was past.

Four registered nurses, Sisters of Charity, one foreign-trained Chinese doctor, and three Chinese nurses were already at hand. Medicines, though hard to get, were purchased, many of them from behind the Japanese lines and brought in through devious ways. A weather-beaten two-storyed building serving as the boys' school was commandeered. Bedframes were still scattered around the courtyard, packing cases were lying unopened, when a sick man was carried in. The hospital became a reality!

During the trying years to come, the first patient was followed by literally hundreds of thousands. There was never a dearth of them—wounded soldiers drifting from the front, refugees sick or hurt during their trek, local residents wounded in the bombings (Yuanling had her dose no less than thirty-two times)—in all, over 480,000 of them. The majority walked out again. Of those who did not, many received the grace of Baptism and went through the portals of earthly charity to the bosom of Charity Eternal.

The close of the war brought little peace to China. Communists and Nationalists entered upon civil war that has brought destruction to many charitable institutions in the north. The threat of invasion has also paralyzed efforts in Hunan. Why build for the Reds to occupy or destroy? But, if we wait for peace, when shall we have it? When did we have it? Perennial bandit troubles. Communist invasions in '27, '34, and '45, war lords' sanguinary bickering, the Sino-Japanese war in '37—such is the history of the missions in Hunan. So, in the face of odds as regards prices, materials, and workmen, the yearned-for brick building, something more substantial than wood that can go up in a town fire, was begun.

Wood, cement, bricks, paint, furniture came from afar, floated down the river, four, ten, fifteen days by boat to Yuanling, carefully guarded against mishap. Then the weather had to be taken advantage of. Sunny days for the carpenters to tap, tap away like so many woodpeckers; rainy days for the painters to rub on the paint which, like so many things China "does backwards"—dries when it rains, remains wet when the sun shines. Almost two years after digging the foundation, in spite of the temper of the prima donnas among the workmen and the vagaries of the

weather, the new hospital was finished, a memorial to the hard work of those concerned.

So, with thankful heart, the bishop, aspersorium in hand, sprinkled the tablet testifying the gratitude of the missionaries to those who had made the building possible: "This tablet is erected in grateful appreciation of the generous financial assistance given by the Passionist Province of Saint Paul of the Cross, THE SIGN Magazine, and the innumerable Catholic friends in America of the Passionists Chinese Mission whose splendid co-operation made possible the erection of the Yuanling Catholic Hospital."

"... And may the Angels of Thy light dwell within the walls of this house..." The invocation was for the protection of the heavenly spirits, but, as the bishop passed the kneeling religious and the veiled heads caught his eye, well could he thank God for those other angels of light, clothed in flesh and blood who in immeasurable degree are also responsible for the fulfillment of his hope. The Sisters of Charity of Convent Station have through the years—long, hard, suffering years—given of their sweat and blood and very life in the care of the sick in the Passionist missions.

Back in '24 they came to China. Robbed by bandits when nearing the end of their journey, they were forced to return to Hankow. Months later, when the river was safe, they pushed on to Yuanling, where in '27 they stayed behind mission walls while crowds paraded the street and cursed the foreigners and cried for blood. When the Communists came they retreated to Hankow, where British Tommies gave them protection on the river boat while they crouched

behind steel plates, lest a bullet give them premature passport to heaven. With charity undimmed, they returned to tend the sick, visit the homes, care for the infants, nurse the victims of famine and epidemic, and have their first casualty in the death from cholera of Sister Devota. They passed through the Red trouble in '34 and '35 and then—the war.

Never will they forget the poignant days of the opening of the hospital in '38—the hordes of refugees—the bombings and the lying in ditches while fragments flew overhead, and the hurrying to pick up the maimed and gather the limbs of the dead; the soldiers, wounded and sick with the dreaded typhus, and the lice hopping from the victims to innoculate the ministering angels; and Sisters Electa and Catherine died, the former from the disease and the latter after she had recovered—on her return from an air raid. Over 100,000 soldiers were treated in those years, and the acknowledgment of grateful Chinese came in the award of three medals—two of them posthumously to Sisters who already lay in God's acre. And many a patient to this day, feeling the gentle hand bathing the fevered brow and with pain-filled eyes seeking a glimpse of the white veil and the suspended crucifix, may well think: "how like to Angels of light!"

Helping also in the work of the hospital, six refugee Hungarian Sisters of Notre Dame knelt to receive the blessing. Theirs' has been the sad history of so many others in these days, from the north of China. Mission invaded by the Reds, and flight by night, wearing Chinese clothes in lieu of their habits, leaving two Sisters dead on the way, and receiving haven with the Canadian



Actual photo of new hospital, rising above Mission buildings



Bishop O'Gara, priests, Sisters, and doctors at Solemn Blessing

Jesuits at Hsuchow. Welcomed to Yuanling, they came to offer their temporary services in the hospital and are a valuable addition to the present inadequate personnel.

Guests of honor were two Hungarian Sisters of Charity from Chihkiang. Originally in Saoyang, they went through the hardships of the front lines. Technically "enemy nationals," they nevertheless gave hospitality to the American forces, a handful of the 14th Air Force, quartered in their city. When the Japanese advanced and the Americans withdrew, the airmen conducted the Sisters to Chihkiang. There they helped the missionary, already harassed with the cares of the mission plus the added duties arising from the presence in the neighborhood of three thousand G.I.'s. The Sisters ran the dispensary, orphanage, and school, besides serving coffee and doughnuts to the soldiers who daily dropped into the mission to get a taste of something like "back home" in the interior of China. Many a G.I. can still tell you of the Hungarian hospitality in Hunan.

Absent, but warmly remembered, were the Sisters of St. Joseph of Baden, Pa., who were in Peiping at the time. They once had a comfortable convent, orphanage, school, and a small hospital in Chihkiang till a fatal day in '39 when Jap planes circled the city. When the all clear sounded, the convent was a heap of rubble and the hospital a shambles. These haven't been rebuilt as yet.

And up on the hill in company with Sisters Electa and Catherine, there lies another refugee Sister who fled the Japs in Chehkiang Province, crossed the high dividing mountains, and reached Yuanling in distant Hunan. There she

paused for a breath and then pitched into the work of the mission. Sister Daniel, registered nurse and missionary in China for ten years, endeared herself to many a Hunanese to whom she ministered till she herself went down—a victim of typhus in '43. Her grave is ever a reminder of the debt we owe to the Grey Nuns from Pembroke, Ontario, who labored selflessly in the mission during the war years when help was scarce and work overpowering. They have since returned to their own mission.

"Oh Lord Jesus Christ, bless this house built for the training of our girls . . ." The bishop mounted the stairs and entered the floor set aside for the nursing school. Registered nurses are at a premium in China, and for that reason it is difficult to hold them in Yuanling. Bigger and more progressive cities lure them away. But we need them. Hence, the best and only solution is a training school of our own. This, however, is no easy task in the face of the red tape binding the efforts of foreigners in China. The students have a new, clean, comfortable school. Their dormitory on the fourth floor, cool and mosquito-free, is the envy of the people sweltering in the homes along the narrow streets below. The new institution has Government recognition.

The first year has ended and, of the original fifteen nursing students enrolled, ten remain. If five of them get their diploma, the venture will have been a success. Even if none of the pioneers should receive her degree, at least this class will have done its share in getting the school started. It isn't easy for these girls to delve into the intricacies of anatomy, biology, materia medica, psychology, and sociology,

especially when the courses prescribed by the Government demand a fair knowledge of English. But, despite high standards, the girls have courage and ambition and are determined to succeed. It is confidently hoped that within a few years the graduates of the nursing school of the Yuanling Catholic Hospital will be found in every city and town of Western Hunan, playing their important part in establishing a more healthy way of life among the populace.

"Fill the teachers with the spirit of knowledge and of Thy Fear . . ." Five medical doctors, four of them graduates of Aurora University in Shanghai and one from the Tsinan University in Shantung, together with a Chinese gentleman to teach the vernacular, a Sister for practical nursing and English, and a priest for Ethics, Psychology, and Sociology, form the teaching staff.

"Grant to the pupils grace from above, that whatever they are taught, they may grasp and ever recall and practice . . ." How practical the Church in her blessing! The majority of the pupils have graduated from the Sisters' high school and the others have now come under their influence, so it is to be hoped that they will imbibe solid principles of virtue and charity as well as knowledge.

"The Nurses School of the Yuanling Catholic Hospital is the gift of the Monastery of Poor Clare Colettines, Lafayette Avenue, Chicago, to which community in grateful appreciation this Commemorative Tablet is erected." So reads the memorial on the students' corridor. It seems that one day THE SIGN for July 1943 made its way to the above-mentioned convent. It contained an article on the Yuanling hospital, in which a chance remark was made concerning the hope of one day having a nursing school. The nuns had been entrusted with the disposition of a legacy and forthwith made their contribution to Bishop O'Gara. There had been no other statement but that simple "unappealing" appeal.

So the bishop on that day of grace, April 28, 1948, after all these years, looked with gratitude on a long-harbored yearning fulfilled, care for the sick having passed from a hut on the hill to a hospital of a hundred and thirty beds where the poor can find refuge. And bringing to a close the blessing of the ritual, he expressed the real motive and hope underlying this outward manifestation of charity—"may all those who dwell herein . . . please Thee and deserve one day to be received into the everlasting abode of Heaven. Through Thee, O Christ Jesus, Saviour of the world who livest and reignest God for ever and ever. Amen."

NONPAREIL NOVELIST

by JOHN S. KENNEDY

Out of selected pieces of the supernatural, Graham Greene makes towering drama which rings with the power of God and the malice of Satan

GRAHAM GREENE, the most gifted and skillful of novelists writing in English today, has achieved a sizable public not on his unrivaled merits but tardily and accidentally. Widespread recognition has come to him but indirectly, and this in three ways...

The first way was through the movies. Several novels which did not sell well in the original editions and were allowed to fade out of print were made into films, or—to be more exact, as in the case of *The Power and the Glory*—were used as the remote basis for films. After the release of the pictures, the novels were brought out in twenty-five cent editions, and in that form, in cigar stores and bus stations, they came to the attention of the general public. Probably most of those who read them after seeing the cinematic choppings agreed with the dismayed damsel in the cartoon that "the author always spoils the movie."

The second way was through the Book-of-the-Month Club, the truly awful power in contemporary letters which visits its favor far more mysteriously and indeed unaccountably than the most arbitrary of pagan deities. This august organization, which lately has sent to its subscribers the trashy absurdity, *Catalina*, by W. Somerset Maugham and the all but unintelligible *Doctor Faustus* by the most overrated of modern authors, Thomas Mann, put

its seal of commercial election on Mr. Greene's *The Heart of the Matter*. This it did in July-August, the hybrid thirteenth month of the year which, after the wizardly example of Luther Burbank, the club invented.

The choice mystified not a few subscribers; one of them, for example, was heard to mutter, from his hammock, "But this isn't the kind of light reading that we want in the summer." It perhaps mystified, though it certainly did not chagrin, Mr. Greene, who, in print as hard and immutable as the pollsters' presidential election forecasts, has listed book clubs as among his pet peeves. In any case, it ran the number of copies of the book up into the hundreds of thousands and moved Mr. Greene up into the foothills of the sky-scraping sierras where live the demigods who created *The Egg and I* and *How To Win Friends and Influence People*.

The third way was through the controversy which Mr. Greene's novels have occasioned. He has published some fourteen works of fiction, one of these being a collection of short stories first

called *The Basement Room* and later, in revised form, *19 Stories*, which will be available in an American edition in February. He divides his long fiction into the "entertainments," which comprise the stories of pursuit and suspense, and the novels, the latter category including only *The Power and the Glory*, *Brighton Rock*, and *The Heart of the Matter*. Even a cursory examination of the novels, all of them brilliant, shows that they could have been written only by a Catholic (Mr. Greene is a convert). But their extraordinary subtlety has led to their being misunderstood by reviewers and readers alike, through no fault of the author. This misunderstanding has, in turn, led to sometimes angry and generally muddled debate.

So that now, as the result of the three more or less fortuitous elements listed above, Mr. Greene is a celebrity. He has entered the class of Mary Margaret McBride, Perry Como, and Satchel Paige, with news magazines spending vast sums on cables, long distance calls, and correspondents' transportation, in order to "research" him, that is, to find out the color of his mother's hair, the



number of his wives (one), and the number of his children (two).

Mr. Greene would sorely disappoint the rude or garden variety of celebrity hunter, for he is not in the least glossy or glamorous. At forty-four, he looks forty-four. He is thin, tall, a trifle stooped. He has formidable, probing, pale blue eyes. His light brown hair is thinning, and his face, the bony structure prominent, is lined. He does not look quite so grim and wasted as his widely printed latest photograph would suggest, but he is altogether different from the earlier pictures which remind a veteran theatergoer of Glen Hunter as *Young Woodley*. His dress is simple, almost shabby. Meeting him in a grotesquely ornate hotel in New York, one sees in him a sardonic and reproachful commentary on the décor and one recognizes that he is a European.

A European he surely is, and not the conventional Englishman. As his novels indicate, he knows Europe well, not merely its geography but its old, experienced, embattled soul. Moreover, his books remind one far more of certain French novels than they do of anything natively English. If one is going to compare his work with that of other novelists, one thinks immediately of, say, the fiction of Mauriac and Bernanos. He is concerned about evils, as they are; he is a student of, perhaps even a specialist about, sin—this I mean in no invidious sense.

What I call (I hope not fatuously) the European quality and (I am sure not fatuously) the Catholic character of his novels are the most remarkable in view of his solidly English Protestant background. His father was headmaster of Berkhamstead School in Hertfordshire. He attended this school, went on to Balliol College, Oxford. After Oxford came a brief bout with business; he was all of ten days with the British-American Tobacco Company. Then he turned to newspaper writing, serving first on the *Nottingham Journal*, later (1926-1930) on *The Times* of London. From 1935 to 1939 he was film critic for the *Spectator*.

This last is doubly interesting in that Mr. Greene has lately been doing screen plays and his novel-making has been compared to camera work. He has adapted one of his most penetrating and haunting short stories, "The Basement Room," for the screen under the title of *The Fallen Idol*, of which picture the London *Tablet* has said that it is the best since Olivier's *Hamlet*. He has also done an original film script, temporarily designated *The Third Man*, which is now being shot in Vienna. The affinity to film technique to be found

in the construction and writing of Mr. Greene's novels has been pointed out by Evelyn Waugh. Reviewing *The Heart of the Matter* for the London *Tablet*, Mr. Waugh perspicuously observed that, for example, in the opening scenes, "It is the camera's eye which moves from the hotel balcony to the street below, picks out the policeman, follows him to his office, moves about the room from the handcuffs on the wall to the broken rosary in the drawer, recording significant detail."

If, as Mr. Waugh maintains, there is a superb starkness about Mr. Greene's latest book, no such quality marked his first. Published in 1925, when he was twenty-one, it was a volume of verse called (it seems incongruous today) *Babbling April*. All the rest of his books have been fiction, with the exception of one on Mexico, *Another Mexico*, one on Africa, *Journey Without Maps*, and some school memoirs edited by him, *The Old School*.

HE has established himself as a literary giant by his novels, and they are not of the old school, either in subject matter or execution. Economy of means would seem to be his paramount rule. He does not waste a word; no word slips unsummoned into one of his sentences; every word has an assigned function and performs it precisely under his masterly ordering. The story line is taut and tingling, and so is the prose in which it is set forth, with figures and symbols used not lavishly

but with luminous effect. The dialogue is direct in the sense of not being verbose.

The merely superficial reader (his name is legion) is likely to be scandalized by Mr. Greene's themes, for these are not obvious. Thus, many an obtuse person was horrified by *The Power and the Glory*, because "it was about a bad priest." The priest, in this story of Mexico under persecution, was unworthy, a sinner. But the purpose of the book was to show the power and the glory of the priesthood in even the weakest and most unprepossessing of priests. In the plot, an excellent representative of a wicked cause was pitted against a poor representative of the divine cause, and, though the first seemed to triumph, it was the second that actually won out, as the closing pages demonstrated.

But the misprision of *The Power and the Glory* was as nothing compared with that of *The Heart of the Matter*. Misreading of the new book has led to all manner of irresponsible charges. The truth is that the book sets forth the folly, even unto the verge of hell, of a seemingly good man who is spiritually childish, is ridden with pride and presumption, and breaks the law of God because of sentimental sophistry.

This novel depicts sin as actual and evil, however plausibly one may justify it, as proliferating monstrously from a small seed of first offense, and as producing nothing but misery. Since almost all contemporary fiction depicts sin as natural, inevitable, and inoffensive, it is surely a merit in a novel that it treats sin as evil and culpable. And to say, as some who are more loud than wise have trumpeted, that in this work the Sacraments are deprecated, is nonsensical. The magnificent reality of the Eucharist is dramatically brought home in the presentation of a sacrilegious Communion (were the Eucharist not the Body and Blood of Christ, whence the horror of this act?). When the unrepentant sinner is sent away from the confessional unabsolved, does not this unanswerably disprove the common charge that in the Sacrament of Penance sinning is mechanically condoned and license for further trespasses is given?

But, if one attempted to rebut all the swarms of silly criticisms of *The Heart of the Matter*, it would require an article far longer than this can be. Graham Greene has, in it, written a Catholic masterpiece. He richly deserves the attention which has been so accidental and in part unfortunate in the manner of its bestowal. He has, on the record, earned the title of the greatest of living novelists writing in English.



-And Then He Ducked

► Before teeing off, a very confident golfer measured the distance to the next green with his eye and said to his caddy:

"A drive and a putt will do it nicely."

He swung—and the ball rolled a few feet from the tee. With a flourish the caddy handed him a putter.

"This putt will really be worth telling the boys about," he remarked.

—Florence Deering

**Christ's death was a necessary
operation in the eternal warfare
of evil against the good**

No Man's Land

by ROBERT O'HARA, C.P.

OF all the strange incidents in the history of man's inhumanity toward man, the strangest is that of man's inhumanity toward the God-man. Although the crucifixion of our Divine Saviour is as familiar to us as nineteen hundred years of reflection upon it can make it, that cruel death still bears upon it the stamp of the incredible. The opening chapter of Saint John's Gospel informs us of man's mysterious reaction to the entrance of the Divine into the world in the blunt statement: "He was in the world, and the world was made through him, and the world knew him not. He came unto his own, and his own received him not."

When the full import of these words comes home to us, we cherish the possibility that the world was then in the grip of a passing perversity which burst like lightning out of the cloudy depths of evil in man, spent itself in a work of horror, and disappeared from the world of humanity forever. We cling to the thought that the Son of God came into this world at an ill-chosen moment. In those days, runs our thought, the world was young, not yet schooled to the finer sensibilities; the earthy and the savage lurked just beneath a veneer of culture. If, on the contrary, He were to come down from the far distant hills of God today, and openly proclaim His identity in our modern world with its freedom of speech and freedom of religion, with its universal education and crowded universities, with its luxurious theaters and many and magnificent churches; if, we reason to ourselves, He were to come unto His own today, His own would receive Him; the multitude the world over, the "flock of God," would recog-

nize His voice and follow Him, wheresoever He might lead.

But the indisputable fact remains that, in the first century or the twentieth, in the age of the Caesars or the age of the Commissars, human nature is what it is. As long as evil enters into the lives of individuals and sways the large destinies of nations, we of the Atomic Age will find in our forests some tree from which to hew a cross. Outside this iron-walled City of Man, we will find some barren hill on which to crucify our God. Responsibility for the death of the Son of God must not be limited to the circumstances of time and place in which it actually occurred. The Passion was the inevitable outcome of the irreconcilable opposition that always exists between good and evil, between God and sin.

When Saint John wrote, "Everyone that does evil hates the light, and does not come to the light, that his deeds may not be exposed," he was not describing a type of conduct peculiar to his own day. He was expressing a moral law, true in every place and every age, that he who does evil by that very fact hates the good. It is impossible to love and hate both at the same time because they are opposites and mutually exclusive. As light is opposed to darkness, heat to cold, height to depth, beauty to ugliness, so goodness is opposed to evil. Moreover, since God is infinitely good, and since evil is the absence of a proper good, we can say that, over against the

infinite light of God, stands in dreadful contrast the boundless darkness of evil into which no shaft of light ever penetrates. Infinity separates the two.

This truth is suggested in the parable which our Divine Master told of the ultimate fates of Dives and Lazarus. When Dives, tortured by thirst in the fires of hell, begged that Lazarus might be permitted to dip the tip of his finger in water to moisten his tongue, he received the answer, "Between us and you a great gulf is fixed, so that they who wish to pass over from this side to you cannot, and they cannot cross from your side to us." Between heaven and hell, good and evil, there is a yawning abyss which can never be bridged.

THIS opposition between good and evil is not merely an arbitrary mental division. It is an active hostility; in fact, a flaming hatred. Inasmuch as God loves His own goodness, he hates evil, which is a denial of Himself.

This animosity is not confined to God; it is not unilateral; it is mutual. If the good hate the evil, the evil hate the good. Evil, it is true, is not something in itself; it is a negation. Neither is there some principle from which it flows as goodness flows from God. Evil must always exist in some actual being. Moral evil, which we call sin, is not found by itself but in a will, angelic or human. Moreover, sin is an active turning away from God. It is an exercise of that fatal power of choice in



which the will freely tears itself away from the embrace of God and gives itself to something not God. As soon as sin enters the will of man, there immediately bursts forth an animosity toward God which remains till the moment of repentance. If death intervenes before the birth of a purifying sorrow, that soul will go out into eternity unalterably rooted in the evil it had chosen during life. And the hatred of God, which was conceived in the moment when the sin was first committed, comes to its horrible maturity in the abode of the damned where all that is discordant and rebellious is united in one common bond, a hatred of God. It is impossible to harbor in the human heart a simultaneous love of God and love of sin. There can be no reconciling of the two. Saint Paul wrote to the Corinthians: "What has justice in common with iniquity? Or what fellowship has light with darkness? What harmony is there between Christ and Belial?"

To clear all doubt as to what is meant by hatred of God, it seems advisable to turn to Saint Thomas. He raises the question "whether it is possible for anyone to hate God?" and answers in the affirmative, quoting Psalm 73:23 "The pride of them that hate Thee ascendeth continually," and John 15:24, "But now they have both seen and hated Me and My Father." He argues: "Now God in His essence is goodness itself, which no man can hate—for it is natural to good to be loved. Hence it is impossible for one who sees God in His essence to hate Him. Moreover, some of His effects are such that they can in nowise be contrary to the human will, since to be, to live, to understand, which are effects of God, are desirable and lovable to all. Wherefore again God cannot be an object of hatred if we consider Him as the author of suchlike effects. Some of God's effects, however, are contrary to an inordinate will, such as the infliction of punishment, and the prohibition of sin by the Divine law. Suchlike effects are repugnant to a will debased by sin, and as regards the consideration of them, God may be an object of hatred to some, insofar as they look upon Him as forbidding sin, and inflicting punishment."

Now, all this is more or less in the abstract. Taken in the concrete, it means that the unjust man necessarily hates the just man insofar as he is just. There is a remarkable passage in the book of Wisdom which illustrates this spontaneous and violent antipathy which the sinner feels toward the sinless. It gives inspired and therefore authentic expression to the thought of the sinner. In part, it goes: "Let us therefore lie in

wait for the just because he is not for our turn, and he is contrary to our doings, and upbraideth us with transgressions of the law, and divulgeth against us the sins of our way of life. . . . He is grievous unto us, even to behold: for his life is not like other men's, and his ways are very different. We are esteemed by him as triflers, and he abstaineth from our ways as from filthiness. . . . Let us examine him by outrages and tortures . . . let us condemn him to a most shameful death."

It can be objected that this passage is clearly a prophecy of the Passion of Christ, as intimately connected with it as an echo to a sound, and therefore applicable only to that event and not illustrative of a general principle. However, we find an exact parallel to the words of Wisdom in the uninspired words of Plato. His *Republic* records a discussion upon the attitude of the completely unjust man toward the perfectly just, and this is the conclusion: "The just man will be scourged, racked, bound . . . will have his eyes burned out; and at last, after suffering every kind

► Prayer should be the key of the day and the lock of the night.

—THOMAS FULLER

of evil, he will be impaled." How well, in fact, how literally it describes the Passion of Christ! Moreover, this quotation is an expression of the natural intellect's recognition of the fact that the wicked is the instinctive enemy of the good.

That is the only adequate explanation for the long series of ghastly murders throughout the history of the Jewish people: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem! thou who killst the prophets and stonest those who are sent to thee!" is our Blessed Lord's terrible summation of this history, an indictment of a nation which, because of its sins, rejected the representatives of the goodness of God. That, too, is why John the Baptist was beheaded. According to the words of Him who is Judge of the living and the dead, he was "the greatest born of woman." He was freed from original sin in his mother's womb. He led a life of fabulous austerity and total consecration to the cause of God. But he had to go, because there were those who were as sinful as John was good and they hated him and everything he stood for.

As with the servant, so with the master. The wicked of every generation must ever show, by their actions at least, that they recognize God as the enemy. Our Saviour's fate was inevitable. Those of His own generation were "the sons of those who killed the prophets," as

He told them in that terrible twenty-third chapter of Saint Matthew's Gospel. He knew what He might expect at their hands, red with the blood that had been "shed on the earth, from the blood of Abel, the just, unto the blood of Zacharias, the son of Barachias . . . killed between the temple and the altar."

It is no real explanation to affirm that the world did not recognize its God when it crucified Him; that it was all a case of mistaken identity. If the world did not know Him, the fault was not His. He came into the world for the express purpose of being known, and there were those who did find Him out. There were shepherds at Bethlehem and Wise Men from the gates of dawn; there were Anna and Simeon; and there were the Apostles who, with the voice of Peter, proclaimed their faith: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Even the dark spirits from the abyss knew with whom they dealt. "And the unclean spirits, whenever they beheld him, fell down before him and cried out, saying, 'Thou art the Son of God.'"

It cannot be alleged as an excuse that He did not appear enough in public, that He was not in the world long enough. When, at the Last Supper, Philip said to Him: "Lord, show us the Father and it is enough for us," Jesus said: "Have I been so long a time with you, and you have not known me?"

It could not be that He was not close enough to His enemies, so that they could not scan His features. The brutal soldiers who drove the nails into His hands and feet were as close to Him as the Magdalen. Those who crowded around His cross and watched Him while He gasped out His life were as close to Him as those who were with Him in the Upper Room.

H E betrayed His identity in countless ways and appealed to all these things as evidence. When John heard in prison of the works of Christ, he sent two disciples to say to Him, "Art thou he who is to come, or shall we look for another?" Jesus gave them this answer: "Go and report to John what you have heard and seen." John would know who He was from that evidence. But it was different with those who were His enemies. "The Jews therefore gathered round Him, and said to Him, 'How long dost thou keep us in suspense? If Thou art the Christ, tell us openly.'" Jesus answered them, "I tell you and you do not believe. The works that I do in the name of the Father, these bear witness concerning Me. But you do not believe because you are not My sheep. My sheep hear My voice, and I know them and they follow Me."

His enemies, indeed, had every oppor-

tunity of piercing His disguise, and if they hated Him who was the Son of God, it was because they saw in Him the opposite of that which they loved and were. It was, as Saint John tells us, "For everyone who does evil hates the light, and does not come to the light, that his deeds may not be exposed."

The evil cannot endure the very presence of the good. When our Blessed Lord came into the country of the Gerasenes, He was met by two men who were possessed . . . "and behold, they cried out saying, 'What have we to do with Thee, Son of God?'" The Son of God tortured the sinners of His day not only by His words and deeds but by His very presence. They gnashed their teeth and devised schemes to apprehend Him. They reached out for stones to cast at Him but He stayed their hands or passed through their midst like a phantasm in the night. The people of His own city laid hands upon Him and hurried Him outside the walls to cast Him headlong from a cliff, but His hour was not yet come.

But when the hour was come, they knew what to do. They quickly assembled and rushed out to Gethsemani with murder in their hearts and weapons in their hands, there to be greeted with the damning words: "This is your hour and the power of darkness." These unholy saints of Satan reacted with a zeal worthy of a noble cause. They bound Him and led Him away; they held court and passed judgment upon Him and found Him deserving of death. They did to Him what the Master said they did to John the Baptist, "whatever they wished." He was passive in their unmerciful hands, and so they led Him forth out of their city, out of their world, and nailed Him to a cross like a blood-red proclamation. His life ebbed away drop by drop as the leaden seconds slowly passed until He bowed His head and surrendered His spirit to His Father. There was darkness over the earth, we are told, for the Light had been banished from the world.

If today, then, God were to become incarnate again, the world would react as it did twenty centuries ago. It would quickly thrust Him forth. What was never true is not true today; light still has no fellowship with darkness. The sinners of today stand arrayed against Christ and all that He signifies, as on that Good Friday they thronged close about His cross and gloated over His death. Sinners in every clime and every time by their sin push a spear into the side of Christ, and as Saint Paul tells us "crucify again for themselves the Son of God and make Him a mockery." The Roman soldiers who actually stained

their hands with the blood of God were only hirelings. It was all in the day's work with them, and they were in the pay of every sinner that ever turned his back on God.

There can be no questioning the fact that this war with God goes on unabated in our generation. There is not only sin in scattered individual lives, tragic outcroppings of the basic weakness of man. There are those governments and those agencies which are professedly atheistic. In other words, they are not indifferent to the concept of Deity; they are violently opposed to it and are militant in their efforts to have religion stamped out everywhere. Such are the groups in America who demand time on the air to foster atheism by the same right that religion receives such time. Such are the groups that insist that our educational systems be aseptically clear of all religious influences.

BUT countless others are not vocally atheist. They are neutral to the idea of God. Neither are they in their own estimation sinners because they do not recognize the validity of the term. They simply profess principles which they elaborate independently of any theology. There is the principle that an individual has a right to lead his own life, free of outside dictation, even on the part of God. There is the principle that marriage is not a sacramental bond but a natural relationship occasioned by mutual feelings and desires, with no basis for stability apart from these. There is the principle that the size of families is not to be determined by the Providence of God, but by human agents basing their calculations on economic, educational, cultural, political, ethnological, or just egoistic factors. There is the policy that religion is a private matter to be confined to the secrecy of one's heart or house or freely chosen church, but under no circumstances must it be introduced either as subject or a spirit into schools. That

would be to endanger a wall of separation. There is the policy which would take the exercise of fraternal charity toward the destitute and the infirm out of private hands and transfer it to the government. Government must be paternalistic. There is the policy which affirms that the Deity must have no part in the functioning of governments or in their inter-relationships. Whether there is an omnipotent Deity at all is a debatable, scholastic question. In the realm of the practical, only the state is omnipotent, deciding all our problems and answering all our needs.

The net result of all these efforts is at least a cold war waged against God. All these agencies are striving to banish God from this world, and to an alarming degree are succeeding. They are putting out the stars one by one. If they succeed, we will live out our lives under an empty sky. They may vociferously repudiate the charge that they are anti-God. But they act from the same motives that have spurred on the enemies of God from the beginning. They find His law intolerable; they will not embrace His truth; they will have none of His love; they even scorn His mercy. All this is an unmistakable revelation of their deep desire to get rid of God. *Delendus est Deus.*

We are all caught up in the swirl of this warfare. There are no noncombatants. Fierce battle flames across this No Man's Land of the spirit, and we are in it. This is no time, this is no place for the cowardly, for the lack-luster, for the ungenerous. We cannot hold ourselves aloof, stand aside, and await the outcome. We fight or die.

In moments of uncertainty, we must look to the Cross. Our place is beside the Crucified. Our love will be deep and strong if we look at His blood-red wounds. But we will be an everlasting torment to ourselves, the memory will sear our souls forever, if we depart this life having deserted our Crucified Master in a critical hour.

The Best Policy

► Two ladies had just seated themselves comfortably in a bus when one realized that she hadn't paid her fare.

"Don't bother," her friend advised. "You got away with it, and the company has plenty of money."

"Honesty always pays," the other replied virtuously and went up to pay the driver.

She returned triumphantly. "See," she whispered, "I told you honesty always pays. I gave the driver a quarter and he gave me change for fifty cents."

—Edith Stewart



Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

As Woman to Woman

I AM IN RECEIPT of a fine letter from one of my readers, a troubled mother who, in her letter, is trying to write herself out of a certain puzzlement and has not been quite able to do so.

She speaks first of the parish in which she lives. It is on the edge of a fairly large city, one of very mixed social and economic backgrounds, which ought to make it an excellent Christian community. She speaks very happily about the church itself: "The building looks almost like a hut from the outside and inside like a small country chapel. The constant need of funds is a bit boring, but there is a right touch of apology and sympathy in the appeals to offset the feeling."

I think that is a wonderful description of many a small church outside the big city group, and it is especially interesting that this woman, who came some time ago from a very different sort of parish and church, should find this one so appealing. It is also fine that it is made up, as she writes, of so many different kinds of people instead of only the very rich and the very poor.

Her problem is very evidently not with the Church as such at all but with the parents of all faiths and none in her town. The fly in the ointment, she writes, is caused by attitudes "chiefly of earnest workers in the prevention of juvenile delinquency. As woman to woman, what do you think can be done about shifting the emphasis from the need to provide supervised recreation for potential delinquents to preventing the need to provide it in a community of private homes owned by fairly well-off parents, most of whom boast of college degrees? The answer I get from these earnest mothers is that parents today don't want their children to gather at home nor do they want them on street corners, so they contribute toward the Community Chest to provide a ramshackle sort of 'clubhouse' where the poor director (salaried) is damned if he does and if he doesn't."

She says that the opinion of her own teen-age daughter is that she doesn't want to be associated with or use such a place since she feels it would be proclaiming her a potential delinquent and that the crowd which gathers there uses it for a stopping off place rather than a sanctuary.

Parents Have a Place

MY WRITER VERY SENSIBLY says that it seems to her that all adolescents do not follow one pattern thus laid out for them and that, anyway, the proper control of their desires belongs to their parents and not to the community in general. She adds, what of course is very apparent, that the return of larger families is evidently on the way. It is something very noticeable in a town like mine, which is much like the one she lives in, where the young married women have two and three and even four children and openly say they want more, and this at a time when it is almost impossible for the average young mother to be able to afford much if any help and when the price of bread and milk and fruit is almost out of reach of the average purse.

But again my reader logically reasons that with the return of larger families there ought to be more realistic presentation of what other duties and responsibilities go hand in hand with the mere feeding and physical care of the young. It is such fun, she thinks, to have one's own children with their friends—"even with tearing the house to pieces and with mother groaning at having to put it together again—much more fun I think than being out at some sort of meetings all the time."

And I should like to add right here that these are often earnest meetings where the discussion is how to get up a better clubhouse for the young, ostensibly of course for their own delight but actually often so that the parents can have a quiet house with the rugs in place and the music they want to hear on the radio. Didn't they all contribute a fine radio for the young peoples' clubhouse? Don't they know the young people who gather there? A fine crowd they are. And there is a supervisor, isn't there? But what of the charm of the hospitality of a private home, the delight of being a young hostess in her own home, with the rug rolled back for dancing and cokes and the makings of sandwiches at hand?

In my own home with children of varying ages, each had its own age group, and so our house was full of at least one group most of the time, and often several. I can see how nervous people sometimes get slightly worn from the noise of youth. But surely there is a security and a delight in knowing that your children are in a large group, dancing and talking and noisy as all get out, in their own homes or those of their neighbors. There is never danger in noise anyway; the danger lurks much more in silence.

A Good Custom

I HAVE OVER THE YEARS grown accustomed to having someone appear mornings who spent the night in the extra bed on the third floor. I have grown used to smelling western sandwiches being concocted in the late evening and to come down in the morning to find some of the gang already making coffee in the kitchen and hospitably offering me a cup. After the dancing in our living room I used to find in the morning the rug crooked where the guests tried to put it back again nicely and the chairs standing in odd attitudes instead of at their proper angles.

"I feel," says my correspondent, who, I am afraid, seems to be writing a considerable part of this column, "that organized recreation has a definite place, but it can be poison in some spots." She adds that she would like comment on this whole matter in *THE SIGN* and so would I. It would be a welcome discussion and would take our minds off the far wars and the near wars and the bigger and better bombs. In fact, it is just possible that if we do something for our teen agers other than to find them a place to play where their noise won't bother us grownups, it might help not only the special problems of our young people but do a little toward solving the noise of grown-up strife, which is a lot more unpleasant than the loud laughter of boys and girls.

Books

Edited by Damian Reid, C.P.

ENEMIES OF PROMISE

By Cyril Connolly.
Macmillan Company.

265 pages.
\$4.00



C. Connolly

This volume of literary criticism was first launched in 1938—about the time of the Munich crisis—with the author's express intention of finding out what kind of a modern book would last ten years. The publication of this new and revised edition would seem his self-vindication. And it is the more surprising because his work is quite definitely for students and readers of the more sophisticated type. It discusses rather eloquently the "Mandarin style" of writing—the "richest and most complex expression of the English language," as found all the way from Addison, Johnson, or Ruskin to Henry James and Aldous Huxley—contrasting it with the recent shorthand realism in which literature takes on the level of the daily newspaper. It discusses also the problems and "enemies" of authorship: waste of time, poverty, popular success, domesticity—even, ironically enough, good health. In this category of human relationships Mr. Connolly's attitude is so studiously amoral that it slips at times into the immoral; his advice, trying vainly to make up in wit what it lacks in spirituality, lacks all the sound definiteness of Catholic standards.

The second, autobiographical half of the book is just one more account of a luxurious English boyhood, which today must seem even more futile and familiar than when first written. Probably its most suggestive message is the final warning that "the Dark Ages have a way of coming back. Civilization—the world of affection and reason and freedom and justice—is a luxury which must be fought for."

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

TRANSFORMATION IN CHRIST
By Dietrich von Hildebrand. 406 pages.
Longmans, Green & Co. \$4.50
The ideal of transformation in Christ, extolled as the culmination of Christian perfection by the Fathers and theolo-

gians down the centuries, is given a profound study by an eminent philosopher of our own day.

To him the "new man in Christ" is the objective of all who consider themselves followers of the Divine Master or real, not nominal, Christians. He holds that a high degree of transformation can be achieved by the ascetical means available to everyone, provided these means are correctly understood and efficiently used. Without disowning the mystical counterpart, he does exclude it from consideration. From his two passing references to mystical experience, the reader may discern his high evaluation of that experience. It is refreshing to observe such a sane attitude at a time when some authors seem to give the impression that we can hardly be Christians without being mystics.

Failure to put off the old man and put on the new may be attributed to several causes, one of which is an unwillingness to undergo complete change or become totally converted. Another cause is misdirected efforts, resulting from an incorrect or superficial understanding of the various well-known means. Hence, our author is as eager to dissipate erroneous ideas as he is to instill correct ones. For instance, when treating of patience he points out that this virtue has nothing in common with a phlegmatic temperament; nor is it to be confused with that "equipoise based on intellectual discipline and a kind of natural asceticism which we know to be a specific ideal of Stoic philosophy." His observations on psychoanalysis are particularly revealing.

ANGELUS M. KOPP, O.C.D.

THE APOSTOLATE TO THE JEWS

By Rev. John M. Oesterreicher.

94 pages. The America Press. \$0.50
The Nazis murdered about five and one-half million Jews. That means "almost one half of all the Jews in the world" live in this country today. True Christians ought to be shocked by the crimes of the Nazis against the Jews and challenged to recharge the batteries of their apostolic zeal and get to work. For God wills that one sheepfold enfold all under one shepherd, Jesus Christ.

Father John M. Oesterreicher, a convert from Judaism, has written this booklet to stimulate Catholics—priests and laity—to this urgently important apostolic work. Like many other apostles before him, including some of the twelve (who, by the way, were Jews) he left his native land (Austria). Counselled by St. Peter's successor, he came to the United States in 1940 to continue his apostolate to the Jews. Until Hitler's mobs marched into Austria, this apostolate had brought many Jews to Christ and to His Church in that land.

In this booklet he offers us a carefully documented survey of Christian efforts to win the Jews to Christ. He does not soft-pedal disturbing facts such as the scandalous misbehavior of Christians in the time of Pope Calixtus (1455-1458) or the apparently greater zeal of U. S. Protestants today. Nor does he omit an account of the important helps given to the Jews by Popes like Martin V, Eugene IV, Gregory XIII, Innocent IV, Pius XI, and Pius XII. He offers a practical, over-all plan for an apostolate to the Jews here and now.

Father Oesterreicher's excellent study is well worth reading. It's not difficult and has been made even easier by Father Gerald Treacy's "Study Outline."

JOHN GERARD MC MENAMIN, C.P.

DINNER AT ANTOINE'S

By Frances Parkinson Keyes.

422 pages. Julian Messner. \$3.00

Frances Parkinson Keyes specializes in long but very readable novels, rich in local color. *Dinner at Antoine's*, her latest, will more than satisfy her millions of admirers. The locale is again New Orleans, which gives the author an opportunity to display the results of painstaking research into the details of Carnival ball gowns and Carnival queens, of Creole cookery, of the architecture and interior decoration, the customs and culture and history of that unique city. The time, however, is 1948, a welcome change in this season of assembly-line "historical" novels. Moreover, a mysterious murder adds a note of suspense.



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The plot concerns pretty Ruth Avery from Washington, who visits her uncle in New Orleans to attend the famous Twelfth Night Revels. The uncle is courting a charming blonde widow, whose invalid daughter becomes the murder victim. Ruth, of course, ultimately finds romance, her uncle his bride, and the police the killer.

Mrs. Keyes stands out among modern novelists, not for her style, which is pleasant and colloquial but undistinguished, but for her acknowledgement of a moral law. Even when her characters deviate from it for purposes of the plot, its existence is never in doubt for the reader. However, because Mrs. Keyes is obviously so well-intentioned and because the book is so sure to be made into a film, one unfortunate misconception of the nature of sin should be pointed out: a character, presumably an intelligent Catholic, deliberately commits a mortal sin to keep someone else from mortal sin. The error is twofold, for the person he thinks to save has already sinned in intention even though prevented from accomplishing her aim. Any more explicit description of this situation would give away the solution of the plot, but it is to be hoped that the Catholic reader will recognize the inconsistency which is a serious flaw in an otherwise entertaining light novel.

MARY BURKE HOWE

THE RAPE OF POLAND

By Stanislaw Mikolajczyk. 309 pages.
Whittlesey House. \$4.00



S. Mikolajczyk
The first part of this book, with important documents published in the appendix, explains how Poland's war effort was rewarded by the "betrayals of Yalta." It, therefore, is an indispensable supplement to Jan Ciechanowski's, *Defeat in Victory*. What the Polish Ambassador to the United States observed from Washington is here described by General Sikorski's successor as Prime Minister of the Polish Government in London. Churchill's responsibility for the "anatomy of appeasement" appears even more clearly, although Mr. Mikolajczyk never wanted to hurt the "old man" whom he considered a friend. His report on his two visits to Moscow in 1944, when he had to face both Stalin's falsehood and Churchill's anger, is particularly valuable.

In the second part of his memoirs, Mr. Mikolajczyk fully confirms what the American Ambassador in Warsaw, Arthur Bliss Lane, reported to the American people in his book, *I Saw Poland Betrayed*. He adds not only the

personal story of his dramatic escape in October, 1947, but a lot of information on the ruthless Sovietization of Poland under the foreign-imposed, Communist-controlled "government of National Unity." Many interesting details regarding, for instance, the so-called "pogrom" in Kielce or the persons who are the real masters of Poland since 1945, are almost entirely new. Some of them could be revealed only by the man who, until the fake election of January 19, 1947, was himself "Second Deputy Premier" in that "government."

Why he accepted that position in June, 1945, after having rejected with indignation a similar offer made to him by President Bierut in August, 1944, is hard to understand, in spite of Churchill's arguments which "prompted" his decision. It was the same Churchill who persuaded him to make, when still in London, a public statement in which he accepted the Yalta decisions—rejected by the legitimate government of his country, from which he had resigned a few months before. His own record as leader of a "loyal opposition" against the usurpers who had taken over in Poland only proves the absolute impossibility of any co-operation with Communists. The price paid for that experience was definitely too high. Nobody can question Mr. Mikolajczyk's courage in returning to Poland after Yalta; but, by doing it in a high official capacity, he helped to give appearance of legality to what he calls himself "the rape of Poland."

OSCAR HALECKI

AT THE END OF THE SANTA FE TRAIL

By Sister Blandina Segale. 298 pages.
Bruce Publishing Company. \$3.00
Those who persist in looking on the religious life as a pale existence in a sort of consecrated ivory tower are in for something of a rude awakening if they read Sister Blandina's episodic narrative of her work in our own Southwest from 1872 to 1892.

Sent alone from her Ohio convent to Trinidad, Colorado, the twenty-two-year-old Sister of Charity found the customary missionary duties of teaching, nursing, and caring for the needy and underprivileged were extended to include more spectacular feats. She drove a team of runaway horses, acted as hod carrier for the plasterer working on her new school, nursed a wounded member of the notorious "Billy the Kid's" gang—an act for which she earned the bandit's respect and "protection"—and rescued a prisoner from the hands of a lynch mob.

Both in Colorado and later in Santa Fe, she bore eloquent testimony to the fact that the West well deserved its appellation of "wild."

THE SIGN

While Sister Blandina's somewhat irregularly kept journal was originally intended only for her own sister, a fellow religious, it was released for publication in a periodical. Now it has been given new prefaces, notes, and bibliography by Sister Therese Martin. What it lacks in literary style is well compensated for in terseness and vigor and in a native warmth of feeling enriched by religious dedication. If ever a woman deserved the name of pioneer, it was this small, black-clad figure who lived at peace in a raw, new land whose gospel was violence.

GENEVIEVE W. STEIGER

DOCTOR FAUSTUS

*By Thomas Mann.
Alfred A. Knopf.*

510 pages.
\$3.50



Thomas Mann

Any critique of Thomas Mann's *Doctor Faustus* must in honesty lead off with the avowal of its tremendous proportions. Undoubtedly, such vastness, with its interpolations on political circumstances, psychology, religion, artistic and sexual experiences, was not aimed at the ordinary reader. However, the treatment of the grand thematic framework—the demonic domination of the human soul—emerges uncannily definitive even to those who cannot surmount the admitted technical hazards in the writing.

Summarily, the "Doctor Faustus" of the novel is one Adrian Leverkuhn, a German composer and former theological student who lived, supposedly, from 1885 to 1940. The details of his career are being set down some four years following his death by Serenus Zeitblom, a life-long admirer.

Though a myriad of characters are reviewed in the musical set with whom the two friends associate, Adrian, brilliant, aesthetic, shy to the point of coldness, is the lodestone of attention. He appears driven toward music instead of heaven-drawn to it, and midway in the book the interpretation of his behavior is forthcoming in the strange and terrifying document which Zeitblom explores, telling of Adrian's covenant with the Satanic powers. For the devil sells him time—twenty-four years of exhilarating accomplishment, "creative, genius-giving disease, disease that rides on high horse over all hindrances and springs with drunken daring from peak to peak"—and at its end promises hell.

This is, in every sense of the term, a strong piece of work; therefore, a word of caution as to its handling: "For him who can take it, let him take it." Otherwise, let it be, lest it prove more a disturbance than a help.

LOIS SLADE

SAINT PETER, THE APOSTLE

*By William Thomas Walsh. 307 pages.
Macmillan Company.*

\$3.50



W. T. Walsh

This is a beautiful book. Of its nature it had to be the Scriptures plus William Thomas Walsh. It's the kind of book that would have to resort to phrases such as "most probably" or "he might well have said," etc. Such phrases are a dangerous burden for a literary artist to carry, and yet somehow Mr. Walsh's scriptural re-creation adds up to a living Peter. It is the kind of book that would have to warn off theological and exegetical scholars as Mr. Walsh does in his preface when he pleads that the imaginative freedom granted to those who work in oil or marble be extended to those who work in words. It is the kind of book that would have to be diffused with social and historical background.

Mr. Walsh's scholarship is impressive, at least to one who is no authority in the field of Biblical backgrounds. Yet it was not distracting. It enriches the memory and imagination of the reader and sends him back with new amazement to the miraculous economy of the words of God. It is the kind of book that every Christian who loves to write and who has loved the sacred pages would love to have created. Mr. Walsh must be very happy to have written it. To read it is to live again the wonderful days when God walked the earth and His Church was new and fresh and full of charity. It is to reread the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and most of the Epistles. It is to know again the humanity and heroism of the Prince of the Apostles.

EUGENE J. MOLLOY

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER REBELS

*By T. J. Wertenbaker. 308 pages.
Charles Scribner's Sons.*

\$4.50

Anyone interested in the history of the War of Independence will find this a valuable book, for the reason that it presents the history of this monumental conflict from a local but highly important point of view. Thus it not only offers historic fact; it exercises one's historic sense. The Revolution becomes not merely a series of battles but also a series of concrete human experiences of New York life as shaped by the war. Washington, appearing and disappearing with his ghostly guerrilla army to harass General Howe, was no more a war fact than a black market dinner which one might order at the City Tavern, 115 Broadway, for \$17.

While the author does not stress it, one cannot help remarking the shabby

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morality which war seems always to brew. In this respect, the glamourized War of Independence was no different from recent more prosaic samples. There was almost nothing in the line of necessity or luxury which one could not get by passing enough money under the counter. Great military figures blatantly supplied themselves with mistresses. Industrialists and brokers did not wish their cause so well that they wanted it to succeed without their getting enormously rich in the process. There was graft and bribery and blackmail and treason and synthetic heroes made by decree for promotional purposes.

It is the kind of book that the connoisseur of Metropolitan geography and nomenclature would not want missing from his library. For it deals with the personalities which account for the familiar names on the Metropolitan street signs—such as Duane, McDougall, Desbrosses, Dyckman, De Lancey, Rivington.

Recommended also to historical romance fans who have been complaining about the current excess of romance and dearth of history.

DAMIAN REID, C.P.

THE NINE LIVES OF CITIZEN TRAIN

By Willis Thornton. 327 pages.
Greenberg Publishing Co. \$3.50



W. Thornton

George Francis Train arrived in America with only the clothes on his back. He died seventy years later with little more; but in the intervening years he led one of the most exciting lives imaginable. As the author says so well, he lived nine lives. When one finishes this book, he is in a daze at the rapid whirl of events and debates with himself as to whether or not Train was really insane or just eccentric.

The book starts off in real Horatio Alger fashion. Train, as a boy of fifteen, got a job as a clerk in his uncle's shipping business. In a very short time, he worked his way to the top and built the greatest clipper ships in the world. For business reasons, he started the great Irish immigration into Boston. Well-to-do, he married a Southern society girl and was generally regarded as an industrial magnate.

Train was adventurous by nature and soon left his uncle to start a business in Australia. From then on his life was one series of rapidly moving events taking him from one end of the globe to the other. He built the first tramways in England, persuaded the Queen of Spain to invest in a railroad in the wilds of Pennsylvania, and was one of

the chief promoters of the transcontinental railroad. He bought up half of the then budding city of Omaha and sailed around the world in less than eighty days. It was this trip that inspired Jules Verne's famous novel.

This book makes excellent background reading on the history of our country, and, at the same time, thrills you with the exploits of one of America's most unusual sons.

JOSEPH PRICE

A SHORT HISTORY OF CHINESE PHILOSOPHY

By Fung Yu-Lan.
Macmillan Company.

368 pages.
\$5.00



Fung Yu-Lan

"East is East and West is West and . . . the twain" are beginning to meet. The author of this book and his devoted translator and editor are working to bring the meeting to order. Their academic competence need not be questioned. However, the values which East and West will exchange are quite debatable.

For, Dr. Fung Yu-Lan appears in this volume as a self-satisfied agnostic, who is sure that "John Dewey and Bertrand Russell were the first Western philosophers to come to China and from them the Chinese for the first time received an authentic account of Western Philosophy." He hesitates to say that in the philosophy of any people one may find absolute truth, "because to determine what is absolute truth is too great a task for any human being and is reserved for God alone, if there be one." He is ambiguous à la Kant about the content and sanction of the moral law: "the 'oughtness' of a situation is a categorical imperative." He is certain that "the twentieth century is not one of religion" nor does he mourn the fact. He dismisses the idea of God as "what I call men's pictorial form of thinking, in which one has religion but not philosophy or metaphysics." He advertises his own wares with a confidence that is neither charming nor naïve. (Let us call it, rather, pitiable.) And he closes the present volume, his latest in a bilingual writing and lecturing career of nearly a quarter of a century, with the implied promise (or threat?) of continued virtuosity: "One must speak much before one keeps silent."

We must hope that East and West will be united. We must pray that the union will be signed with the Sign of the Cross. 'Twould be to hope in near despair and to pray for a miracle of grace, indeed, were one to hope and pray for such a union through such agents as the author and the editor of this book.

GERARD MACK

NORTHERN FARM

By Henry Beston.
Rinehart & Company.

246 pages.
\$2.75

You might suspect from the title that this is another one of those frothy autobiographical comedies of city folk who experimentally take to the woods or to a chicken farm. Such is far from the truth. Henry Beston's farm story is more than an experiment; it is his very life. His book, *Northern Farm*, is more than just an answer to a publisher's prayer; it is a way of life.

Beginning with a winter scene, Mr. Beston takes his reader through one year on his farm in northern Maine. He offers a year of good plain talk, for which city folk do not have time; good plain food for which they have substituted hamburg stands and fancy grilles; and good plain living for which they have no understanding. What is more, the book offers an hour or two of good plain writing.

Each chapter is built on a definite pattern. First Mr. Beston describes some feature of the farm life itself. This may be an essential chore or simply his reaction to certain animal sounds or a particularly beautiful country view. Then he gives a random excerpt from his Farm Diary, and finally he knits the parts together with a philosophical reflection on some aspect of life.

There is no doubt that Mr. Beston, city born and bred and Harvard educated, is completely "sold" on farm life. Obviously, he has the basic quality which he says is essential for country life: "Who would live happily in the country must be wisely prepared to take great pleasure in little things." The pervading spirit of Mr. Beston's life as revealed in this book is one of complete calm, and deep happiness. The reader who wishes to be happy with this book must also be "wisely prepared to take great pleasure in little things."

FORTUNATA CALIRI

NEW DAWN IN JAPAN

By Everett F. Briggs.
Longmans, Green & Co.

249 pages.
\$2.75

Father Briggs writes of Japan against a background of nine years residence there as a Maryknoll missioner. He was interned the day after Pearl Harbor and repatriated a year later. It is his conviction that the teeming millions of the Land of the Rising Sun are looking westward for a new dawn. The limitations of



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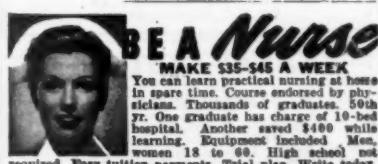


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Father Briggs sees the Japanese as "deeply religious at heart." The strangest and, from a spiritual viewpoint, the most touching scene in the book, confirms his insight. Hard pressed for material during the recent conflict, the military requisitioned metal wherever it could be found. In Yamaguchi on Honshu, the main island, stands a big bronze statue of St. Francis Xavier, who carried the cross to Nippon in 1547. Even in their dire necessity, the pagan officials revered the statue. But they stripped the shrine of its metal adornments only after Shinto ceremonies beseeching the saint's forgiveness.

On the political side, the author finds Japan far more disposed toward the democracy of her conquerors than toward the philosophy of a power over which she triumphed early in the century. But the responsibility for inspiring and supporting their choice of spirituality and democracy he puts squarely up to the leaders and people of the United States. Anyone interested in winning the peace can learn much from this book.

ELISE LAVELLE

GREAT SOUL

By Harry Maurer. 128 pages.
Doubleday & Co. \$2.00

Whatever descriptive appellation be attached to the name of Mahatma Gandhi—fool, fanatic, saint, or great soul—this much is certain; the gaunt, white-swaddled prophet of India was sincere in what he preached and practiced. His doctrine at times has the overtones of both Paul and John: "To me God is Truth and Love . . . God is the source of Light and Life . . . He is even the atheism of the atheist. For in His boundless heart God permits the atheist to live . . . God is personal . . . embodied to those who need His touch. He is all things to all men. He is in us and yet above and beyond us . . . He is the greatest Democrat the world knows . . ." In other passages, however, the thread of thought "gets out," and there is too much stress on Faith over reason: "I cannot account for the existence of evil by any rational methods. To want to do so is to be co-equal with God." And resulting from this: "I know that He has no evil in Himself, and yet if there is evil He is the author of it and yet untouched by it." What the dis-

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disciplining pen of Aquinas might have done for Gandhi in instances like these!

Mr. Maurer does not, as he tells us, put forward any reasoning "as to whether there is in fact a living Deity who is Truth and whose universe responds to non-violence," believing with Gandhi that there can be no outward certainty on such questions and that only faith or doubt remain, against which intellectual argument becomes sterile. Smacking as they do of Gandhian propaganda, such phrases become more than a trifle dogmatic and overly personal for a biographer, whose position should be outside the narrative.

Great Soul is a kind of prologue to a biography rather than a thoroughly developed portrait. I hope that it will beacon the way to a full study of India's saviour, with that one desideratum of scholarship permeating everything—the accoutrements of documentation. The collected writings of Gandhi should make another important historical record.

RAYMOND ROSELIEP

SHORT NOTICES

THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Ronald Knox. 739 pages. Sheed and Ward. \$7.00. This is volume one in the translation of the Old Testament by Monsignor Ronald Knox. It includes the books of the Old Testament from Genesis to Esther. The translation aims to search meaning out of the text and to present it in effective prose. It features rhythm, ease of movement, and currency of expression. The product of this fine apparatus is a holy trickery which will snare readers to acquaint themselves with the word of God. No evidence here of literary poverty, or even parsimony. In fact, the artistry and industry of this gifted priest amaze. The publishers display a reverent appreciation both of the word of God and the effort of Monsignor Knox in a volume which is both physically and esthetically easy on the eye.

THE CHURCH'S WORLD WIDE MISSION. By Most Reverend James E. Walsh. 231 pages. Benziger Brothers, Inc. \$3.00. Mission activity in the Church is not a new energy. Christ consecrated Apostles and sent them out on missions of enlightenment and mercy, into fields white with opportunities. Brave successors followed the Apostles, and many attested to the truth and beauty of God's message with their lives. The secrecy of the early Christian Mass became a splendor of worship. The cross of infamy tipped the towers of cathedrals which were miracles of art. Missionary activity conquered Europe, invaded the new world, and sought out ever new and more distant horizons.

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FICTION IN FOCUS

by JOHN S. KENNEDY

Hound-dog Man by Fred Gipson

► Mr. Gipson gives us a simple, tangy, exuberant yarn, laid in Texas and featuring a picaresque wanderer, an adoring twelve-year-old, and a coal-black hound puppy. The twelve-year-old is the narrator. He is Cotton Kinney, whose mother forbids his having a dog, because to her orderly mind a hound symbolizes the wandering, lackadaisical life from which she has laboriously diverted her husband. She particularly detests Blackie Scantling, the roving and tattered ne'er-do-well, companion of her husband's footloose days and wizardly expert in the ways of wild critters. When Blackie drops in for a visit, she is incensed; she is outraged when he proposes to take young Cotton off on the boy's first coon hunt.

The coon hunt is a lengthy and fabulous expedition, in the course of which the boy has a series of unforgettable adventures with coons, an armadillo, a bull, range hogs, canyon owls, and wild turkeys. He meets a variety of people, too: gay Dave Wilson, who breaks in untamed horses; mean and murderous Hog Waller; dreamy Tom Waller, known as Fiddling Tom; and dancing-eyed Dony Waller, who decides that she will marry and domesticate Blackie, and, through a chain of strange and often hilarious happenings, succeeds at last in marrying him. Blackie is thus lost to Cotton; but the boy acquires a devoted dog and is allowed to keep it.

Mr. Gipson's story is rough-hewn, homely, spirited. Faithful to the mentality and the vocabulary of a boy, it seems a recital such as a twelve-year-old would rattle off. Its humor is occasionally primitive, but, in the main, it is distinctive and delightful.

(*Harper*. \$2.50)

The Golden Coast by Philip Rooney

► This is a departure in scene and treatment from Mr. Rooney's last novel, *Captain Boycott*. The latter was set in Ireland and was a close study of character and political developments, as well as a stirring action story. Here Mr. Rooney is writing in a romantic vein, with costume and color his chief concerns, and the fine delineation of character bothering him not at all.

He is telling of a young man named

Rick Sheridan who, sometime in the nineteenth century, sails out of the port of Dublin as a ship's carpenter aboard the "Ouzel," commanded by that formidable figure of a sea captain, Owen Massey. Rick's family are shipbuilders whose prosperous days are over and whose business is falling into the hands of money-wise Mark Ferriss. The boy is embittered by this and also by the fact that, as he supposes, Margaret Reid, loved by him, is about to marry Ferriss. Unwilling to sign on as ship's carpenter, he is impelled to accept the post because, mistakenly, he believes that a fracas in which he was involved ended in the murder of his brother.

So it's off to sea for him, and in no time his ship is seized by Barbary pirates. For years he and the surviving officers and crewmen of the "Ouzel" are kept in harsh servitude by the fanatical Muslims. How an escape is finally effected; how only eight men sail the ship, laden with a rich cargo, back home; how Rick finds Margaret waiting for him, and his brother alive and well—all these make a predictable conclusion for a fast-running but pretty conventional book. (*Duell, Sloan and Pearce*. \$2.75)

The Green Child by Herbert Read

► Oliver, the protagonist of Mr. Read's allegorical piece, was probably a contemporary of Rick Sheridan. Like Sheridan, he went (from England) over the seas to a life of adventure, but the issue, as well as the entire cast, of his story proved altogether different.

It was in 1861 that a man in outlandish garb and calling himself Olivero came back to the English village where he had been born. There, unrecognized, he set out to explore the scenes of his childhood. Intrigued by what seemed to be a reversal in the course of the stream by which he had lived in youth, he followed it to the old mill and there beheld a peculiar and sinister sight. A man was trying to force a fainting woman to drink the blood of a newly killed lamb.

Olivero recognized the woman as the Green Child who, years before, had mysteriously come into the village. He rescued her from her tormentor, then accompanied her to the subterranean world from which she had originally

strayed. On the way he told her the story of his life. As a lad of 19 he had run off to London to make his fortune. A tailor for whom he worked in London sent him to the Continent. In Spain he was imprisoned as politically dangerous. Later he made his way to South America, where he eventually became dictator of the state of Roncador. And now, contentedly, he goes to a subhuman doom in the bowels of the earth.

Thus crudely summarized, the book's contents seem bizarre. But so smoothly and so cogently has Mr. Read set them forth that one reads on fascinatedly. His purpose would appear to be to show the stifling conclusion inevitable from faulty premises concerning human nature. (*New Directions*. \$2.75)

Erica's Return by Louise de Vilmorin

► Still more fantasy is found in this package. In the idyllic town of Bourgen-Pas live the handsome widower, Eloi Dullum, and his sixteen-year-old daughter, Erica. The lovely, ethereal Erica is admired and courted by Martin Keerze and Jean Teck, the former a middle-class artisan, the latter an aristocratic army officer. While theoretically resigned to her marrying, Eloi dreads losing her, and she feels that no one can supersede her father in her affection. But then a threadbare stranger, Hugo Sandemeur, appears, and Erica falls rapturously in love with him. Her father angrily opposes and forbids the match. Erica, torn between Dullum and the man she means to marry, plunges into a lake and drowns. Her father imagines that she comes back to him, not once, but in many forms representative of successive stages in her life. His house, he thinks, is overrun with a company of Ericas. The kindly villagers do not disabuse him of his illusion, and he goes to his grave happy.

The village atmosphere is enchantingly suggested, but the queer doings for which it serves as a background are rather cumbrously Freudian in drift and symbolism, so that what the jacket calls a "radiant" book is actually increasingly unpleasant.

(*Random House*. \$2.50)

The Man Who Invented Sin by Sean O'Faolain

► Mr. O'Faolain has gathered in one volume the fifteen stories from his pen which he considers his best. They are all admirably executed and show their creator to be a subtly discerning observer, reporter, and interpreter of our species. The foibles of humankind, the comedies and tragedies of mortal existence have in the author a discerning student and sympathetic critic. He works

in a small compass; there is nothing heroic or even flamboyant about his people; but they are representative, and their lives, however confined, have a touch of the universal in them. Their pathos and their ridiculous aspects are alike true to what we have all experienced. This is the case whether the subject be a country holiday shadowed by a death, a child's concealed misery over her father's shameful occupation, a middle-aged man's recollection of the day that shaped all his later life, a household quarrel over a fur coat, a selfish woman's posing and playing at spirituality.

While it is possible, and indeed necessary, to grant Mr. O'Faolain full marks for keenness of insight and extraordinary stylistic accomplishments, one must remark that some of these stories are deficient and exceptionable in certain particulars touching religion. For example, the title story is an indictment of a priest represented as narrow-minded, when, in fact, he would appear to be only ordinarily, if somewhat noisily, concerned about prudence and the avoidance of scandal. Similarly, where a gallery of types of religious is depicted, the sanely spiritual is omitted. Further remarks along this line could be made, indicative of one pronounced weakness in an otherwise highly impressive book. (*Devin-Adair. \$2.75*)

Elizabeth, Captive Princess by Margaret Irwin

► It is apparently Miss Irwin's intention to proceed inchingly through the career of Queen Elizabeth, writing a library of fictional works about the Virgin Queen. Here she turns her microscopic attention to the turbulent year which saw the death of Edward VI, the brief reign of Lady Jane Grey, and the inception of Mary Tudor's short term on the throne. As long as the outcome is in doubt, Elizabeth remains in seclusion, not committing herself to any of the contending parties. When Mary finally prevails over her enemies, Elizabeth goes to court, is committed to the Tower, at length emerges with a sure sense of her own high destiny.

The author generally produces a historical novel considerably above the average. But in the present case a kind of blindly idolatrous attitude toward Elizabeth causes her to misrepresent two important points. The first is her portrayal of the princess as a believer in the sovereignty of the people's will; the second is her interpretation of Elizabeth's attitude toward religion as being a passionate concern for "pure" Christianity devoid of dogma and set religious practice. Almost as regrettable as these utter fictions is the recourse to silly sensationalism toward the close. (*Harcourt, Brace. \$3.00*)

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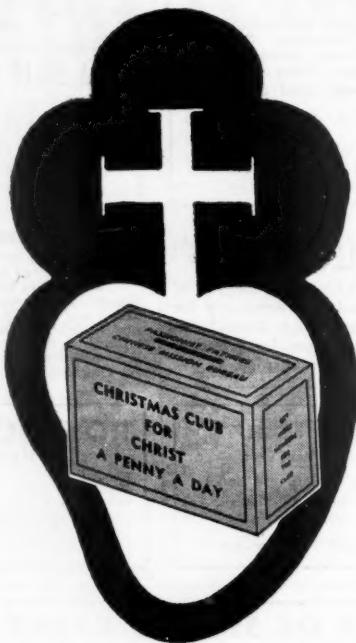
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THE GUY COULD SING

[Continued from page 39]

pagne bottle. And Chauncey Yager, with the smile of a man whose work is well done, was wiping his hand with the handkerchief from the breast pocket of his dinner jacket.

"Why, you—you murderer!" Bill, on his feet again, sized the guy up like a mongoose measuring a boa constrictor, then let go with a right to Yager's chin that must have been heard in Catalina. The blonde screamed and our big-game hunter landed on the floor, knocking in one side of the goldfish bowl on the way down.

Bill looked at his job and grunted. Yager said nothing, but his eyes were black with hatred. Then he turned his head aside to spit out a goldfish.

"Well, I'm insured, and it's publicity anyway," Sol told Bill a little later. "And Yager's had something like this coming to him for a long time. But I sure feel sorry for you, feller. There goes your movie contract."

"The heck with the movie contract. I'm going home. It's something I should have done a long time ago—only it took something like this to make me realize it."

"It's too bad about the rats," I said.

Bill shrugged. "Yeah. They lived almost as long as I hoped they would, though, and I think they proved the value of the drug. I can study their organs and tissue now—what's left of them. But you know what I can't figure out? I could swear I hooked the top of their cage tonight. I can't see how they could have gotten out by themselves."

I had a bad moment. But, either he'd understand or he wouldn't, I figured. This would decide things for sure. "You know, it's a funny thing, Bill," I said. "Right after Yager sent in that request for 'I Always Wondered' I saw Ruthie slipping out somewhere. I wonder where she coulda gone."

He looked like he didn't catch on for a moment, then a funny expression came into his eyes and he kind of grinned. And he hurried away.

So now I get letters.

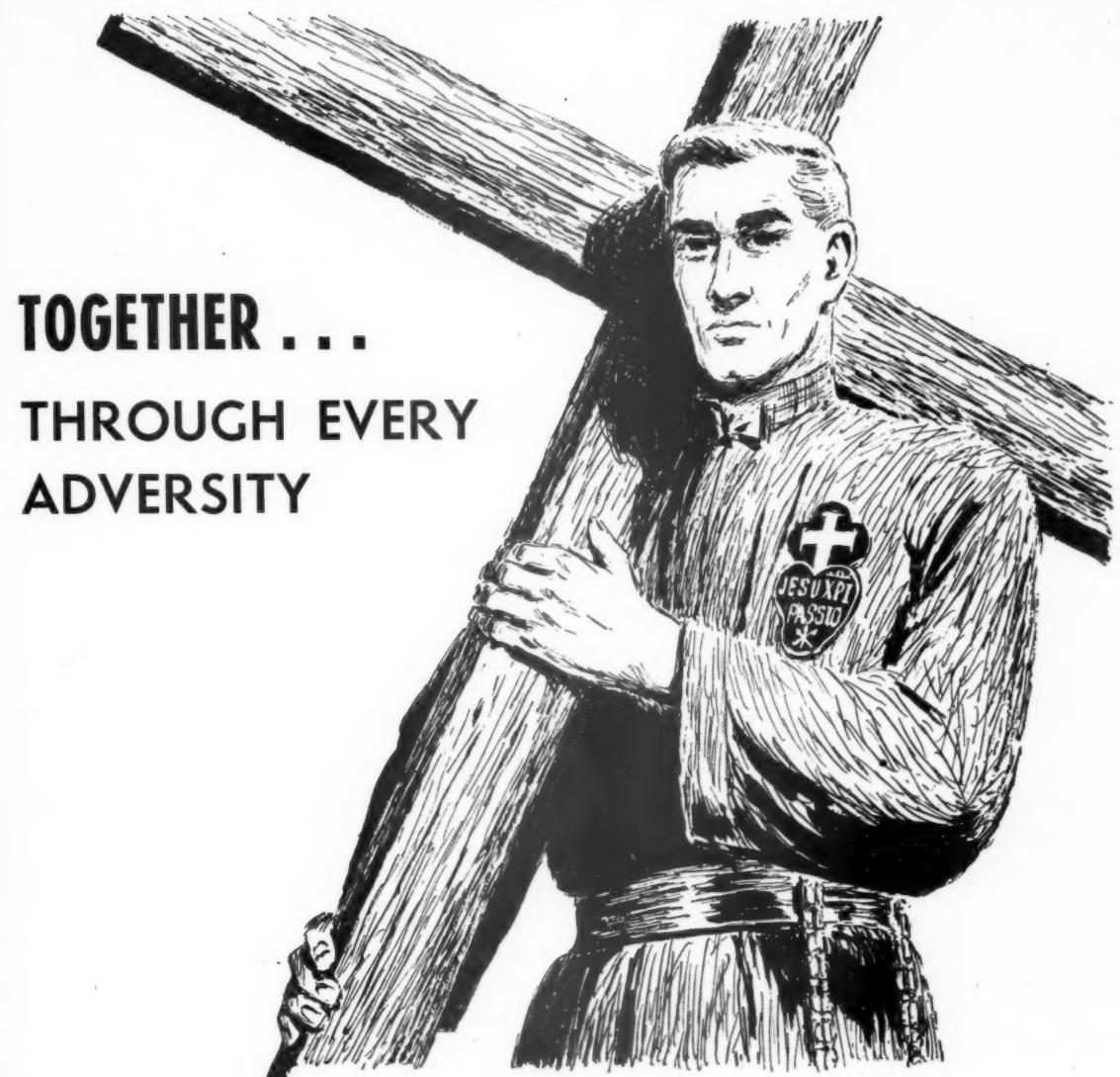
"... And remember, Mac," I read, "neither of us will ever forget you. Abel loves his work, though he swears he's going to fix up the nursery to look like the Plush Room. And as for me—well, I'm just happier than I ever expected to be in my life . . ."

Abel, she calls him.

Well, they're happy up there in the sticks, and I suppose he's doing important work. But the whole thing's kind of a tragedy, though.

The guy could sing!

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